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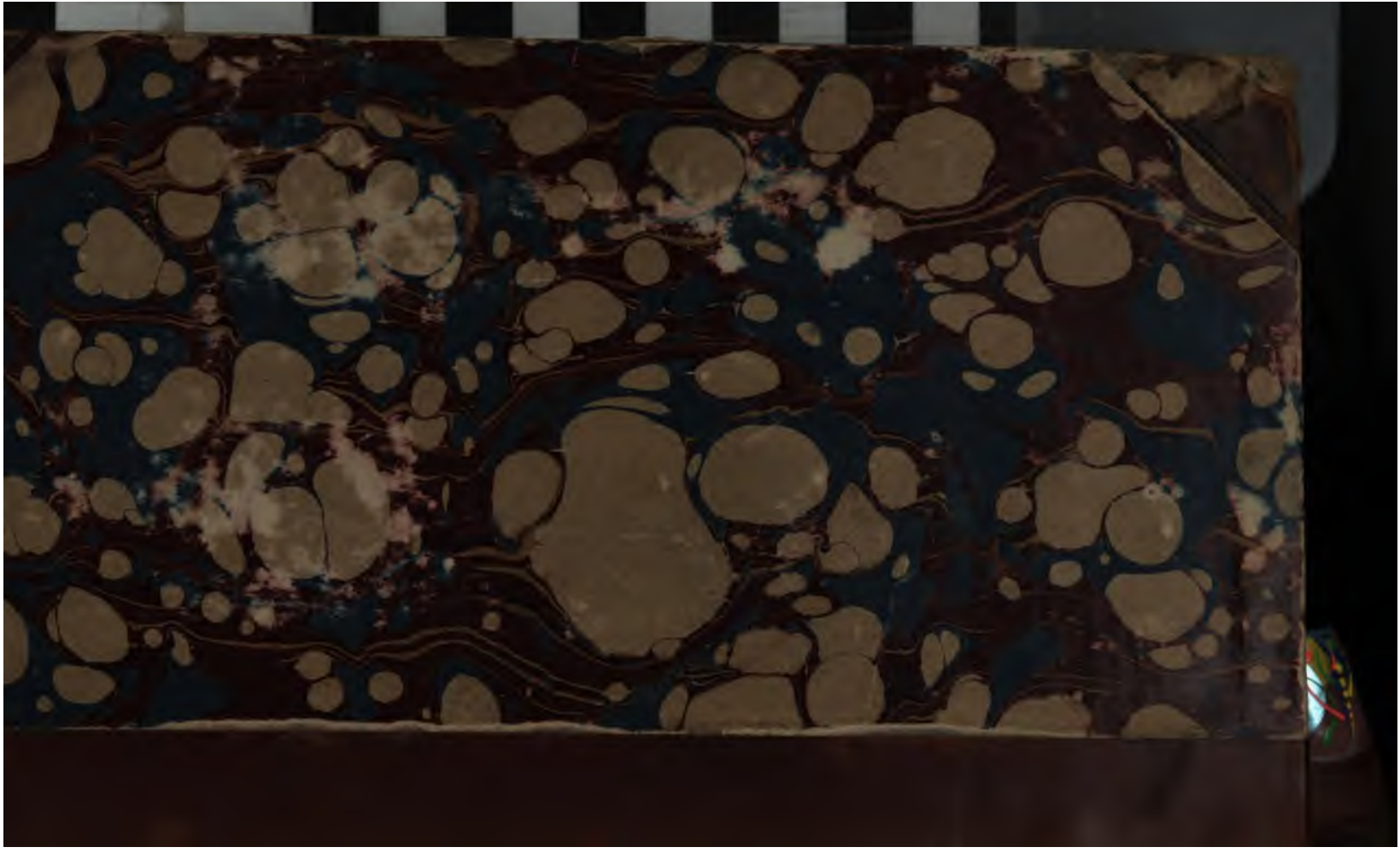

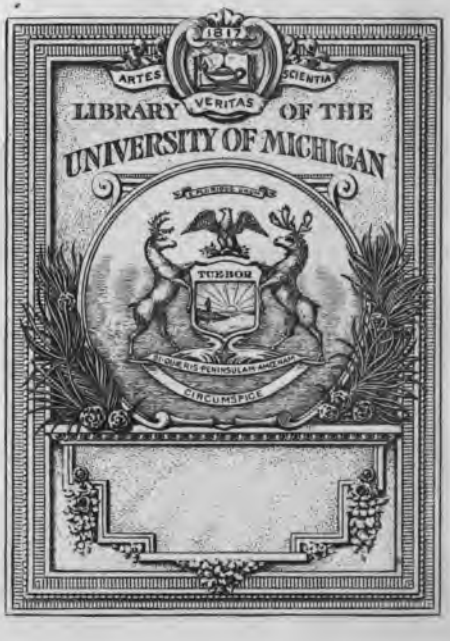
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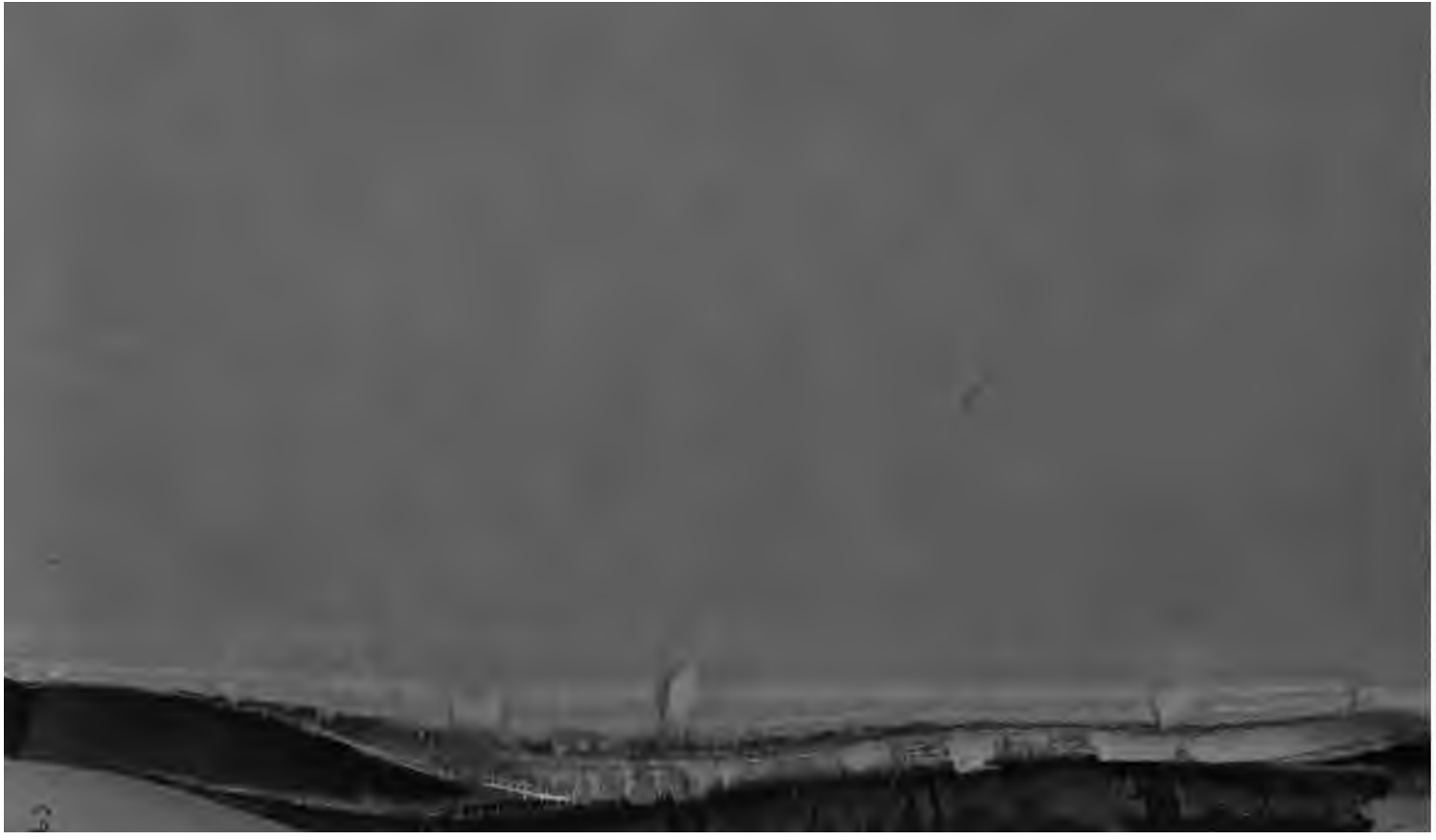

CHARACTERISTIC

ANECDOTES

OF MEN OF

Learning and Genius,

NATIVES OF

GREAT-BRITAIN AND IRELAND,

DURING THE THREE LAST CENTURIES.

INDICATIVE OF THEIR

MANNERS, OPINIONS, HABITS, AND PECULIARITIES,

INTERSPERSED WITH REFLECTIONS,

AND

Historical and Literary Illustrations.

BY JOHN WATKINS, LL. D.

Albion Press:

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1808.

SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT

of life. It is not sufficient to inform us what great men have performed on the theatre of the world, but how they conversed, and what was their deportment in the circle of domestick society. Such a representation of them requires the relation of minute circumstances connected with the ordinary occurrences of human life: and the opening to the reader their correspondence and conversation, their familiar habits and most retired privacies. It is thus only that Biography can be of practical use, for the great end of moral and intellectual improvement.

This has been the principal aim in the compilation of the present volume: in which the delineation of literary character is but an outline sketch, while the main endeavour has been to give a correct picture of the mind and the manner, the disposition and the habits of the man.

From a variety of sources, the best and most authentick anecdotes have been carefully selected, and so disposed, as to exhibit the genuine characters of persons of the greatest literary eminence of our nation during the three preceding centuries. Subordinately, and in the notes, are scattered many circumstances of other distinguished persons, which will, it is hoped, serve the purpose of entertainment, if not of illustration.

The compiler, for to a higher title he has no pretension, is aware that he has only gleaned a small part of a very extensive, and a very fruitful field. Should, however, his present attempt to make Biography more faithful and amusing, meet with publick approbation, it may encourage him to farther exertions.

LONDON, DECEMBER 1, 1807.

Sr. THOMAS MORE.

CHARACTERISTIC

ANECDOTES.

SIR THOMAS MORE.

ONE of the greatest men, in all respects, in that age, which has been denominated, with equal propriety, the Age of the Reformation, and that of the revival of Letters, was Sir Thomas More, the friend of Erasmus, and the victim of a sanguinary tyrant's caprice and cruelty.

He was the only son of Sir John More, knight, one of the judges of the court of King's Bench, and was born in Milk-street, London, in 1480. While a boy he was admitted into the house of Cardinal Morton, archbishop of Canterbury; for it was a wise custom of that age to place the sons of noblemen and gentlemen of the first respectability in the families of bishops and other great persons, where they might acquire not only a knowledge of all useful learning, but profit by the advice and example of their patrons. This custom seems to have been adopted from the Ro-

mans, as we learn from Cicero that he was bred up in this manner in the house, and under the eye of Scævola, by whose discourses he improved in prudence and knowledge.

Young More rendered himself so acceptable to the Cardinal, who was a very wise and good man, that he sent him to Canterbury college, in Oxford, about the year 1497. There he attended the lectures of Lynacre and Grocinus upon the Latin and Greek languages; in both which he gave some excellent specimens of his masterly skill at the age of eighteen. He also composed several verses upon the vanity of life, with which his father was so pleased, that he caused them to be finely written, ornamented, and set up in his house.

At this time he was a student of the law in New Inn, which at that time was a nursery for the Chancery. Having spent some time there, he removed to Lincoln's Inn, and prosecuted his studies with such vigour of application, as soon to become an utter barrister. At the age of twenty-one, he was a burgess in parliament, and distinguished himself remarkably in 1503, upon the motion for granting a subsidy on the marriage of Henry the Seventh's daughter, Margaret, to the king of Scotland. This was opposed by Mr. More, as an exorbitant demand, and his reasoning was so strong that the motion was rejected. The king was so exasperated at being opposed by a beardless boy, that he sent the father to the Tower,

Tower, and did not release him till he had forced him to pay a fine of one hundred pounds. At the close of this reign, we find Mr. More reading a public lecture upon St. Augustine's treatise *de civitate Dei* in the church of St. Lawrence Jewry, which he performed with great applause. He was appointed law-reader at Furnival's Inn, which place he held above three years, and afterwards took lodgings near the Charter-house, *(Chartreuse)* where he adopted all the rigid exercises of that gloomy order, but without engaging in any vow. After spending four years in these austerities, he married Jane, daughter of John Colt, of New Hall, in Essex, and entered upon the proper line of his profession at his chambers in Lincoln's Inn. In 1508 he was appointed Judge of the Sheriff's court, in London, which court at that time exercised a judicial power of no ordinary importance. His professional reputation was now so great, that there was hardly any cause of moment tried at the bar in which he was not retained. He still, however, cultivated his talents for polite literature, and in the hurry of business wrote his celebrated book, entitled "Utopia." He also maintained a correspondence with Erasmus, and other learned men.

About 1516 he went to Flanders in the suite of Cuthbert Tonstal, bishop of Durham, and Dr. Knight, who were the commissioners for renewing the treaty of alliance between Henry VIII. and the emperor Charles V. then only

archduke of Austria. His address in this business recommended him to the king, who offered him, through Cardinal Wolsey, a pension, which he declined for the following reasons, as he says himself:—"When I returned from the embassy to Flanders, the king would have given me a yearly pension, which surely, if one would respect honour and profit, was not to be little esteemed. Yet have I hitherto refused it, and I think shall refuse it still, because I should be forced to forsake my present means, which I have already in the city, and I esteem it more than a better; or else I must keep it with some dislike to the citizens, between whom and his highness, if there should happen any controversy (as sometimes it doth chance) about their privileges, they might suspect me as not sincere and trusty unto them, in respect I am obliged to the king with an annual stipend."

A few years after the king obliged him to accept the place of master of requests; and about the same time he was knighted, and sworn of the privy council. In 1520 he was made treasurer of the exchequer, and soon after he bought a house on the bank of the Thames at Chelsea, where he settled his family, having married a second wife. Sir Thomas was much attached to a domestic life, but the charms of his conversation were such, thatthe king would hardly suffer him to be away from him; to extricate himself from which attendance, he had recourse to an artifice which

which is thus related by a biographer:—"When the king had performed his devotions on holy days, he used to send for Sir Thomas into his closet, and there confer with him about astronomy, geometry, divinity, and other parts of learning, and also upon private affairs. He would also frequently in the night take him up to the top of the house to view the motions of the planets; and because Sir Thomas was of a very pleasant disposition, the king and queen at supper time used to send for him to make them merry. Sir Thomas, perceiving by this fondness, that he could not, once in a month, get leave to go home to his wife and children, and that he could not be abroad from court two days together, without being sent for, he began somewhat to dissemble his nature, and so by little and little to disuse himself from his accustomed mirth, that he was sent for no more from that time so ordinarily, at such seasons."

In 1526 he was made chancellor of the duchy of Lancaster, and in the following year was sent on an embassy with Wolsey to the court of France. In 1529 he again went to that country in the same capacity with Cuthbert Tonstal. The next year he received the great seal, being the first layman who ever held that dignity. This appointment was the more remarkable, as Sir Thomas had made no scruple of expressing his sentiments against the divorce of the king from his wife Catherine of Arragon. He entered upon

this high station with just apprehensions of the dangers to which it exposed him, and after discharging the duties of it with a most exemplary diligence and integrity three years, he delivered the seal to his royal master, who received his resignation with difficulty. A little before this event he buried his father, who died of a surfeit of grapes at the age of ninety, and was buried in St. Lawrence's church, in the Old Jewry. The old judge, like his son, was a man of great wit, and the following instance of it is recorded by Camden in his Remains. The judge being once engaged in conversation respecting matrimony, observed, that the choice of a wife might be compared to that of a man's putting his hand into a bag full of snakes, among which was one eel; "where he may," says he, "chance to light upon the eel, but 'tis a hundred to one that he is stung by a snake."

Sir Thomas, during the time of his holding the office of chancellor, kept up a state suitable to the dignity in such a manner, that when he retired from it his fortune was considerably lessened; in consequence of which he was obliged to reduce his family, on which occasion he called his children together, and thus addressed them: "I have been brought up at Oxford, at an inn of the chancery, at Lincoln's inn, and also in the King's court, and so from the least degree to the highest, and yet have I in yearly revenues at this present, left me a little above one hundred pounds

by the year; so that now must we hereafter, if we like to live together, be contented to become contributors together. But by my best counsel, it shall not be best for us to fall to the lowest fare first; we will not, therefore, descend to Oxford fare, nor to the fare of New Inn; but we will begin with Lincoln's Inn diet, where many right worshipfuls, of good years, do live full well together; which, if we find not ourselves able to maintain the first year, then will we the next year go one step down to New Inn fare, wherewith many an honest man is well contented. If that exceed our ability too, then will we the next year after descend to Oxford fare, where many great, learned, and ancient fathers, be continually conversant; which if our power stretch not to maintain neither, then may we yet, with bags and willets, go a begging together, and hoping that for pity some good folks will give us their charity, at every man's door, sing *Salve Regina*, and so still keep company, and be merry together."

Till now he had kept his children after they were married, but not being able to support so large a household, he dismissed them to their own homes, and discharged all his state servants, procuring, however, suitable places for them.--- From this time he led a private life, passing his hours chiefly in study or devotion, not without some presages of that dark tempest which was gathering around him. Accordingly several accusations were brought against him, particularly

one for being concerned in the imposture of the holy maid of Kent; but his innocence being proved, his enemies were obliged to cease in their prosecution of him till the passing of the act of supremacy, in 1534, which he refused to take. On this he was committed to the custody of the abbot of Westminster, and next sent to the Tower, where great pains were taken to prevail upon him to comply, but all these failing, he was brought to trial in the King's Bench, and found guilty. The sentence was changed from hanging and quartering to beheading, which was executed July 5, 1543.

While he was in the Tower, Cromwell, then secretary of state, visited him once from the king, and told him that his majesty was his good and gracious lord, and intended not any more to trouble his conscience with any thing wherein he should have cause of scruple. As soon as the secretary was gone, to express how much comforted he was by these words, he wrote with a coal, (for ink he was not allowed) these verses:

Ey flattering fortune, look thou never so fayre,
Or never so pleasantlie begin to smile;
As tho' thou wouldest my ruine all repayre:
During my lyfe thou shalt not me beguile.
Trust shall I in God to entre in a while
His haven of heaven, sure and uniforme;
Even after thy calme, loke I for a storme.

The filial piety of Sir Thomas More was remarkably exhibited in his constant practice, after he

he was chancellor, of never passing through Westminster-hall to his seat in the chancery, without going into the court of King's bench, where his father was sitting, and asking the blessing of the old judge on his knees.

His integrity in his office was sufficiently proved by the reduced state of his circumstances when he resigned the seals ; but there are two or three anecdotes which will serve to illustrate this part of his character.

After his fall the earl of Wiltshire, the father of Anne Boleyne, preferred a complaint against him to the council for having taken a bribe from one Vaughan. Sir Thomas confessed that he had received the cup from the hands of Vaughan's wife, but immediately ordering his butler to fill it with wine, he drank to her, and when she had pledged him, says he, "as freely as your husband hath given this cup to me, even so freely give I the same to you again, to give to your husband for his new year's gift."

At another time one Gresham having a cause depending in chancery, sent Sir Thomas a fair gilt cup, the fashion of which pleased him so well, that he caused one of his own, of more value, to be delivered to the messenger for his master, nor would he receive it on any other condition.

Being presented by a lady with a pair of gloves, and forty pounds in angels in them, he said to her, "Mistress, since it were against good manners to refuse your new year's gift, I am content to

to take your gloves; but as for the lining, I utterly refuse it."

The following anecdote of More is given by lord Bacon, in his Essays.

"A person who had a suit in chancery sent him two silver flaggons, not doubting of the agreeableness of the present. On receiving them, More called one of his servants, and told him to fill those two vessels with the best wine in his cellar; and turning round to the servant who had presented them, 'tell your master,' replied the inflexible magistrate, 'that if he approves my wine, I beg he would not spare it.'

He paid particular attention to the causes of poor men, and in order to expedite them, he sat every afternoon in his own hall to hear suitors of this description; but the frequency of his injunctions to the courts below was complained of by the judges. This being communicated to the chancellor, he ordered a docket of all his injunctions, and the causes for them, to be made out, and then inviting all the judges to dine with him in the council chamber at Westminster, after dinner, he shewed them the docket, upon which, when the Judges allowed the injunctions to be reasonable, averring that they should have done the same in his place, he admonished them not to give occasion for so many injunctions by pursuing the letter of the law too rigorously, observing that it was their duty in all cases to interpret the penal laws in the most favourable sense, and promising

that upon so doing he would grant no more injunctions. But they refusing this, he said, "Forasmuch as yourselves, my lords, drive me to that necessity for awarding out injunctions to relieve the people's injuries, you cannot hereafter any more justly blame me!" Talking afterwards, in private, to his son-in-law, Mr. Roper, on this subject, he said, "son, I perceive why they like not so to do; for they see that they may, by the verdict of a jury, cast off all quarrels from themselves, on those, which they do account their just defence, and therefore am I compelled to abide the adventure of all such reports!"

After this he made a very useful order to all the attornies of his court, that no subpœnas should be granted unless the particulars of the matter were laid before him, with their hands to the bill; declaring that he would cancel the same if it did not contain a sufficient ground for complaint.—When one of his attornies, whose name was Tub, brought to him the subpœna of his client's cause, requesting his hand to it, Sir Thomas, upon the perusal, finding it to be a frivolous matter, instead of his name, wrote underneath it, "*This is the Tale of a Tub*:" from whence, perhaps, came the proverbial saying which Swift made the ground work of one of his best satires.

So great was his diligence in the court of chancery, that though he found it full of causes, yet before he resigned the office, after determining one cause, and calling for the next, he was told that

that there was not another depending, which circumstance he ordered to be entered upon record. This gave occasion to the following epigram, which, for the period, certainly is not destitute of merit.

When *More* some years had Chancellor been,
No *more* suits did remain;
The same shall never *more* be seen,
Till *More* be there again.

We have mentioned the intimacy which subsisted between Erasmus and Sir Thomas. These two great men long held a correspondence, by letters, before they had any personal acquaintance with each other. After many pressing invitations, Erasmus came to England, and a common friend, probably William Lilly, the grammarian, or dean Colet, contrived that they should meet together at the lord mayor's table, without knowing that each other was there. During the dinner an argument was started, which drew More and his friend into a pretty sharp contest, no doubt to the great entertainment of those who were in the secret. Erasmus, at length, feeling the peculiar sharpness of his antagonist's wit, exclaimed, '*Aut tu es Morus, aut nullus*;' to which Sir Thomas replied, '*Aut tu es Erasmus, aut diabolus.*'— From that time Erasmus lived chiefly with Sir Thomas at Chelsea, and he has given an admirable description of the family in his epistles.

When Erasmus was about to return home, Sir Thomas

Thomas lent him a favourite horse to convey him to the coast, but, instead of returning the horse, he took him to Holland, and in return, sent More the following epigram :—

Quod mihi dixisti
De corpore Christi
Crede quod edas, & edis;
Sic tibi rescribo
De tuo Palfrido,
Crede quod habeas, & habes.

This was a witty, though not perhaps a very honest satire upon the zeal of Sir Thomas for the most absurd dogma of the Romish church, transubstantiation.

It certainly is very extraordinary that a man, who had all the humour, without the coarseness of Rabelais, should at the same time possess so abject a spirit of superstition, as to swallow the most preposterous corruptions of Popery, and inflict upon himself the ridiculous penance of wearing constantly a hair shirt. To this austerity he added a very extraordinary discipline on Fridays, and other fasting days. Besides fasting, watching, and allowing himself only four or five hours for sleep, he lay either upon the bare ground, or on a bench, with a log of wood under his head for a pillow.

To this strange spirit of superstition, gloomy and severe in the extreme of monkish mortification, was added a playfulness of wit, approaching

proaching sometimes to levity, if not actual buffoonery. The witticisms of Sir Thomas, indeed, sometimes broke forth even when he was engaged in serious things.

It was his custom, when lord chancellor, to attend Chelsea church on high holidays, sitting in the choir, and wearing a surplice. This he did the day after he had resigned the great seal, and because it had been a custom, when mass was over, for one of his gentlemen to go to his lady's pew, and say that "my lord was gone before;" he came now himself, and making her a low bow, said "*Madam, my lord is gone.*" She, thinking it to be no more than his usual humour, took no notice of it; but in the way home, to her great mortification, he unriddled the jest, by telling her what had happened the day before.

When he was sitting as a justice at the sessions, in the city, one of his brother judges was very severe upon prosecutors, who had been so careless of their purses as to suffer them to be cut, or in modern terms, to have their pockets picked. It was then usual for persons to wear their purses fastened to their girdles. Sir Thomas, with a view of practically reproving his brother magistrate, promised a notorious thief his pardon if he would contrive to cut the judge's purse as he sat on the bench. This was dexterously done by the fellow as he was in the act of communicating a message or information to the judge, who soon afterwards missed

missed his purse, and had the laugh of the bench properly against him.

He had a great contempt for pedants and pretended scholars, and when he was at Bruges he exposed a person of this description in a curious manner. This arrogant fellow had, according to the custom of that time put up a challenge on the college gates, stating that he would answer any question that could be propounded to him: on which Sir Thomas put up this question, which would have puzzled the profoundest disciples of Geber—'*An averia capta in withernamia sint irreplegibilia ?*' i. e. 'whether cattle taken in withernam, (which is an old law writ to make reprisals, on one who has wrongfully distrained another man's cattle) be irrepleviable ?' It need hardly be added, that the boaster declined the contest, and was laughed at.

On one occasion his wit and inflexible integrity were pointed in a successful manner against that haughty minister Cardinal Wolsey; and the circumstance is an illustrious memorial of the patriotism of this excellent man. In 1523 Sir Thomas was speaker of the house of commons, and had the courage to oppose an oppressive subsidy demanded by the prime minister. The cardinal was so exasperated that he said to Sir Thomas, in the gallery at Whitehall, "would to God you had been at Rome, Mr. More, when I made you speaker." To which he replied, "Your eminence not offended, so would I too, for then I should have

have seen the place I long have desired to visit." At the time when he was in the plenitude of royal favour, he had a discerning judgment of the capricious character of his master: for one day the king came suddenly to Sir Thomas's house at Chelsea, and dining with him, walked after dinner in the garden near an hour with his arm about Sir Thomas's neck. On his majesty's departure, Mr. Roper observed how happy he was in the extraordinary familiarity of the king. "I thank our Lord, son," answered Sir Thomas, "that I find his grace my very good lord indeed, and I believe he doth as singularly favour me as any subject within this realm; howbeit son Roper, I must tell thee I have no cause to be proud thereof, for if my head would win him a castle in France, it would not fail to go off."

Henry himself had no small portion of facetiousness mixed with his bad qualities of oppression and cruelty. Two instances of this shall here suffice.

Having lost himself one day as he was hunting in Windsor forest, he at last reached the abbey of Reading, where being in disguise, he passed as one of the king's guards: and as such was invited to dine with the abbot. A sirloin of beef was the principal dish, on which the king fared heartily. The abbot observing the strength of his appetite, said, "well fare thy heart, and here in a cup of sack I remember the health of his grace your master. I would give a hundred pounds on the condition

condition that I could feed as heartily on beef as you do. Alas! my weak and squeamish stomach will hardly digest the wing of a small rabbit or chicken." The king having finished his entertainment, and drank to the better health of the abbot, departed without being discovered. A few weeks afterwards, the abbot was sent for by a king's messenger, and committed close prisoner to the Tower, where he was kept for some time on bread and water. At last a sirloin of beef was set before him, on which the abbot dined heartily. When he had finished, the king came out from a private place, where he had observed the abbot's change of appetite, and thus accosted him: "my lord, either presently down with your hundred pounds, or no going from this place all the days of your life. I have been your physician to cure you of your squeamish stomach, and here, as I deserve, I demand the fee for the same;" with which the abbot was obliged to comply, and then he returned to his abbey.

Though the king was greatly assisted by bishop Fisher, of Rochester, in drawing up his famous answer to Luther, he afterwards caused the conscientious prelate to be tried for high treason, in not complying with the king's supremacy. When the bishop was in the Tower, the pope, who regarded him as a confessor in his cause, very imprudently sent him a cardinal's hat. Henry, on hearing of the pope's design, sent a courtier to learn from the bishop whether it was his intention to accept of the hat, and being informed that it

was, he said, "God's wounds, is he so stout that he will receive the hat; why then he shall wear it on his shoulders, for by our lady, I'll not leave him a head to set it on." And the tyrant was as good as his word.

To return to More, the judgment which he had formed of his master was perfectly correct, as the event shewed; for whatever may be thought of the scruples of Sir Thomas with respect to the acknowledgment of the king's supremacy in matters ecclesiastical, no doubt can be entertained of the inhumanity of Henry in causing such a man to be put to death, for a mere matter of conscience.

His wit and humour he retained to the last, for when he came to the Tower, the porter, according to custom, demanding his upper garment, "Mr. Porter," said he, "here it is, and taking off his cap, gave it to him, adding, "I am sorry it is no better for thee." "No, Sir," said the porter, "I must have your gown," which demand was immediately complied with. As soon as he was placed in his apartment, he called on John Wood, the servant appointed to attend him, and who could neither write nor read, and swore him before the lieutenant, that if he shou d hear or see him at any time speak or write any thing against the king, the council, or the state of the realm, he should communicate it to the lieutenant, that he might reveal the same to the council.

When notice was brought to him of his fate

by his old friend Sir Thomas Pope, he sent back his "thanks to the king for the favour, declaring that he would pray for his majesty therefore, both here and in the next world, and with the same confident assurance of his future bliss." And when Sir Thomas Pope at parting could not refrain from tears, More desired him to be comforted, saying that he trusted they should one day meet and be merry together in heaven."

After his condemnation, he was visited by a courtier, whose discourse being nothing else than to urge him to change his mind, Sir Thomas, wearied with his importunity, answered that he had changed it. The courtier immediately hastened to inform the king, who sent him back to know in what respect his mind was changed; on which Sir Thomas told him that "whereas he had intended to be shaved that he might appear before the people as he had been wont; he was now fully resolved that his beard should have the same fate as his head:" which answer confounded the courtier, and made the king angry.

This story serves to illustrate the remarkable speech which he made on the scaffold, when carefully putting his beard over the block, and being asked why he did it, our hero pleasantly answered that "his beard had committed no treason, though his head might." When he came to the foot of the scaffold, and some person offered him his arm to lean upon, he said, "I will take

your assistance now, but in coming down I must shift for myself."

Some writers having bestowed some censures upon Sir Thomas, for indulging his natural vein of humour in his last moments, particularly Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, who calls him

"A dying heroe, miserably witty,"

that excellent man, Mr. Addison, undertook his defence as follows: "His death was of a piece with his life; there was nothing in it new, forced, or affected. He saw nothing in death to put him from his ordinary humour, and as he died under a fixed and settled hope of immortality, he thought any unusual degree of sorrow and concern improper on such an occasion, as had nothing in it which could deject or terrify him": and Mr. Addison concludes with the following just observation that "what was philosophy in this extraordinary man would be frenzy in any one who did not resemble him, as well in the chearfulness of his temper, as in the sanctity of his life and manners.*"

That he possessed the most tender feelings, as well as great fortitude and pleasantry in the most trying moments, the following affecting narrative of the last interview between him and his favourite daughter Mrs. Roper, will abundantly prove.

* Spectator, No. 349, vol. v.

After

After sentence was passed upon Sir Thomas, as he was going back to the Tower, she rushed through the guards and crowds of people, and came pressing towards him; at such a sight, courageous as he was, he could hardly bear up under the surprize his passionate affection for her raised in him, for she fell upon his neck, and held him fast in the most endearing embraces, but could not speak one word to him, great griefs having that stupifying quality of making the most eloquent dumb. The guards, altho' justly reputed an unrelenting crew, were much moved at this sight, and were therefore more willing to give Sir Thomas leave to speak to her, which he did in these few words: "my dear Margaret, bear with patience, and do not any longer grieve for me. It is the will of God, and therefore must be submitted to;" and then gave her a parting kiss.—But after she was withdrawn ten or or a dozen feet off, she comes running to him again, falls upon his neck, but grief again stopt her mouth. Her father looked wistfuliy upon her, but said nothing, the tears trickling down his cheeks, a language too well understood by his distressed daughter, though he bore all this without the least change of countenance: but just when he was to take his final leave of her, he begged her prayers to God for him, and took his farewel of her. The officers and soldiers, as rocky as they were, melted at this sight: and no wonder, when even

even the very beasts are under the power of natural affections, and often shew them.*

After Sir Thomas was beheaded, Mrs. Roper took care for the burial of his body in the chapel of St. Peter's, *ad vincula*, within the Tower: and afterwards she procured it to be removed to the chancel of the church at Chelsea. His head having remained about fourteen days on London bridge, was then cast into the Thames, but this heroic woman, who had her father's spirit, and a considerable portion of his learning and genius, purchased it of some watermen, and when summoned before the council, she gloried in what she had done, and said that, "her father's head should not be food for fishes." She died in 1544, aged 36, and was buried in St. Dunstan's church, in Canterbury, according to her desire, with her father's head, in a leaden box, on the coffin.

Besides her, Sir Thomas had two other daughters, and a son named after his grandfather John. His wife had long desired a boy, and at last she brought Sir Thomas this son, who proved little better than an idiot, on which he told her "she had prayed so long for a boy, that now she had one who would prove a boy as long as he lived."

As a literary character, Sir Thomas is now principally known by his "Utopia," a philosophical romance, written first in latin, and afterwards translated by himself into English. It is

* Knight's Life of Erasmus.

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the description of the manners and polity of a supposed country in America, and the account given by one Hythlodicus, who sailed in a voyage of discovery with Americus Vesputius. The fiction was so well supported, that many learned men were pleased with the description of the climate and manners of the people, and Budæus, in particular, expressed his zealous desire that missionaries should be sent thither to convert the inhabitants to Christianity. It is remarkable enough that though the author afterwards manifested so much fervid zeal against heretics, yet in this book he unequivocally expresses his opinion in favour of a liberal toleration. It has been since well translated into modern english by bishop Burnet.

Besides this book, which stamps Sir Thomas as an original genius, he wrote the "History of Richard the Third," whom he describes as having been deformed, and in this particular he has been implicitly followed by succeeding historians.

Sir Thomas displayed great animation in the service of the church of Rome, and wrote several tracts against Luther and the reformers in general. These polemical effusions shew more virulence than argument; and though there can be no doubt of the author's sincerity, since he gave the strongest proofs possible of it, yet his bigotry and superstition appear to great disadvantage in the foul and indecent language which he pours upon his antagonists. In a letter to Erasmus, he

scrupled not to say, that he so far hated that sort of men called heretics, that unless they repented, (or in other words implicitly submitted to the usurpation of the pope, and the corruptions of the church of Rome) he would be as troublesome to them as he could!"

But notwithstanding these shades in his character, every impartial person will see cause to admire Sir Thomas More as a man of unquestionable integrity, of a firm and unshaken mind; an upright magistrate, amiable in his domestic relations, and of undoubted piety, though mistaken in his religious opinions.

FRANCIS BACON,

LORD VERULAM, VISCOUNT ST. ALBAN,

THIS illustrious man, who has been beautifully called the "Chancellor of Human Nature," was the son of Sir Nicholas Bacon, lord keeper of the great seal in the reign of queen Elizabeth. Sir Nicholas was a man of great talents, profoundly skilled in the law, and of spotless integrity. His leading maxim—"Let us stay a little, that we may have done the sooner;" and his motto—*Mediocra firma*, 'firm in the middle state,' shew the caution and equanimity of his temper. He was a man of great modesty, and of uncommon corpulence, and when the queen visited him at the house which he built at Redgrave, she told him that his house was too little for him: '*Not so, Madam*,' said he, '*but your Majesty has made me too great for my house.*' After having held the great seal above twenty years, he died suddenly in the following remarkable manner:—he was under the hands of his barber, and the weather being sultry, the lord keeper ordered a window to be opened before which he sat. He soon after fell asleep, in the current of fresh air that was blowing strong upon him. When he awoke, he found himself in a feverish state, and asked the servant "Why he suffered him to sleep so exposed?" The fellow replied that he durst not pre-

presume to disturb him; "then," said the lord keeper, "by your civility I shall lose my life,"—which accordingly happened a few days after, viz. in 1579. Camden's character of him is concise, but very expressive, *Vir præpinguis, ingenio acerrimo, singulari prudentia, summa eloquentia, tenaci memoria, et sacris conciliis alterum columen*—i. e. 'a man of a gross body, but most quick wit, singular prudence, supreme eloquence, happy memory, and in judgment the other pillar of the state.'

His youngest son, Francis, has gained an immortal name by his inestimable writings, though some failings plunged him into disgrace in his life-time, and have given occasion to writers of little judgment or liberality to pour abuse upon his name. He was born at York-house, in the Strand, in 1561, and so soon did the extraordinary powers of his mind expand themselves, that even in his tender years persons of the highest rank and abilities delighted in his conversation. Queen Elizabeth, being one day at the lord keeper's, took particular notice of Francis, and asked him his age, to whom he elegantly replied, 'that he was just two years younger than her majesty's happy reign!' From that time she took a pleasure in conversing with him, and was accustomed to call him 'her young lord keeper.'

At the age of twelve he was sent to Trinity-college, Cambridge, where he had for his tutor that able divine, Dr. John Whitgift, afterwards archbishop

bishop of Canterbury, who conducted the church of England safely, when attacked on the one hand by the harpy and sacrilegious avarice of the venal courtiers, and on the other by the virulent malice, superstition, and bigotry of the papists and puritans. Under such a man, Bacon could not but acquire sound principles as well as solid learning, and so great was his progress, that at the age of sixteen he quitted college, and was sent by his father in the suite of Sir Amias Pawlet, the English ambassador at Paris. His conduct there was such as to gain him the esteem and confidence of Sir Amias, who sent him to queen Elizabeth, upon a business of considerable importance.—This commission he executed in a manner which procured both himself and the ambassador great credit. He then returned to France, where he wrote at the age of nineteen, 'A succinct View of the State of Europe,' a piece which discovers singular penetration and genius for so young a man. The death of his father made him return home, and the narrowness of his circumstances, occasioned by that event, obliged him to enter upon the study of the law at Gray's Inn. This place was so agreeable to him, that he afterwards erected a building there which for many years went by the name of 'Lord Bacon's lodgings,' and it is to the honour of that learned society, that they have recently commemorated the honour of having had so bright a name on their roll, by giving to an elegant row of houses,

fronting Gray's Inn-lane, the appellation of 'Verulam Buildings.'

At the age of twenty-six, Mr. Bacon's reputation was so great, that he was especially appointed her Majesty's counsel extraordinary.—He may therefore be considered now as in the fair way of advancement, but he received no preferment till the reign of James I, when the honour of knighthood was conferred on him, and he was appointed one of the king's counsel with a yearly fee. In 1607 he obtained the place of solicitor-general, in which capacity he went through a great variety of laborious business, yet amidst all his professional pursuits he found some time for his literary and philosophical studies, the result of which he communicated to his friends, in a piece entituled 'Cogitata et Visa,' which contained the ground work, or plan, of his 'Novum Organum.' In 1610 appeared his celebrated treatise 'Of the Wisdom of the Antients,' in which he furnishes a key to allegorical poetry and mythology. This tract was written in Latin, and an English translation, by Sir Arthur Gorges, is usually appended to our author's essays.

In 1613 Sir Francis became attorney-general, in which office he distinguished himself in the prosecution of the earl and countess of Somerset, for their concern in the poisoning of Sir Thomas Overbury. On the resignation of lord chancellor Egerton, in 1617, the great seal was delivered by the king to Sir Francis Bacon, accompanied with three

these three cautions, which certainly place the abilities and integrity of James above the despicable state to which inconsiderate and partial historians have reduced him: first, that he should not seal any thing, but after mature deliberation. 2ndly, that he should give righteous judgment between parties, 3dly, that he should not extend the royal prerogative too far.

Having mentioned the predecessor of Bacon in this office, we may be allowed to mention a remarkable anecdote of him, which is not generally known. He was the son of a servant maid, named Sparks, who had lived with his father Sir Richard Egerton, of Ridley. His mother had been so neglected by her seducer, that she was reduced to beg for her support. A neighbouring gentleman, a friend to Sir Richard, met her asking alms, followed by her child. He admired its beauty, and saw in it the evident features of the knight, on which he immediately went to Sir Richard, and laid before him the disgrace of suffering his own offspring, illegitimate as it was, to wander from door to door. Sir Richard was affected with the reproof, adopted the child, and by a proper education, laid the foundation of its future fortune.

In January, 1618, Bacon was declared Chancellor, having before only held the seal with the title of lord keeper; and in July following he was created Baron of Verulam. In 1620 he presented to the king the 'Novum Organum,' in perfecting which

which great work he wrote it twelve times over, an instance of caution and deliberation, which if followed, would have saved the world the burthen of a vast number of useless and impertinent volumes. Shortly after this he was created viscount St. Alban's; but this was immediately followed by a storm which precipitated him from his elevated station, and reduced him to the most abject condition. His connection with that singular court-minion, George Villiers, then marquis, and afterwards duke of Buckingham, seems to have been the main source of his misfortunes. The enemies of the favourite, not being able to attack him directly, assaulted the integrity of the Chancellor, who was accused in parliament, of various acts of corruption, and being brought to trial, was sentenced by the peers to pay a fine of 40,000l. to be imprisoned in the Tower during the king's pleasure, to be disabled from sitting in parliament, and rendered incapable of holding any office, place, or employment whatever.

Thus fell Bacon, who submitted to his fate like a philosopher. The king shed tears on the occasion, though he could not reverse the sentence, to such a height was the popular resentment excited against him. His imprisonment, however, was but of short duration; his fine was remitted; and he finally obtained the royal pardon. He died at the earl of Arundel's house at Highgate, April 9, 1626, and was buried in St. Michael's church at St. Alban's, in the chancel of

which church his faithful friend and indefatigable servant, Sir Thomas Meautys erected a handsome monument to his memory, with an excellent Latin inscription, written by Sir Henry Wotton.

Chancellor Bacon was a man of great pointedness of expression, and though a philosopher, had a large share of wit, as the following anecdotes evince.

When Dr. Hayward was imprisoned for writing the history of Henry the fourth, queen Elizabeth, who was highly exasperated against him for some passages in the book, asked Mr. Bacon, then one of her Majesty's counsel, 'whether there were any treason contained in it?' to which he answered, 'No, madam, for treason I cannot deliver opinion that there is any, but very much felony. The queen eagerly asked, 'How, and wherein? 'Because,' said Bacon, 'he has stolen many of his sentences and conceits from Tacitus.'

A lady walking with him in Gray's Inn garden, asked him, whose that piece of ground adjoining was? He answered, 'their's.' Then she asked, if those fields beyond the walks were their's too? He replied, 'Yes, madam, they are our's, as you are our's, to look upon and no more.'

Soon after that he had displayed great eloquence in parliament against inclosures, the queen told him that she had of her own accord referred a particular cause to the determination of certain judges and counsellors; and asked him how he liked it, to which he replied, 'O madam,

my mind is known; I am against all inclosures, and especially inclosed justice.'

In 1588, when queen Elizabeth went to St. Paul's to return thanks after the defeat of the Spanish armada, the citizens were ranged on one side of Fleet-street, and the lawyers on the other, to pay their respects as she passed. Said Mr. Bacon to the person next to him—'Do but observe the courtiers, if they bow first to the citizens, they are in *debt*; if first to us, they are in *law*.'

He was wont to say of an angry man, who suppressed his passion, 'that he thought worse than he spoke;' and of one who expressed himself very quickly and sharply, 'that he spoke worse than he thought.'

When the attorney-general Coke, in the Exchequer, made use of haughty language with respect to Bacon, and stood much upon his superior rank, the other keenly replied, 'Mr. Attorney, the less you speak of your own greatness, the more I shall think of it; and the more, the less.'

A relation of his, who filled a high office without much credit, being dead, king James asked him—'Now mon tell me truly what say you of your cousin that is gone?' Bacon replied, 'Sir, since your majesty doth charge me, I'll e'en deal plainly with you, and give you such a character of him as I would if I were to write his story. I do think he was no fit counsellor to make your affairs better; but yet he was fit to keep them

from growing worse.' The king pleasantly said, 'On my saul, mon, in the first thou speakest like a true mon, and in the latter like a kinsman.'

Count Gondomar, the Spanish ambassador, sent him his compliments in Passion week, wishing him a good Easter. His lordship thanked the messenger, and in return wished the Count a *good Pass-over.*'

Though queen Elizabeth had so high an opinion of his extraordinary abilities, she did not pay a proper respect to them, by calling their possessor into that sphere of action for which he was so admirably fitted. A grant was indeed given him of the reversion of the Register's office in the Star Chamber, but the person who held it living twenty years after, Bacon in the mean time used to say, '*that it was like another man's ground buttalling upon his house, which might mend his prospect, but it did not fill his barn.*'

When he was only Mr. Bacon, he happened to be walking on the side of the Thames near Chelsea, just as some fishermen were about to draw the river. He offered them ten shillings for their draught, but they demanded thirty. On drawing their nets, they contained nothing, which made Bacon say to them 'Are you not mad fellows, who might have had an angel in your purse to have made merry withal, and to have warmed you thoroughly, and now you must go home with nothing?' 'Aye, but,' said the fishermen, 'we were in hopes to have made a better bargain of it.'—

Said he, 'my masters, then I will tell you, hope is a good breakfast, but it is a bad supper.'

When he was made attorney-general, Sir Edward Coke was advanced from being chief justice of the common pleas to the chief justiceship of the king's bench, which removal he disliked, and attributing it to Bacon, he said to him "Mr. Attorney, this is all your doing; it is you that have made this stir.' Bacon answered—'Ah, my lord, your lordship all this while hath grown in breadth; you must needs now grow in height, or else you would be a monster.'

In the life-time of his father, every room in Gorhambury was served with a pipe of water from the ponds, distant about a mile off, but afterwards the water ceased; and when his lordship came to the inheritance, he could not recover it, without being at a great expense.—After he was lord chancellor, he built Verulam-house close by the pond-yard, for a private place when he was called upon to dispatch urgent business. And being asked why he had built a house there; his answer was, 'that since he could not carry the water to his house, he would carry his house to the water.'

When some person was speaking in favour of a reformation of the Church of England; or in other words, for a total subversion of it, Sir Francis Bacon said, 'Sir, the subject we talk of is the eye of England; and if there be a speck or two in the eye, we endeavour to take them off;

but he were a strange oculist who would pull out the eye.'

His lordship, who was slow in his experiments in philosophy, said to some persons who were for more speed, 'Gentlemen, nature is a labyrinth, in which the very haste you move with, will make you lose your way.'

The modesty of this great man was equal to the vast depth of his understanding, and the extent of his acquirements. Speaking of his golden treatise on the advancement of learning in a letter to the earl of Salisbury, he says, 'that in this book he was contented to awake better spirits, being himself like a bell-ringer, who is first up to call others to church.' The humility displayed in this remarkable passage discovers, however, that peculiar penetration, which was a prominent quality in our author's mind; for what is here in a manner predicted came to pass, and by the clue which he gave in this work, a new and rational, because experimental philosophy, succeeded to the metaphysical subtleties of Aristotle and the schoolmen. In the composition of this work, Bacon was materially assisted by Dr. Lancelot Andrews, bishop of Winchester, one of the best scholars and most eloquent preachers of that age. Bishop Andrews is hardly noticed but as a polemic against Bellarmine; but this was by far the least of his merit; to have co-operated with Bacon in the greatest of his works, and to be consulted by him on the publication of them, raises

the bishop to a higher station than the rank of a polemic. The sermons of Andrews, though now scarcely ever read, abound with beauties and uncommon ideas. They were highly esteemed by bishop Horne, whose judgment on such subjects no one will question. Bishop Andrews was a man of great wit, as well as of great piety and learning, of which we have an instance in an anecdote related by Waller, the poet. Waller going to see the king at dinner, overheard a very extraordinary conversation between his majesty and two prelates, Andrews, bishop of Winchester, and Neile, bishop of Durham, who were standing behind the king's chair. James asked the bishops: 'My lords, cannot I take my subjects' money when I want it, without all this formality in parliament? The bishop of Durham readily answered, God forbid, sir, but you should; you are the breath of our nostrils.' Whereupon the king turned, and said to the bishop of Winchester, 'Well, my lord, what say you?' 'Sir,' replied the bishop, I have no skill to judge of parliamentary cases.' The king answered, 'no put-offs, my lord, answer me presently.' Then, sir,' said he, 'I think it lawful for you to take my brother Neile's money, for he offers it.' Mr. Waller said, the company was pleased with this answer, and the wit of it seemed to affect the king.'

To return to Bacon, the great cause of his fall lay, not as Pope says, in the *meanness*, but in the *generosity* of his temper. He had a magnificent mind,

mind, and was too liberal to his domestics, and other attendants.

Rushworth says, "that he treasured up nothing for himself or family, but was over-indulgent to his servants, and connived at their takings, and their ways betrayed him to that error: they were profuse and expensive, and had at their command whatever he was master of. The gifts taken were for the most part for interlocutory orders, his decrees were generally made with so much equity, that, though gifts rendered him suspected for injustice, yet never any decree made by him, was reversed as unjust, as it has been observed by some who were well skilled in our laws*." This is confirmed

* In the 21st volume of the European Magazine, p. p. 13—89, are inserted "Anecdotes of Lord Bacon," all of them extracted from Anthony Weldon's 'Aulicus Coquinariæ,' or the Secret History of the Reign of James I. and from Sir Symonds D'Ewes's own memoirs; two works of such palpable partiality, as never to be quoted by any writer who wishes to gain credit for what he relates. Yet the late worthy Isaac Reed, then editor of the European Magazine, whose knowledge of English books was never exceeded by any man, suffered these transcripts to appear in that publication without noticing the foul sources from whence they were drawn. The author of this note remonstrated with him on the occasion, and inserted in a subsequent number of the magazine a brief animadversion on the article here mentioned. He cannot, however, dismiss this observation without bearing his testimony of friendly respect to the modest virtues of one who deserved the high character given of him by Dr. Johnson, who

confirmed by what is related of his lordship in the time of his troubles, when in passing through a room where many of his retinue rose up to salute him, he said, '*Sit you down, my masters, your rise hath been my fall.*'

He appears to have been fond of state, for when he was going into the country after his release from the Tower, he was attended by a number of his friends on horseback, and meeting with the Prince, afterwards Charles I. his highness said, with a smile, '*Well, do what we can, this man scorns to go out like a snuff.*'

A gentleman taking the liberty of remonstrating with him for his liberality to his retinue, he answered, 'sir, I am all of a piece, if the head be lifted up, the inferior parts of the body must too.'

James Howell, in his familiar letters, says of him, 'the fairest diamond may have a flaw in it, but I believe he died poor out of a contempt of the pelf of fortune, as also out of an excess of generosity, which appeared as in divers other passages, so once when the king had sent him a stag, he sent for the under keeper, and having drank the king's health unto him in a great silver bowl, he gave it to him for his fee. He writ a pi-

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when Reid entered the room in the midst of a literary debate, said, "Here comes a man who says less upon books, and knows more of them, than all of us."

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tiful letter to king James, not long before his death, and concludes—'Help me, dear sovereign lord and master, and pity me so far that I, who have been born to a bag, be not now in my age, forced in effect, to bear a wallet, nor I, that desire to live to study, may be driven to study to live.' But in fact, Howell's authority is little to be relied on, though his letters are exceedingly entertaining.

Bacon's piety is clearly discovered in his confession of faith, in his prayers, and in numerous parts of the works which he published himself. His reply to the marquis d'Effiat, the French ambassador, who, upon reading a translation of his essays, paid him the compliment of comparing him to angels, of whom he had heard, but had never seen. 'If the civility of others,' said the philosophical statesman, 'compare me to an angel, my own infirmities tell me that I am a man.'

A striking instance of his self-command, and the predominant love of science in his mind, appear in the following anecdote. His lordship was one day dictating to Dr. Rawley, his chaplain, the detail of some experiments for his 'Sylva,' and while thus engaged, he received intelligence by a friend that the king had refused him a grant, on which Bacon's mind had been much set. On hearing the report, he calmly said, '*Be it so*;' and thanking his friend for his trouble, he turned to Dr. Rawley, with these words: '*Well, sir, yon*

business won't go on, let us go on with this in our power ;' and so dictated to him for some hours, without any hesitation, or apparent uneasiness.

It was the practice of Lord Bacon to send his works to the university of Cambridge in rich and costly bindings of velvet, embroidered with gold, with a letter bound up with each, several of which are now in his own hand, in the turret of the university library, among many uncatalogued books, and manuscripts there.*

Howell, in his familiar letters, gives the following bon mot of lord Bacon :—

'There is a flaunting French ambassador come over lately, and I believe his errand is nought else but compliment, for the king of France being lately at Calais, and so in sight of England, he sent his ambassador, Monsieur Cadenet, expressly to visit our king; he had audience two days since, where, he with his train of ruffling long-haired Monsieurs, carried himself in such a light garb, that after the audience, the king asked my lord keeper Bacon, what he thought of the French ambassador; he answered, that he was a *tall* proper man; '*Aye,*' his Majesty replied, '*but what think you of his head-piece? Is he a proper man for the office of an Ambassador!*' '*Sir,*' said Ba-

* Mr. Coles's memorandum in his MSS. in the British Museum.

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con, '*Tall men are like high houses of four or five stories, wherein commonly the uppermost room is worst furnished.*"

His lordship had a becoming sense of the strength of his own intellectual powers, and of the value of the treasures which he gave to the world. Of this we have a proof in his last will, where he says—' For my name and memory, I leave it to men's charitable speech, to foreign nations, and the next ages.' And posterity have done him justice ; abroad he has been admired and read more than at home ; though even in our own country his great character has been justly appreciated by men of judgment. Dr. Johnson had a high opinion of him, and expressed an inclination to write his life—' the life of a man,' said he, in his strong way, ' from whose works alone a dictionary of the English language may be compiled.'

Passing over numerous encomiums which have been made upon the rare genius of this illustrious philosopher, by the learned men of other nations, we shall content ourselves with quoting here a passage from the lectures of a modern French professor. ' The most striking events in antiquity, its most brilliant thoughts, its richest and happiest expressions, and most ingenious sentiments were constantly present to the memory of Bacon ; and his genius improved and embellished these still more by introducing them in his works. The antient mythology had among its divinities one who

who was represented with two faces, the one turned towards past ages, which he surveyed at a glance, the other to future times, which, though not yet in existence, were comprehended within his view; we may say with propriety that such a representation is the image and emblem of the genius of Bacon.*

* M. Garat, Professor of Metaphysics in the national schools of France.

Moncontour. In 1576 he was a resident of the Middle Temple, but the study of the law did not long detain him; for the year following he went to the low countries with general Norris, and was in the battle of Riminant, which proved disastrous to the reputation of Don John, of Austria. We next behold our adventurous hero on a new element, being engaged with his brother-in-law, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, in his voyage to North America. After his return in 1579, he went to Ireland, and contributed materially to the suppression of the rebellion fomented in that kingdom by the Pope and the king of Spain. Notwithstanding his services on this occasion, he appears to have been overlooked among the number of aspiring candidates for royal favour; and at last he was indebted for his rise at court to an accidental act of gallantry. As the queen was taking a walk, surrounded by numerous courtiers, she came to a dirty place at which she hesitated, as in doubt whether to venture over it. Raleigh, with admirable presence of mind, immediately took off his handsome new plush cloak, and spread it on the ground. The queen trod gently over the fair foot-cloth, and was not less pleased than surprised with the adventure. Shortly after this, Raleigh being in the palace, took an opportunity to write in a glass window in the queen's apartment:—'Fain would I climb, yet fear I to fall.' Her majesty seeing this, wrote underneath it: 'if thy heart fail thee; climb not at all.' An encour-

encouraging answer, of which Raleigh did not fail to make a proper use. His progress in the queen's favour was very great; nor was he less acceptable to her ministers, who perceived that he possessed both talents and a disposition to render his country eminent service. To the honour of Raleigh, he did not suffer himself to be intoxicated with the luxuries and vanities of a court life. It was his ambition not only to *enjoy*, but to *merit* the smiles of his sovereign; and accordingly he obtained her letters patent to make a voyage of discovery on the coast of America, where he established a colony, to which the queen herself gave the name of Virginia. He had so great a share in the glorious defeat of the Spanish armada, that the queen, in addition to his former grant of a patent of wines, made an augmentation of tonnage and poundage upon these liquors.—About this time he set up an office of Address, which was an institution somewhat resembling our modern register offices. But from some hints which we have of this establishment, it appears to have been formed upon a more enlarged and liberal principle, and had for its object not only the convenience of persons in the way of business, but the advancement of science, and the promotion of schemes for the public good. During the remainder of this reign, Raleigh lived in a style of magnificence, and without experiencing any material diminution of the royal favour. He was, indeed, for a little while under a cloud, on

account of his intrigue with one of the maids of honour; but having made the only reparation in his power, by marrying the lady, he was soon re-established in the good graces of the queen. The ensuing reign made a sad change in his fortune. Sir Walter's enterprizing genius was offensive to the pacific disposition of James; and his having been the enemy of the unfortunate earl of Essex, contributed to heighten this dislike. The hatred of the crafty Cecil hastened Raleigh's ruin, and he was accused of being concerned in a treasonable conspiracy with lord Cobham. Though nothing was proved in support of the charge, the jury found him guilty at Winchester, and he was condemned to die November 17, 1603. He was, however, reprieved, and kept a prisoner in the Tower till 1615, when he obtained his release.—Nothing, perhaps, can more exactly pourtray the corrupt state of the English court at that time, than the circumstance that Raleigh was indebted for his liberty, not to a just regard for his merits or pity for his sufferings, but to the influence of money. The sum given to Sir William St. John, and Sir Edward Villiers, for obtaining this favour, was fifteen hundred pounds. The next year he made a voyage to Guiana, in search of a gold mine which he affirmed to be there, but not discovering it, he burnt the Spanish town of St. Thome, and then returned to England, where the complaints of the court of Madrid had preceded him.—Though Raleigh had acted by a commission from the

the king, he was taken up and received judgment to die by virtue of his former sentence. He was accordingly beheaded in the Old Palace Yard, October 29, 1618. Thus fell Sir Walter Raleigh, the ornament of his country, whose whole life was a series of the most brilliant services; who enlarged commerce and opened new sources of industry; who, by his sword and his pen conferred honour on the reign of Elizabeth, and who, by the injustice of his trial, imprisonment, and execution, is the greatest blot in that of her pusillanimous successor.

One of the most prominent qualities in this illustrious man's character, was a bold adventurous spirit. He was superior to fear, and an enemy to inactivity. This spirit very early distinguished him; and he gives us an account of an adventure in which he was engaged when he served as a volunteer in France, at the age of seventeen. The story is as follows: being informed that a party of the enemy had fortified themselves in some caves which had but a narrow entrance cut in the midway of the high rocks, he and his company made an attempt upon the place; but all their efforts proving ineffectual, they had recourse to the expedient of scaling the height, and 'letting down,' says he, 'an iron chain, with a weighty stone in the midst, about which were fastened

bundles of lighted straw, which nearly smothered the besieged, and forced them to surrender.'*

His whole life is a proof of his active mind and undaunted courage. What his ideas were of the superiority of a man of war, may be learnt from an observation contained in his 'History of the World.'

'The fort St. Philip terrified not us, in the year 1596, when we entered the port of Cadiz; neither did the fort at Puntal when we were entered, beat us from our anchoring by it, though it played upon us with four demi-cannons, within point-blank, from six in the morning, till twelve at noon.'*

To Sir Walter we are indebted for the introduction of tobacco into England, and the smoking of it. This practice soon became quite the fashion even at court, and it is said that the queen would sometimes indulge herself with a pipe. It is, however, certain that several of the nobility and the court ladies too, amused themselves with smoking. A very humorous story is related of Sir Walter, and his servant, soon after the return of the former from his voyage to America.

He used to smoke privately in his study, and when the servant brought him in his tankard of ale and nutmeg, the poor fellow seeing the smoke pouring forth in clouds from his mouth, threw

* Oldys's Life of Raleigh.

all

all the contents of the tankard in his face, and ran down stairs, exclaiming, 'that his master was on fire, and before they could get to him, would be burnt to ashes.'.

This simplicity reminds one of the Indians who having taken a quantity of gunpowder, sowed it for grain, with full expectation of reaping a plentiful crop of combustion by the next harvest, whereby they should be enabled to destroy their enemies.

The box in which Raleigh kept his tobacco was carefully preserved, and at last came into the hands of the late Mr. Thoresby, of Leeds. It resembled a modern snuff case, with a cavity for a glass or metal receiver, big enough to hold a pound of tobacco, the edge at the top being joined to that of the box, by a collar pierced with six or eight holes, for pipes.*

We may be permitted to remark here that the mortal antipathy of king James to tobacco, and his dislike of all persons who made use of it, may have aggravated his enmity to the man who first introduced it into England. The sapient monarch went so far as to write a quarto volume, entitled, 'A Counterblast to Tobacco,' and he even endeavoured to prevent the importation of an article, which proved of so much consequence to his revenue.

* Oldys's Life of Raleigh.

The great favour and interest which Raleigh had with queen Elizabeth, induced him to be a frequent suitor to her both for himself and others; one day having told her majesty that he had a favour to beg of her, she said, 'When, Sir Walter, will you cease to be a beggar?' To which he answered, 'When your gracious majesty ceases to be a benefactor.'

That Raleigh was a liberal patron of men of merit, and that he exercised his influence for the purpose of rendering them services, appears from Spenser's dedication to him of his poem, entitled, 'Colin Clout's come home again,' in which he acknowledges his obligations to Sir Walter. His exertions also in behalf of John Udal, a puritanical divine, who was prosecuted for publishing a libellous book, bear honourable testimony to the sympathetic feelings and generosity of Raleigh.

In parliament Raleigh was an eloquent and a patriotic speaker. He resisted many dangerous encroachments, and succeeded in removing some oppressive impositions.

But yet the period of his long imprisonment is probably that which displays the greatness of his character in the most brilliant point of view. In the full career of military renown and enterprize, we contemplate the hero with pleasure and admiration, but when we see him as a captive exercised in various literary works, and in laying down plans for the improvement of our great

national bulwark, the navy, our admiration is encreased. 'The History of the World' would alone have immortalized his name, and stamped him as one of the best writers in our language; but he exercised himself, when in the Tower, in a variety of pursuits. Among other amusements which engaged his active mind, chemistry seems to have been particularly a favourite with him.—This he studied with a view to practical utility.—The result of his researches and experiments was the invention of a cordial, to which extraordinary virtues were attributed, and upon which a treatise was published by a medical man of some consequence in the reign, and by the order of Charles the second. A circumstance, however, more remarkable, attending this medicine, was the following: when Henry, prince of Wales, lay ill, the queen, his mother, sent to Raleigh for some of his cordial, which she had taken herself in a fever, some time before, with success. Sir Walter sent her majesty the medicine, accompanied with a letter, in which he unluckily made use of this expression:—'that it would cure the prince or any other, of a fever, except in case of poison.' The prince took the cordial, but died the same evening; and the queen's grief was so acute, that she shewed the letter to the king, and never would be persuaded to her dying day, but that her son was poisoned. This excellent prince entertained a high opinion of Sir Walter, and used to say, that

that 'none but his father would keep such a bird in a cage.'

The philosophic firmness and heroism of his mind, in the view of death, appears in the epigram which he wrote, a little before his end, in an allusion to the expiring light of a candle. It is as follows :—

> Cowards may fear to die, but courage stout,
> Rather than live in *snuff*, will be put out.

As an illustration of this epigram, a very intelligent and industrious writer relates this anecdote.

The earl of Clare, Sir Walter's old friend and companion in arms, informed him that Gondamor, his greatest enemy and prosecutor, had expressed an inclination to make suit to the king to spare his life, provided Raleigh would intreat him to do it. After a little pause, our hero gave this answer to his friend, 'I am yet neither so old, nor so infirm, but I could be content to live ; and therefore this would I do, if I was sure it would do my business : but if it fail, then I lose both my life and my honour ; and both those I will not part with.'*

The heroism of Raleigh was not a stoical apathy or a constitutional indifference ; but the firmness

* Collins's Hist. Coll. 1752, folio, page 10.

of

of a mind conscious of its rectitude, and habitually prepared for the common lot of humanity. To the coolest fortitude and the most determined bravery, was joined in him a tender and feeling heart, alive to all the social relations, and the gentle sympathies of human nature. Of his courage we have an evidence in the whole history of his chequered and interesting life; of his sensibility, the following letter to his wife, after his condemnation, is an affecting testimony.

"You shall receive, my dear wife, my last words, in these my last lines. My love I send you, that you may keep it, when I am dead; and my counsel, that you may remember me when I am no more. I would not with will present you sorrows, dear Bess, let them go into the grave with me, and be buried in the dust; and seeing that it is not the will of God, that I should see you any more, bear my destruction patiently, and with a heart like yourself. First, I send you all the thanks which my heart can conceive, or my words express, for your many travels and cares for me; which, though they have not taken effect, as you wished, yet my debt to you is not the less; but pay it I never shall in this world. Secondly, I beseech you, for the love you bear me, living, that you do not hide yourself many days; but by your travels, seek to help my miserable fortunes, and the right of my poor child. Your mourning cannot avail me, that am but dust.—

Thirdly, you shall understand that my lands were conveyed, *bona fide*, to my child; the writings were drawn at Midsummer was twelvemonth, as divers can witness; and I trust my blood will quench their malice, who desired my slaughter, that they will not seek also to kill you, and yours, with extreme poverty. To what friend to direct you, I know not; for all mine have left me in the true time of trial. Most sorry I am that, being thus surprized by death, I can leave you no better estate. God hath prevented all my determinations; that great God who worketh all in all! If you can live free from want, care for no more, for the rest is but vanity. Love God, and begin betimes; in him you shall find true, everlasting, and endless comfort. When you have travelled and wearied yourself, with all sorts of worldly cogitations, you shall sit down by sorrow in the end. Teach your son also to serve and fear God whilst he is young, that the fear of God may grow up in him; then will God be an husband to you, and a father to him; a husband and a father that can never be taken from you. Bailie oweth me a thousand pounds, and Adrian six hundred. In Jersey and Guernsey also I have much owing me. Dear wife, I beseech you, for my soul's sake, pay all poor men. When I am dead, no doubt, you shall be much sought unto, for the world thinks I was very rich. Have a care of the fair pretences of men, for no greater misery can befal you in this life, than to become a prey

a prey unto the world, and after to be despised. I speak, God knows, not to dissuade you from marriage, for it will be best for you, both in respect of God and of the world. As for me, I am no more yours, nor you mine: death hath cut us asunder, and God hath divided me from the world, and you from me. Remember your poor child, for his father's sake, who loved you in his happiest estate. I sued for my life, but God knows, it was for you, and yours, that I desired it. Now you know, my dear wife, that your child is the child of a true man; who, in his own respect, despiseth death, and his misshapen and ugly forms. I cannot write much; God knows how hardly I steal this time, when all sleep; and it is also time for me to separate my thoughts from the world. Beg my dead body, which living, was denied you; and either lay it in Sherborne, or in Exeter church, by my father and mother. I can say no more; time and death calleth me away. The everlasting God, powerful, infinite, and inscrutable God Almighty, who is goodness itself, the true light and life, keep you and yours, and have mercy upon me, and forgive my persecutors and false accusers, and send us to meet in his glorious kingdom. My dear wife, farewell; bless my boy; pray for me; and let my true God hold you both in his arms.

Yours that was,

But now not mine own,

WALTER RALEIGH.

The end of this great man was correspondent to the tenor of his life. Though he was weakened by an ague, he mounted the scaffold without terror, and addressed the audience in a very eloquent discourse, after which he entreated lord Arundel to beseech the king that he would prevent the publication of such pamphlets as might tend to asperse his memory—a nice regard to his reputation being his ruling passion to the last.—He then said, 'I have a long journey to go, and therefore must take my leave.' Having pulled off his coat, he desired the executioner to shew him the axe, and perceiving that he hesitated to comply, Sir Walter said, with the spirit of an old Roman, 'I pray thee let me see it, dost thou think that I am afraid of it.' He then looked with a serene smile towards the sheriff, and extending the fatal instrument in his hand, observed 'this is a sharp medicine, but it is a sound cure for all diseases.' He next intreated the spectators to pray to God that 'HE would graciously vouchsafe to strengthen and assist him in the hour of death.' The executioner now fell upon his knees, and according to a ridiculous custom, entreated his forgiveness, when Raleigh, laying his hand upon his shoulder, said, 'it is granted.' Being asked in what manner he would extend himself on the block, he answered, 'so the heart be right, it is no matter how the head lies.' As he stooped to prepare himself for the last stroke, his own cloak was spread under him. After a short and solemn

solemn pause, he lifted up his hands as the signal, and his head was severed from the body at two blows. Thus fell Sir Walter Raleigh, a sacrifice offered to Spanish resentment, if not to Spanish gold: the glory of his country, and the deepest stain to the ignoble reign in which he was butchered. The body was interred in St. Margaret's church, Westminster, but lady Raleigh preserved the head in a case till her death. Her son, Carew Raleigh, kept it with equal veneration, and with him it was interred.

EDMUND

EDMUND SPENSER.

EDMUND SPENSER was descended of the antient and honourable family of that name, and was born in East Smithfield, by the Tower, about the year 1553. He was admitted as a sizer of Pembroke-hall, Cambridge, in 1569, and took his degree of Master of Arts in 1576. It is asserted, that he suffered some disappointment at Cambridge, and this seems confirmed by the following curious passage in a letter to him from his friend Gabriel Harvey, printed at the close of Harvey's short, but learned judgment of earthquakes, dated April 7, 1580.

"And wil you needes have my testimoniall of youre old Controller's new behaviour? A busy and dizy heade; a brazen forehead; a ledden braine; a woodden wit; a copper face; a stony breast; a factious and elvish heart; a founder of novelties; a confounder of his owne and his friend's good gifts; a morning book-worme; an afternoone malt-worme; a right juggler, as ful of his sleights, wyles, fetches, casts of legerdemaine, toyes to mock apes withal, odde shiftes, and knavish practizes, as his skin can holde."

From university he went to reside in the north, but our information of his mode of life is scanty. In 1579 he published his 'Shepheard's Calendar,' a pastoral poem of exquisite beauty.

Before

Before the publication of this piece, he had been induced by the advice of Harvey to quit the country, and to remove to London. By the same friend he was introduced to the accomplished Philip Sidney, who recommended him to his uncle, the earl of Leicester, The poet was also invited to the family seat of Sidney, at Penshurst, in Kent, where he was probably employed in some literary service, and at least assisted, we may suppose, the platonic and chivalrous studies of the gallant and learned youth, who had thus kindly noticed him.

By Sidney it is probable that Spenser was introduced to the queen, for, in a letter to his friend Harvey, dated October 16, 1579, the poet says, "Your desire to heare of my late being with hir maiestie must dye in itselfe."

In 1580 he accompanied lord Grey, of Wilton, lord lieutenant of Ireland, as his secretary, and returned with him probably in 1582, when that nobleman was recalled.

To the interest of lord Grey, joined to that of the earl of Leicester, and Sir Philip Sidney, Spenser probably owed the grant from queen Elizabeth, of 8028 acres in the county of Cork, part of the forfeited lands of the earl of Desmond. The grant was dated in June, 1586. In October following he lost his friend Sir Philip, whose death he lamented in his elegy, entitled 'Astrophel.' After this event he returned to Ireland to cultivate the land assigned to him. The residence

dence of Spenser was at Kilcolman, in the county of Cork; thus described by Smith—"Two miles north west of Doneraile, is Kilcolman, a ruined castle of the earls of Desmond; but more celebrated for being the residence of the immortal Spenser, where he composed his divine poem, "The Faerie Queene." The castle is now almost level with the ground. It was situated on the north side of a fine lake, in the midst of a vast plain, terminated to the east by the county of Waterford mountains, Ballynowra hills to the north; or, as Spenser terms them, the mountains of Mole; Nagle mountains to the south; and the mountains of Kerry to the west. It commanded a view of above half of the breadth of Ireland; and must have been, when the adjacent uplands were wooded, a most pleasant and romantic situation; from whence, no doubt, Spenser drew several parts of the scenery of his poem. The river Mulla, which he more than once has introduced in his poems, ran through his grounds."* Here indeed the poet has described himself as keeping his flock under the foot of the mountain Mole, amongst the cool shades of green alders by the shore of Mulla; and charming his oaten pipe (as his custom was) to his fellow shepherd swains.

In this delightful retreat he was visited by sir

* History of the County and City of Cork, vol. 1. p. 333.

Walter

Walter Raleigh, with whom he had formed an intimacy on his first arrival in Ireland; Raleigh being at that time a captain in the queen's army. As Raleigh had greatly contributed by his activity to suppress the rebellion of Desmond, a considerable portion of that nobleman's forfeited property had been granted to him. Whether Raleigh came voluntarily to take a view of his late acquired seignory; or whether he retired from the court of England in consequence of a disagreement with the earl of Essex, which some writers believe; it appears that his visit to Kilcolman occasioned an event of high importance in the history of literature; the determination of Spenser to prepare his first three books of the "Faerie Queen" for immediate publication.

Raleigh being a poet himself, could not but listen with delight to the design which Spenser had formed; and the latter tells us that Raleigh sitting beside him under the shady alders, on the banks of the Mulla, often "provoked him to play some pleasant fit."

These two friends returned to England together, and the last ingenious biographer and editor of Spenser says, that he was introduced by Raleigh to the queen, who "inclined her ear to his simple song," as the poet modestly denominates his productions. But from the letter to Harvey already mentioned, it appears that Spenser was not unknown to her majesty, having already been formally introduced to her either by his friend

friend Sidney, or the great court favourite Leicester.

It has long been a received opinion that Spenser was nominated Poet Laureate before 1586; and this appears to have some countenance from the writings of some of his contemporaries.—Nash, in particular, in his supplication of Pierce Pennilesse, published in 1586, says that he intended to "decipher the excesse of gluttònie at large, but that a new Laureat saved him the labor," evidently alluding to "the gulfe of greedinesse" described in Spenser's Faeirie Queene.

But the real fact is as Mr. Malone has stated; "Elizabeth had no poet-laureat till in February, 1590-1, she conferred on Spenser a pension of fifty pounds a year, the grant of which was discovered some years ago in the chapel of the Rolls; from which time to his death in 1598-9, he may properly be considered as filling this office, though like most of his predecessors, and his two immediate successors, he is not expressly styled *Laureate* in his patent.*

Here Spenser's biographer introduces the well known story of the laureate and the lord treasurer Burleigh, as follows: "that Burleigh told the queen the pension was beyond example, and too great to be given to a ballad maker; that the payment of the pension was intercepted by Burleigh; that when the queen, upon Spenser's

* Malone's Life of Dryden, p. 84.

presenting

presenting some poems to her, ordered him the gratuity of an hundred pounds, his lordship asked with some contempt of the poet, "*What all this for a song?*" And that the queen replied, "*then give him what is reason;*" that Spenser having long waited in vain for the fulfilment of the royal order, presented to her Majesty these verses :—

I was promis'd on a time
To have reason for my rhime;
From that time unto this season,
I've received nor rhime nor reason.

It is added, that these magical numbers produced the desired effect, in the immediate direction of payment to the insulted poet, as well as in the reproof of the adverse lord treasurer.

Such, says Mr. Todd, is the substance of this marvellous opposition to the privilege conferred on Spenser by Elizabeth, varied and improved by the biographers, of which opposition the account originates it seems in the facetious Dr. Fuller's Worthies of England (a work published at the distance of more than seventy years afterwards) unsupported by requisite authority."*

The ingenious editor very strangely mentions in opposition to this story, the silence of Puttenham in his Art of English Poesie, which writer, he thinks, would not have failed to celebrate

* Life of Spenser, prefixed to his Works.

Eliza-

Elizabeth's generosity, had the story been true. Now that book was printed in 1589, and Spenser's patent was not granted till February, 1590-1, so that Puttenham could not well praise a liberal action before it took place.

And with regard to Fuller, his authority is not quite so contemptible as is here intimated; for though his book did not appear till after his death, he spent many years in collecting the materials for it. Fuller entered of Queen's-college, Cambridge, in 1520, not much above twenty years after Spenser's death, so that he might have heard the anecdote from very sufficient authority.

But if it shall appear that our poet himself conceived a strong resentment against Burleigh for treating him with contempt, the story may not be quite so ridiculous as is represented, even though told by the facetious Dr. Fuller.

In his "Ruines of Rome," certainly written after the year 1591, Spenser thus severely characterises the lord Treasurer :—

> For he that now wields all things at his will,
> Scorns th' one, and th' other in his deeper skill;
> O griefe of griefes! O gall of all good hearts!
> Of him that first was raisde for vertuous parts,
> And now broad spreading like an aged tree,
> Let's none shoot up that nigh him planted bee;
> *O let the man, of whom the muse is scorned,*
> *Nor alive nor dead, be of the muse adorned.*

The

The two last lines, perhaps, may be thought a pretty good confirmation of the story; at least they prove that the poet felt a keen resentment against Burleigh for "scorning his muse."

Not long after this poor Spenser returned to Ireland, where he married in 1594, and in 1596 we find him filling the office of clerk of the council of the province of Munster, but the rebellion of Tyrone breaking out in October, 1598, he was obliged to fly to England, and that with such precipitation, as to leave his goods and an infant behind him. The sanguinary rebels, after carrying off the property, set fire to the house, and the child perished in the flames. Spenser arrived in England with a heart broken in consequence of these misfortunes, and died at a public house in King-street, Westminter, the sixteenth of January following. Two days afterwards his remains were interred in Westminster-abbey, near the tomb of Chaucer; the pall being held up by some of the principal poets of the time.

The accurate Camden has said that Spenser returned to England poor, "in Angliam inops reversus;" and Drummond, of Hawthernden, relates the following story:—

"Ben Jonson told me, that Spenser's goods were robbed by the Irish in Desmond's [Tyrone's] rebellion, his house and a little child of his burnt, and he and his wife nearly escaped; that

he afterwards died in King-street, by absolute want of bread, and that he refused twenty pieces sent him by the earl of Essex, and gave this answer to the person who brought them, "that he was sure he had no time to spend them.*"

Though this relation confirms the general account of the extreme poverty which embittered the close of Spenser's eventful life, it is hardly to be credited that a man in such circumstances would refuse the earl's bounty, for though he might be sensible of his own approaching dissolution, he could not but feel for the distresses of his surviving family.

But Spenser's last able editor will not allow that he was reduced to absolute indigence. He thinks that the poet laureat must have had some claims for arrears of his pension, which supposition, however, is unsupported by any evidence, and it may as well be supposed on the other hand, that nothing was due to him, or that the scanty pittance was soon exhausted.

Another reason alleged against the wretched poverty of Spenser, after his last return to England, is the wealthy condition of his relations, the Spensers, of Althorpe. But how happened it that these relations suffered Spenser, the pride of their house, to be a dependant on the bounty of Sidney; and how was it that they neither de-

* Drummond's Works, p. 224.

frayed

frayed the expenses of his burial, nor attended in person to pay their last respects to his memory?

The charge of the funeral was borne by the liberal earl of Essex, which circumstance alone is a proof that the wealthy relations of Spenser abandoned, in his utmost need, the man who shed the greatest lustre on their family name.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

THE "Marcellus of the English nation, and its short-lived ornament," as Wood* quaintly, but truly terms the gallant Sir Philip Sidney, was the son of Sir Henry Sidney, knight of the garter, and lord deputy of Ireland. His mother was the eldest daughter of John Dudley, duke of Northumberland. He received his education at Christchurch, Oxford, and in 1572, being then seventeen years of age, he went on his travels, and happening to be at Paris during the time of the atrocious massacre of the protestants, he obtained an asylum in the house of the English ambassador, Sir Francis Walsingham, whose daughter he afterwards married. In 1576, queen Elizabeth sent him on an extraordinary embassy to the emperor Rodolph, and on his return from the imperial court, he visited don John, of Austria, viceroy in the low countries for the king of Spain. That high minded prince at first thought lightly of the youthful ambassador, but, after some discourse with him, he paid him the highest respect.

In 1579, we find Sir Philip venturing upon a step for which it is difficult to account. This was addressing a remonstrance to the queen, against

* Antiq. Oxon. I. p. 226. edit. 1721.

her

her proposed marriage with the duke of Anjou.—The letter may be seen in the Cabala; and it was written, in Wood's opinion, by the desire of Sir Philip's uncle, Robert earl of Leicester. But it does appear extraordinary that so very young a man as Sir Philip then was, should meddle in a concern of this kind, and for which another person had his right hand cut off. This remonstrance occasioned, however, his retirement from court in the summer of 1580, and it was during this seclusion that he wrote his celebrated romance, entituled "*Arcadia*," addressed to his sister, Mary, countess of Pembroke.

In 1582 he received the honour of knighhood, and in 1585 he projected an expedition to South America, with that famous navigator, Sir Francis Drake, but the queen refused her consent, and made him the same year governor of Flushing, and general of the horse. The English forces were then engaged in assisting the Dutch to shake off the Spanish yoke, and Sir Philip distinguished himself in this service with great skill and valour. In July 1586, he surprised Axil, and preserved the lives and honour of the English army at the enterprize of Gravelin. So great, indeed, was his reputation on the continent, that it is said, an offer was made him of the crown of Poland, which advancement was hindered by his sovereign, not out of jealousy, but from an unwillingness to lose the jewel of her times. Such is the story, but the foundation on which it rests is suspi-

suspicious. The name of Sidney stands so high in the history of the age of which he was one of the brightest ornaments, that it is not to be wondered at if somewhat of the marvellous heightens his biography. A circumstance which marked the close of his short, but brilliant life, proves that the high estimation in which he was held by his queen and countrymen was no more than a just respect for superior virtue.

On the 22d of September, 1586, Sir Philip Sidney was mortally wounded in the battle before Zutphen, while he was mounting his third horse, having had two slain under him before. In this sad state as he was conveyed along the ranks to the place where his uncle, Robert, earl of Leicester, the general, was ; and being thirsty with excess of bleeding, Sir Philip called for drink, which was presently brought him. But as he was putting the bottle to his mouth, he saw a poor soldier carried along, who had been wounded at the same time, and who cast up his eyes wistfully at the bottle, which Sir Philip perceiving, immediately took it from his lips without drinking, and delivered it to the poor man with these words, "Thy necessity is yet greater than mine.*"

This beautiful incident, which displays the most exalted courage, blended with the tenderest feelings of sympathy and benevolence, has been

* Life of Sir Philip, by his friend Sir Fulk Grevil.

made the subject of a fine picture by one of the first artists of the present age.

At the same time Count Hollock was under the care of a most excellent surgeon, for a wound in his throat by a musket shot, yet did he neglect his own extremity to save his friend, and sent him to Sir Philip. This surgeon, out of love to his master, returning one day to dress his wound, the count asked him, how Sir Philip did? On which he told him, with a heavy countenance, that he was not well. At these words, the worthy prince, having more sense of his friend's wound than his own, exclaimed, "*Away villain, never see my face again, till thou bring better news of that man's recovery, for whose redemption many such as I were happily lost.*"

When all hopes of recovery were gone, Sir Philip called for his will, and having settled his worldly affairs, took an affectionate leave of his brother with these remarkable words:—"Love my memory; cherish my friends, their faith to me may assure you that they are honest. But above all, govern your will and affections by the will and word of your creator; in me beholding the end of this world, with all her vanities."

After languishing near a month, Sir Philip died at Arnheim; and his body was brought over to England, and landed at the Tower, from whence it was conveyed to the church in the Minories, and laid in state; after which it was interred with uncommon solemnity in St. Paul's cathedral.—

So great was the general sorrow for his loss, that the whole nation went into mourning.

Besides his "Arcadia," which passed through numerous editions, Sir Philip wrote "an Apology for Poetry," sonnets, and other pieces, both in prose and verse, but some things, unworthy of his genius, were published after his death by mercenary authors and booksellers, who made this improper use of his name, for the sake of a ready sale.

The death of Sidney was lamented by the two universities in public collections of elegies; and among other votaries of the muses who consecrated chaplets to his memory, was Spenser, to whom he had been a liberal patron.

The life of Sir Philip Sidney, written by Fulke Grevil, lord Brook, is an entertaining performance. No higher proof could be given of the sincerity of friendship than was manifested by this nobleman, who caused a monument to be erected for himself in his life time, with this remarkable epitaph:

"Fulke Grevil, servant to queen Elizabeth, counsellor to king James, and friend to Sir Philip Sidney."

Lord Brook was murdered by his servant out of revenge for not giving him a place in 1628.

SIR JOHN HARRINGTON.

THE respectable family of the Harringtons originally came from Harrington, in Cumberland; of which they were the barons for many generations. When, or on what occasion they removed to Kelston, near Bath, in Somersetshire, we have not been able to find; unless it was when Sir James Harrington was attainted in the reign of king Henry VII. for bearing arms at the battle of Towton, and taking Henry VI. prisoner: in consequence of which his estates were confiscated, being no less than twenty-five considerable manors in the north. Queen Elizabeth did one of the family the high honour to stand godmother to him. This was Sir John Harrington, who afterwards became so distinguished at her court for his wit and gallantry; but he is now chiefly known as the translator of Ariosto's Orlando Furioso, and as the author of a volume of Epigrams.

In 1596, Sir John published a tract, entitled, "A new Discourse of a State Subject, called the Metamorphosis of Ajax, written by Misacmos, to his friend and cousin Philostilpnos. London: printed for Richard Field, 8vo." This work, of which the title page points out the subject, is executed with a considerable degree of humour, and is frequently alluded to by contemporary

writers; as in Shakespeare's Love's Labour Lost, Act 5, sc. 2, and the several writers quoted by Mr. Steevens in his note on that passage. It is remarkable that for writing this pamphlet, Sir John fell into disgrace with queen Elizabeth. Mr. Robert Markham writing to him two years after, in 1598, says, "Since your departure from hence, you have been spoken of, and with no ill-will, both by the nobles and the queene herselfe. Your booke is almost forgiven, and I may say forgotten; but not for its lacke of wit or satyr. Those whome you feared moste, are now bosoming themselves in the queene's grace; and though her highnesse signified displeasure in outward sorte, yet she did like the marrow of your booke. Your great enemye, Sir James, did once mention the Star-chamber; but your good esteeme in better mindes outdid his endeavors, and all is silente againe. The queene is minded to take you to her favoure; but she sweareth that she believes you will make epigrams, and write Misacmos againe on her, and all the courte. She hath been heard to say, "That merry poet, her god-son, must not come to Greenwich* till he hath grown sober, and leaveth the ladies' sportes and frolickes." She did conceive much disquiet on being told you had aimed a shaft at Leicester. I wish you knew the

* The court was then held there.

author

author of that ill-deed; I would not be in his jerkin for a thousand markes.*"

The indulgence shewn him by his royal mistress contributed to the number of his writings, as well as to their poignancy. He was the Martial of his day; having written a book of epigrams which were once much admired, and still are thought highly respectable. His reputation for that species of writing, soon gained him both love and fear. We are told that at an ordinary at Bath, where our author dined with much company, the servant maid who attended was observed to be more particularly attentive to him, than to the rest of the guests; this partiality occasioned an enquiry, why Harrington was to be observed, and the rest neglected. To which the simple damsel replied, to the diversion of the company, "I fear if I dont serve that gentleman he will make epigrams upon me."

It is not surprising that a man of so volatile a disposition, and gay a turn, amidst the favours of a court, and flattery of friends, should be profuse in his expenses. Although his fortune was considerable (for Fuller tells us he was a poet in all things but poverty) yet his extravagance was still greater; and he was obliged to part with his estates, particularly one called *Nyland*, in Somersetshire, or Dorsetshire. Soon after he was ri-

* Nugæ Antiquæ, Vol. II. p. 242.

ding

ding over the very spot, and with his usual pleasantry, said to his man John :—

John, John, this Nyland,
Alas ! was once my land.

To whom John, as merrily and truly replied :—

If you had had more wit, Sir,
It might have been your's yet, Sir

Sir John married the daughter of lady Rogers, to whom he addressed several epigrams. These are appended to a copy of the Orlando Furioso, in the author's hand-writing, now in the public library at Cambridge, and prefixed thereto is the following curious letter :—

To the right vertuous and his kynde mother-in-law, the ladie Jane Rogers :—

MADAM,

I HAVE sent you my long promised Orlando, and that it maie properly belonge to you and your heire femall, I have added to it as manie of the toyes I have formerly written to you and your daughter, as I could collect out of my scattered papers ; supposing (though you have scene some of them long since) yet now to renew them againe, and remember the kynde and sometime the unkynde occasions on which some of them were written, will not be unpleasant ; and because there was spare roome, I have added a few others that were showed to our soveraigne lady, and some that

that I durst never show any ladie but you two. And so wishing you to lock me up as safe in your love, as I know you will lay up this booke safe in your chest, I commend me to you,

Your sonne-in-law,
And in love,

Dec. 19, 1600. JOHN HARYNGTON.

From this collection we transcribe the following; which will shew the writer's talents at easy and humourous rhyme to great advantage. Some readers, perhaps, may think that the wight, calling himself Peter Pindar, has been more indebted to Harrington for his manner, than to the obscure bard of antient Greece.

TO HIS WIFE.—OF WOMEN'S VERTUES.

A well learn'd man, in rules of life no stoyk,
Yet one that careless epicures derided,
Of women's virtues talking, them devided
In three, the private, civyll, and heroyk.

And what he said of theise, to tell you briefly,
He first egan discoursing of the private,
Which each playn country huswife may arrive at,
As homely, and that home concearneth chiefly.

The fruit, malt, hops, to tend, to dry, to utter,
To beat, strip, spin the wooll, the hemp, the flax,
Breed poultry, gather honey, try the wax,
And more than all, to have good cheese and butter.

Then next a step, but yet a large step higher,
Was civill virtue fitter for the city
With modest lookes, good clothes, and answers witty,
Those baser things not done, but guided by her.

Her

Her idle tymes and idle coyne she spends
On needle works; and when the season serves
In making dainty junketts and conserves,
To welcom in kynd sort his dearest friends.

But far above them all, he most extolled
The stately heroyns, whose noble minde
Itself to those poor orders cannot bind
Anomelous that still live uncontroll'd.

Theise entertayn great princes; theise have learn'd
The tongues, toys, tricks of Rome, of Spayn, of Fraunce,
These can correntos and lavoltas daunce;
And though they foote it false, 'tis ne'er discearned.

The vertues of theise dames are so transcendant,
Themselves are learn'd, and their heroyk spirit
Can make disgrace an honour, sin a merit,
All pens, all praysers are on them dependant.

Well, gentle wyfe, thou know'st I am not stoycall,
Yet would I wish, take not the wish in evill,
You knew the private virtue, kept the civill,
But in no sort aspire to that heroycall.

TO HIS WIFE'S MOTHER.

When with your daughter, Madam, you be chatt'ring,
I find that oft against me you incense her,
And then, forsooth, my kindness all is flattering,
My love is all but lust; this is your censure.

'Tis not my flattering her moves you hereto,
It is because I will not flatter you.

This witty and thoughtless man died at Kelston, near Bath, in 1612, aged 51.

The ingenious Dr. Harrington, physician, at Bath, is a descendant of sir John Harrington, and inherits the fullness of his wit, without any of his extravagance.

Many

Many admirable specimens of his classical taste, and lively humour, have been circulated among his friends, and it is a pity that the whole of them are not collected into one or two volumes, while the venerable author is living to give them in a correct state to the public.

RICHARD HOOKER.

" Yet shelter'd there by calm Contentment's wing,
Pleas'd he could smile, and with sage HOOKER's eye
See from his mother earth God's blessings spring,
And eat his bread in peace and privacy."

THE name of Hooker has outlived that of the polemics with which he was engaged; and while the immediate subjects which exercised his pen are forgotten, his books of ecclesiastical polity shall continue to be read with admiration, not only for the clearness of their reasoning, and the vigour of their style, but as exhibiting the correctest views of social relation, and the foundations of human laws and government. In them the reader will find the true balance and connexion of individual rights, and social obligation; what may be claimed, and what may be conceded for the general good.

The mind and character of Hooker greatly resembled that of his immortal work. The one in fact was but a counterpart of the other. In his book we perceive a chaste simplicity, united to the most vigorous strength of reasoning: and though immense stores of reading and acute research,

and

and observation are poured into it, the whole is so judiciously and naturally blended, as not to have the slightest appearance of pedantry or ostentation.

Such also was Hooker; a man capable of the greatest things, yet in his deportment the simplest and most humble man alive. His birth was lowly, but though his parents had a large family they laudably exerted themselves in giving him a good education, and it is related of him, that when he was a school-boy, he was inquisitive to enquire into the grounds and reasons of things, asking 'Why this was, and that was not to be remembered?' 'Why this was granted, and that denied?' Yet this sagacious spirit was mixed, says one of his biographers, with so remarkable a sweetness and serenity of temper, as endeared him to his preceptor, and made him predict that he would become a great man. Hooker's uncle was chamberlain of Exeter, and being very intimate with bishop Jewell, of Salisbury, he entreated him to become his nephew's patron, which the good prelate consented to, and sent him accordingly to Corpus Christi college, Oxford, where he obtained the place of bible clerk, and followed his studies with unremitted attention.

Hooker's biographer relates a curious anecdote of him and his patron, which, as a picture of the manners of those times, as well as of the characters of the two parties, will be found amusing; and it may be proper to observe here by the way,

that Goldsmith has made a pleasing use of the story in his 'Vicar of Wakefield.'

Mr. Hooker, having had a severe illness at college, on his recovery, took a journey from Oxford to Exeter, to see his good mother, being accompanied by a countryman and companion of his own college, and both on foot; which was then either more in fashion, or want of money, or their humility made it so: but on foot they went, and took Salisbury in their way, purposely to see the good bishop, who made Mr. Hooker and his companion, dine with him at his own table; and at parting his lordship gave him good counsel, and his benediction, but forgot to give him money; which, on considering, he sent a servant in haste to call Richard back, and said to him, 'Richard, I sent for you back to lend you a horse which hath carried me many a mile, and I thank God, with much ease.'* He then delivered

* The editor cannot resist the pleasure of relating an anecdote, somewhat resembling the above, of that acute divine, and politician, the late Dr. Josiah Tucker, dean of Gloucester. He was the son of a poor farmer in Cardiganshire, who pinched himself to give Josiah an university education, and that he might go to college respectably, he gave him his own and only horse. Upon his return, Josiah found how much his father stood in need of the animal, and for the future would never go to Oxford any other way than on foot, with his wallet at his back. I have heard the good dean often relate very pleasantly the particulars of his pedestrian excursions from Aberystwith to St. John's college.

to him his walking staff, with which he said he had travelled through many parts of Germany; and he said, 'Richard, I do not give, but lend you my horse, be sure you be honest, and bring my horse back to me at your return this way to Oxford. And I do now give you ten groats to bear your charges to Exeter; and here be ten groats more, which I charge you to deliver to your mother, and tell her, I send her a bishop's benediction with it, and beg the continuance of her prayers for me. And if you bring my horse back to me, I will give you ten groats more to carry you on foot to the college, and so God bless you, good Richard.'

But Mr. Hooker never afterwards saw his patron, for before his return to Oxford, he learnt the melancholy news of his death. However, the loss was in some measure supplied by the friendship of Dr. Cole, the president of the college, who assured him that he should never want for any thing.

After entering into orders, and obtaining a fellowship, he was called to preach at Paul's cross, in London, then the most famous place for sermons in the kingdom, and while he resided at the house appointed for the entertainment of the officiating minister, the mistress recommended her daughter Joan to him, and he in the simplicity of his heart, married her, though she had neither 'beauty nor portion.' Soon after this he obtained the living of Drayton Beauchamp, in Bucking-

hamshire, where he was visited by two of his pupils, Edwin Sandys, son of the archbishop of York, and George Cranmer, nephew of the protestant martyr of that name.

Great was their surprize on finding their tutor in a field reading Horace, and tending his sheep, which he said he was obliged to do as his servant was gone home to dinner, and to assist his wife in some necessary household business. When the servant returned, and released him, his two pupils attended him unto his house, where their best entertainment was his quiet company, which was presently denied them, for 'Richard was called to rock the cradle.'

At parting, Mr. Cranmer said, 'Good Tutor, I am sorry your lot is fallen in no better ground as to your parsonage: and more sorry that your wife proves not a more comfortable companion after you have wearied yourself in your studies.' To whom the good man replied, 'my dear George, if saints have a double share in the miseries of this life, I that am none ought not to repine at what my wise Creator hath appointed for me, but labour, as indeed I do daily, to submit mine to his will, and possess my soul in patience and peace.'

By their exertions Mr. Hooker was appointed master of the Temple, where his quiet disposition was disturbed by the opposition he received from the afternoon lecturer, who was a zealous Calvinist, and always pointed his sermon against that

that which had been delivered from the same pulpit in the morning. This brought on, contrary to the inclination of Hooker, a controversy acrimonious and weak enough on one side, but strong and liberal on the other. The sharpest answer Mr. Hooker ever uttered on this or any other occasion, was in these remarkable words—'Your next argument consists of railing and of reasons; to your railing I say nothing, to your reasons I say what follows.'

Being at last wearied out by the fiery zeal of his opponents, he earnestly solicited the archbishop of Canterbury to remove him from that place to some country parsonage, 'where' says he, 'I may see God's blessings spring out of my mother earth, and eat mine own bread in peace and privacy. A place where I may without disturbance meditate my approaching mortality, and that great account which all flesh must at the last great day give to the God of all Spirits."

His request was granted, and in 1591 he was presented to the rectory of Boscum, near Salisbury, where he finished the first four books of his Ecclesiastical Polity, which were published in 1594. The next year he was removed to the living of Bishop's Bourne, in Kent, where he died in 1600.

A higher encomium upon his work can hardly be passed than what Pope Clement VIII observed when part of it was read to him in Latin by Dr. Stapelton.

'This man,' said the Pope, 'indeed deserves the name of an author; his books will gain reverence by age, for there are in them such seeds of eternity, that, if the rest be like this, they shall last till the last fire shall consume all learning.'

The personal appearance of Hooker was mean, for he was of low stature, and stooped very much, and his natural bashfulness was much encreased by a dimness of sight, which was the consequence of intense study.

Of his extraordinary humility we have a pleasing instance, related in his life, by Walton; who says that 'Hooker and his poor parish clerk did never talk but with both their hats on, or both off at the same time.'

Shakspeare.

Engraved by T. A. Dean after a drawing by A. Wivell,
from the bust by Gerard Johnson,
in the Church at Stratford-upon-Avon.

London, Published 1827, by A. Wivell, 36 Castle Street, East.

students in Saint John's colledge in Cambridge: Printed at London in 4to. 1606."

Giving a character of Shakspeare, the author says:

"Who loves Adonis' love, or Lucre's rape,
His sweeter verse contains HART-ROBBING life;
Could but a graver subject him content
Without love's foolish languishment."

That industrious antiquary, Mr. William Oldys, one of the writers of the Biographia Britannica, in his manuscript collections for a life of Shakspeare, says, "There was a very aged gentleman in the neighbourhood of Stratford, who had not only heard from several old people in that town, of Shakspeare's transgression, but could remember the first stanza of the bitter ballad, which, repeating to one of his acquaintance, he preserved it in writing, and here it is neither better nor worse, but faithfully transcribed from the copy which his relation very courteously communicated to me.

"A parliamente member, a justice of peace,
At home a poor scare-crowe, at London an asse,
If lowsie is Lucy, as some volke miscalle it
Then Lucy is lowsie whatever befall it;
He thinks himself greate,
Yet an asse in his state;
We allowe by his eares, but with asses to mate;
If Lucy is lowsie as some volke miscalle it
Sing lowsie Lucy whatever befall it."

Mr. Steevens observes upon these doggrel lines, that, "contemptible as this performance must now appear, at the time when it was written it might have had sufficient power to irritate a vain, weak, and vindictive magistrate; especially as it was affixed to several of his park gates, and consequently published among his neighbours. It may be remarked, likewise, that the jingle on which it turns occurs in the first scene of the Merry Wives of Windsor."

Now with all due deference to this worthy commentator, and making every allowance that ought to be made to Shakspeare's youth, we cannot but think that the knight has been unjustly treated. To rob him of his property, and then to libel him in a ballad, well adapted to render him ridiculous among the common people, was enough to exercise the patience of any man; and it is wrong to charge a man with being 'weak and vindictive' for prosecuting one who had so little sense of his fault, as to add insult to injury.

According to Mr. Capell, this ballad came originally from Mr. Thomas Jones, who lived at Tarbick, a village in Worcestershire, about eighteen miles from Stratford-upon-Avon, and died in 1703, aged upwards of ninety. He remembered to have heard from several old people at Stratford, the story of Shakspeare's robbing Sir Thomas Lucy's park, and their account of it agreed with Mr. Rowe's, with this addition that, the ballad written against Sir Thomas Lucy, by Shakspeare,

Shakspeare, was stuck upon his park gate, which exasperated the knight to apply to a lawyer at Warwick, to proceed against him. Mr. Jones put down in writing the first stanza of this ballad, which was all he remembered of it."

Mr. Malone has this additional account: "In a manuscript history of the stage, full of forgeries and falsehoods of various kinds, (written I suspect, by William Chetwood, the prompter,) sometime between April, 1727, and October, 1730, is the following passage, to which the reader may give as much credit as he thinks fit:

"Here we shall observe, that the learned Mr. Joshua Barnes, late Greek professor of the University of Cambridge, baiting about forty years ago, at an inn in Stratford, and hearing an old woman singing part of the above-said song, such was his respect for Mr. Shakspeare's genius, that he gave her a new gown for the two following stanzas in it, and could she have said it all, he would, (as he often said in company, when any thing has casually arose about him) have given her ten guineas:

"Sir Thomas was too covetous
To covet so much deer;
When horns enough upon his head,
Most plainly did appear.

Had not his worship one deer left
What then? he had a wife
Took pains enough to find him horns,
Should last him during life."

It

It is time to quit the deer-stealing story, and Shakspeare's ballads, which, perhaps, the candid reader will think reflect no great lustre upon his memory, notwithstanding the enthusiastic reverence of honest Joshua Barnes.

In the reign of Elizabeth, coaches being very uncommon, and hired ones not at all in use, those persons who were too proud, too tender, or too idle to walk, went on horseback on any distant business or diversion. Many came thus to the playhouse, and when Shakspeare flew to London from the terror of a criminal prosecution, his first expedient was to wait at the door of the theatre and hold the horses of those who had no servants, that they might be ready again for them after the performance. In this office he became so conspicuous for his care and readiness, that in a short time every man, as he alighted, called for Will Shakspeare, and scarcely any other waiter was trusted with a horse while Will Shakspeare could be had. This was the first dawn of better fortune. Shakspeare, finding more horses put into his hands than he could hold, hired boys to wait under his inspection, who, when Will Shakspeare was summoned, were immediately to present themselves, and say, *I am Shakspeare's boy, Sir.* In time Shakspeare found higher employment; but as long as the practice of riding to the playhouse continued, the waiters retained the appellation of Shakspeare's boys.

This story, which Mr. Steevens endeavours to discredit,

discredit, has a tolerable genealogy for its legitimacy. Pope had it from Rowe, who obtained it from Betterton the player, and he was told it by Sir William Davenant, who was well acquainted with Shakspeare. In Oldys's Collections is the following story:

"If tradition may be trusted, Shakspeare often baited at the Crown Inn, or tavern, in Oxford, in his journeys to and from Stratford. The landlady was a woman of great beauty and sprightly wit, and her husband, Mr. John Davenant, (afterwards mayor of that city) a grave melancholy man, who, as well as his wife used much to delight in Shakspeare's pleasant company. Their son young Will Davenant, (afterwards Sir William) was then a little school-boy in the town of about seven or eight years old, and so fond also of Shakspeare, that whenever he heard of his arrival, he would fly from school to see him. One day an old townsman observing the boy running homeward almost out of breath, asked him whither he was posting in such heat and hurry. He answered, "to see his *Godfather* Shakspeare." "There's a good boy," said the other, "but have a care that you don't take *God's name in vain.*"

From the servile employment of holding horses at the play-house door, Shakspeare rose to the character of an actor, but of his merits as a performer little is known. Tradition relates that he never went beyond the Ghost in his own Hamlet;

let; but this is improbable, since it appears from *Roscius Anglicanus*, (commonly called Downes the Prompter's book) that Shakspeare took the pains to instruct Joseph Taylor in the character of Hamlet, and John Lowine in that of King Henry the eighth. He who could instruct some of the first performers of the time, and who has besides given such admirable instructions in the art of acting, as are delivered in the character of Hamlet, could not be altogether so indifferent a player as this account represents him to have been.

Oldys, in his Collections, has another story illustrative of Shakspeare as a performer; but there are many palpable errors in it. Such as it is we lay it before our readers:

"One of Shakspeare's younger brothers, who lived to a good old age, even some years, as I compute, after the restoration of King Charles II. would, in his younger days, come to London to visit his brother *Will*, as he called him, and be a spectator of him as an actor in some of his own plays. This custom, as his brother's fame enlarged, and his dramatic entertainments grew the greatest support of our principal, if not of all our theatres, he continued, it seems, so long after his brother's death, as even to the latter end of his own life. The curiosity at this time of the most noted actors exciting them to learn something from his brother, they justly held him in the highest veneration. And it may be well believed as there was besides a kinsman and descendant of

of the family, who was then a celebrated actor among them (viz. Charles Hart, who died August, 1683). This opportunity made them greedily inquisitive into every little circumstance, more especially in his dramatic character, which his brother could relate of him. But he, it seems was so stricken in years, and possibly his memory so weakened with infirmities (which might make him the easier pass for a man of weak intellects) that he could give them but little light into their enquiries, and all that could be collected from him of his brother *Will* in that station was, the faint, general, and almost last ideas he had of having once seen him act a part in one of his own comedies, wherein, being to personate a decrepid old man, he wore a long beard, and appeared so weak and drooping, and unable to walk, that he was forced to be supported and carried by another person to a table, at which he was seated among some company who were eating, and one of them sung a song." This evidently alludes to the character of Adam, in As you Like it, Act. II. Scene the last.

Queen Elizabeth had several of Shakspeare's plays performed before her, and he paid her majesty a beautiful compliment in his Midsummer Night's Dream, where he terms her,

"A fair vestal throned by the west."

She was so highly delighted with the character of Falstaff, as to command him to continue it for one play

play more, and to shew him in love, which occasioned the admirable comedy of the Merry Wives of Windsor.

Old Bowman the player reported from Sir William Bishop, that some part of Sir John Falstaff's character was drawn for a townsman of Stratford, who either faithlessly broke a contract, or spitefully refused to part with some land, for a valuable consideration, adjoining to Shakspeare's in or near that town.

At the conclusion of Lintot's edition of Shakspeare's Poems, it is said, "that most learned prince and great patron of learning, king James the first was pleased with his own hand to write an amicable letter to Mr. Shakspeare; which letter, though now lost, remained long in the hands of Sir William D'Avenant, as a credible person, now living can testify." This anecdote was related by John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham; and Dr. Farmer was of opinion that the letter was written by king James, in return for the compliment paid to him in Macbeth.

Shakspeare's deficiency in learning was his real advantage, and concerning which Mr. Rowe relates this story which he had from Dryden.

"In a conversation between Sir John Suckling, Sir William D'Avenant, Endymion Porter, Mr. Hales of Eton, and Ben Jonson; Sir John Suckling, who was a professed admirer of Shakspeare, had undertaken his defence against Ben Jonson, with some warmth; Mr. Hales, who had

sat

sat still for some time, told him that if Mr. Shakspeare had not read the ancients, he likewise had not stolen any thing from them; and that if he would produce any one topick finely treated by any one of them, he would undertake to shew something upon the same subject, at least, as well written by Shakspeare."

It is beautifully observed of Shakspeare, by Dr. Young, in his *Conjectures on Original Composition*, that, "perhaps he was as learned as his dramatick province required; for whatever other learning he wanted, he was master of two books unknown to many of the profoundly read, though books which the last conflagration alone can destroy, the book of nature, and the book of man."

The close of Shakspeare's life was such as it were to be wished, every man of genius's should be, in ease, retirement, and in the circle of his friends and domestic relations. He resided at his native town of Stratford, where his wit and good nature, says Rowe, procured him the friendship of the gentlemen of the neighbourhood. Immediately after this, the same writer relates a tale which, if true, would be no proof either of the *wit* or *good-nature* of Shakspeare.

"It is a story almost still remembered in that county, (says he) that he had a particular intimacy with Mr. Combe, an old gentleman noted thereabouts for his wealth and usury. It happen-

ed, that in a pleasant conversation amongst their common friends, Mr. Combe told Shakspeare in a laughing manner, that he fancied he intended to write his epitaph, if he happened to outlive him; and since he could not know what might be said of him when he was dead, he desired it might be done immediately, upon which Shakspeare gave him these four verses:

"Ten in the hundred lies here ingrav'd,
'Tis a hundred to ten his soul is not sav'd:
If any man ask, who lies in this tomb?
Oh! ho! quoth the devil, 'tis my John-a-Combe."

But the sharpness of the satire is said to have stung the man so severely, that he never forgave it. The commentators have taken laudable pains to disprove this miserable story, and to clear Shakpeare's reputation from the charge of malignant wit. They have accordingly found a similar inscription, in a piece entituled, "The More the Merrier, by H. P. &c. 1608."

"FENERATORIS EPITAPHIUM.

Ten in the hundred lies under this stone,
And a hundred to ten to the devil he's gone."

And in the Remains, &c. of Richard Brathwaite, printed in 1618, is the following:

"Upon one John Combe of Stratford-upon-Avon a notable usurer, fastened upon a tomb that

that he had caused to be built in his life time:

"Ten in the hundred lies in this grave,
But a hundred to ten whether God will him have,
Who then must be interred in this tombe,
Oh! (quoth the devill), my John-a-Combe."

Mr. Steevens took the trouble to examine Combe's will, by which it appears that so far from erecting a tomb in his life time, he directed that one should be raised within one year after his decease, which happened in 1614, two years before the death of Shakspeare. And instead of any thing like animosity between him and Shakspeare, Mr. Combe bequeathed to him five pounds; and Shakspeare left to Combe's nephew his sword, as a legacy.

It were to be wished that Shakspeare could be as successfully cleared from the charge of being the author of the vile and unchristian doggrel which disgraces his own grave stone.

"Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear
To dig the dust inclosed here,
Blest be the man that spares these stones
And curst be he that moves my bones."

Mr. Malone thinks that the last line was suggested by an apprehension that our author's remains might share the same fate with those of the

rest of his countrymen, and be added to an immense pile of human bones deposited in the charnel house at Stratford. But though this may account for the oddness of the injunction, it is no apology for the harshness of the sentiment or the meanness of the verse.

EDWARD and GEORGE HERBERT.

THE history of the human mind can hardly exhibit a more eccentric and unaccountable character than the celebrated lord Herbert, of Cherbury, who served as ambassador in France, with great reputation, under James the First, and was created a knight of the Bath, and made a peer; but in the rebellion he sided with the parliament. He died in 1648, aged 69. He was at the same time a deist and an enthusiast; a man of high courage and a knight errant; he professed the most refined principles, while he acted by the falsest maxims of morality.

When he was in France, and was on a visit at the duke of Montmorency's, it happened one evening, that a daughter of the duchess de Ventadour, of about ten or eleven years of age, went to walk in the meadows with his lordship, and several other ladies and gentlemen. The young lady wore a knot of ribband on her head, which a French chevalier snatched away, and fastened to his hatband. He was desired to return it, but refused. The lady then requested lord Herbert to recover it for her. A race ensued; and the chevalier finding himself likely to be overtaken, made a sudden turn, and was about to deliver his

prize to the young lady, when lord Herbert seized his arm, and cried, 'I give it to you.' 'Pardon me,' said the lady, 'it is he who gives it me.'— 'Madam,' replied lord Herbert, 'I will not contradict you; but if the chevalier do not acknowledge, that I constrain him to give you the ribband, I will fight with him.' And the next day he sent him a challenge, 'being bound thereunto,' says he, 'by the oath taken when I was made Knight of the Bath.'

But what is most extraordinary in the life and character of this nobleman is that, while he endeavoured to destroy the reality and evidence of the Christian revelation, he was actuated by a spirit of fanaticism and superstition which has not been exceeded by the fervid imagination of the most credulous devotee.

After he had written his celebrated book against revealed religion, under the title '*De Veritate, prout distinguitur à revelatione*,' being justly apprehensive that it would meet with much opposition, he continued some time in doubt whether he should venture upon the publication. In this perplexity, he had recourse to a measure which would have become George Fox, Jacob Behmen, or any other wild enthusiast; but certainly was not to have been expected in one who was setting himself against the authority of the scriptures.— But let his lordship speak for himself.

'Being thus doubtful in my chamber, one fair day in the summer, my casement being opened towards

towards the south, the sun shining clear, and no wind stirring, I took my book '*De Veritate*,' in my hand, and kneeling on my knees, devoutly said, '*O thou eternal God, I am not satisfied enough whether I shall publish this book; if it be for thy glory, I beseech thee give me some sign from heaven; if not, I shall suppress it.*'

I had no sooner spoken these words, but a loud though gentle noise, came from the heavens, which did so comfort and cheer me, that I took my petition as granted, and that I had the sign I demanded; whereupon also I resolved to print my book.'

It must appear strange, says a very ingenious writer, that a man who had spent a considerable part of his life in courts and camps, should possess such a deluded imagination. And this delusion will be still more suspicious when you are told that lord Herbert's chief argument against Christianity is, the improbability that heaven should reveal its laws only to a portion of the earth. For how could he, who doubted of a *partial*, believe an *individual* revelation? Or is it possible that he could have the vanity to think his book of such importance, as to extort a declaration of the divine will, when the interest and happiness of a fourth part of mankind, were deemed by him, objects inadequate to the like display of goodness.'*

* Dr. Percival's Moral and Philosophical Dissertations, 82.

It will be both pleasant and profitable to turn to a more excellent character. This lord Herbert had a younger brother George, who distinguished himself at Cambridge, as the public orator of the University, and was for some time ambitious of a place at court. But by the advice of his pious mother, he entered into holy orders, and was presented to the rectory of Bemerton, near Salisbury. Honest Isaack Walton relates of him, that when he first came to the living, a poor old woman waited upon him to acquaint him with her necessitous condition, and also with the troubles of her mind: but after she had spoke some few words, she was seized with such a trepidation, that her spirits failed her.

Mr. Herbert perceiving her confusion, took her by the hand, and said, 'Speak, good mother, be not afraid to speak to me; for I am a man that will hear you with patience; and will relieve your necessities too, if I be able; and this I will do willingly, and therefore, mother, be not afraid to acquaint me with what you desire.' He then made her sit down by him, and understanding she was of his parish, he told her 'he would be acquainted with her, and take her into his care.' And having with patience heard and understood her wants, he comforted her by his meek behaviour and counsel; but because that cost him nothing, he relieved her with money too, and so sent her home with a cheerful heart, praising God, and praying for him.

At

At his return that night to his wife, at Bainton, he gave her an account of the passages between him and the poor woman; with which she was so affected, that she went the next day to Salisbury, and bought a pair of blankets, and sent them as a token of her love to the poor woman; and with them a message, 'that she would see and be acquainted with her, when her house was built at Bemerton.'

Mr. Herbert's first care was to repair the parish church, and the chapel, after which he proceeded to rebuild his parsonage house, all at his own expense; and having done this, he caused these verses to be engraved upon the mantle of the chimney in the hall:—

"TO MY SUCCESSOR.

If thou chance for to find
A new house to thy mind,
And built without thy cost;
Be good to the poor,
As God gives thee store,
And then my labour's not lost."

Another instance of the great charity and humility of Mr. Herbert is told by his entertaining biographer, as follows:—

There was a music-meeting at Salisbury, which Mr. Herbert generally attended twice a week, and one day as he was walking thither, he saw a poor man, with a poorer horse that was fallen under

under his load; they were both in distress, and needed present help; which Mr. Herbert perceiving, he immediately put off his canonical coat, and helped the poor man to unload, and after to load his horse. The poor man blest him for it, and he blessed the poor man; and was so like the good Samaritan, that he gave him money to refresh both himself and his horse, and told him, that 'if he loved himself, he should be merciful to his beast.' Thus he left the poor man, and at his coming to his musical friends at Salisbury, they began to wonder that Mr. George Herbert, who used to be so trim and clean, came into the company so soiled and discomposed; but he told them the occasion—and when one of the company said 'he had disparaged himself by so dirty an employment;' his answer was, 'that the thought of what he had done would prove music to him at midnight, and that the omission of it would have upbraided, and made discord in his conscience, whensoever he should pass by that place: for if I be bound to pray for all that be in distress, I am sure that I am bound, so far as it is in my power, to practise what I pray for; and though I do not wish for the like occasion every day, yet let me tell you, I would not willingly pass one day of my life without comforting a sad soul, or shewing mercy: and I praise God for this occasion, and now let's tune our instruments.'

The death of this exemplary man was correspondent with the tenour of his amiable life: to his

his most intimate friend he said just before his departure—'I am sorry I have nothing to present to my merciful God, but *sin* and *misery;* but the first is pardoned, and a few hours will now put a period to the latter.' What a contrast is this to the conduct and end of the proud and self-sufficient sceptic, who devotes his talents to the vile purpose of robbing men of their best hope, and consoles himself at last with the gloomy reflection, that death is no more than 'taking a leap in the dark!'

Mr. Herbert died in the year 1633, before he had completed his fortieth year. His poems were held in such esteem, not only in his own time, but for many years afterwards, as to go through numerous editions, and to procure for the author the appellation of the 'divine Herbert.' They are, however, now seldom read; but his book entituled 'The Priest to the Temple,' merits the frequent perusal of every clergyman. Of the learning and judgment of Mr. Herbert, lord Bacon had so high an opinion, that he would not suffer his works to be printed, before they had passed his examination.

JOHN SELDEN.

PATRIOTISM is a quality of such a dazzling nature, and may be so easily counterfeited, that it requires a close acquaintance with men's motives and dispositions, to judge whether their pretension to that virtue be just or not. Some men become patriots in the loose sense of the term, from too great a confidence in their own powers, and from an impatience of contradiction. Others have gone to the most excessive lengths in opposing a government from a just resentment of occasional acts of oppression; and there have been those again who continued in connexion with men they despised, because they were too proud to acknowledge they had been led into error by giving way to their passions.

Many other causes might be assigned why men have distinguished themselves in resisting and even overturning establishments: but if instead of looking at the ostensible pretences, we were to take a minute view of the tempers and conduct of the leading actors in those revolutions, we should come to a more exact conclusion with regard to the real springs by which the whole was effected.

The share which Selden, called "the glory of England," had in the contests between Charles the

the first and his parliament, renders an acquaintance with his character a matter of importance, towards forming a right opinion of the troublesome period in which he lived.

He was a lawyer of great eminence, and with his professional knowledge, he possessed a vast body of general learning, particularly in antiquities. He drew up "a Treatise on the Civil Government of England before the Conquest," at the age of twenty two years; which gained him a great reputation among the most learned men of his time. His opposition to the measures of the court in the reign of James, as well as that of his successor, do honour to his integrity; but it is a matter of question whether he was actuated by pure principles in his conduct in the Long Parliament. He was equally avaricious of money and popularity, and both were more easily gained and secured in connection with the opposition faction than in the ranks of loyalty. In short, whatever may be conceded to the moral character of Selden in the outset of his political career, it is to be feared that little apology can be offered for his continuance with the murderers of his king.

He was very positive and fixed in his own opinion; and he was fond of quibble and contradiction. In the house of commons, and in the assembly of divines, for he was a member of each, he appears principally to have delighted in gravelling

velling other speakers, and perplexing a debate. Of this we have two odd instances.

When the bill was brought in for abolishing episcopacy, Mr. Harbottle Grimstone, one of the most zealous advocates of the measure, gravely argued thus, "That archbishops are not *jure divino*, is no question; ergo, whether archbishops who are not *jure divino*, should suspend ministers who are certainly *jure divino*, I leave to you, Mr. Speaker."

To this whimsical logic Mr. Selden immediately made this witty reply:—"That parliaments are not *jure divino* is out of the question; that religion is *jure divino*, is past dispute; now, whether parliaments, which, without question, are not *jure divino*, should meddle with religion, which, without doubt, is *jure divino*, I leave to you, Mr. Speaker."

The assembly of divines at Westminster who were appointed to regulate the ecclesiastical government and all matters of religion, consisted of a strange mixture of laics and men in orders, a few episcopalians, some independents, and the majority presbyterians. For the most part they were men of narrow minds, and of little learning, and Selden used to take great delight in teazing them by questions and objections which were beyond their understandings. A writer of that peperiod, who was well acquainted with them and their proceedings, gives this account of Selden and the assembly. Mr. Selden visits them as the Persians

used to see wild asses fight; when the commons have tired him with their new law, these brethren refresh him with their mad gospel. They lately were gravelled betwixt Jerusalem and Jericho; they knew not the distance between these two places—one said twenty miles, another ten, and at last it was concluded to be seven, for this strange reason, that fish was brought from Jericho to Jerusalem market. Mr. Selden smiled and said, perhaps the fish was salt fish, and so stopped their mouths."

His disposition to dogmatize and to quibble is still more strikingly displayed in the excellent little volume called his "Table Talk," in which, unquestionably, there are many valuable hints and observations, but in which there are also many assertions strange and sophistical. In one place he undertakes to defend the cruel and absurd statute against sorcery, while at the same time he denies the possibility of the crime itself. There are also some things said so ludicrously upon religious subjects, as would almost incline a reader to believe that the author's creed was very loose and indefinite. Yet Selden was, notwithstanding a sincere believer in the Christian revelation, and though he did not lend the aid of his little finger in support of the falling hierarchy, and for the preservation of the liturgy, he was notwithstanding, at heart, attached to the church of England. It is also evident that he was a friend to a monarchical form of government, and tho-

roughly knew and admired the principles of that political constitution, which, by his indifference, he had contributed to destroy.

To reconcile this variance between his sentiments and his practice, we must consider that his ruling passion was a love of distinction, an obstinate adherence to opinions which he had once expressed, and that which was worse than both, an insatiable desire of gain. All these ties kept him united to a faction which he, in reality despised, and made him a calm spectator, if not an active party in measures which he knew in his heart were wrong.

He died in 1654, aged 70, and a few days before his dissolution, he sent for archbishop Usher and doctor Langbaine, and among other matters told them that he had surveyed most of the learning that was among the sons of men ; that his study was filled with books and manuscripts on various subjects ; yet he could not recollect any passage out of them all wherein he could rest his soul, save out of the sacred scriptures.

Such was the end of this profound scholar and eminent statesman, to whom we are indebted for preparing and establishing the famous Petition of Right. Nor should it here be omitted that he resolutely refused to draw his pen in answer to the Εικων Βασιλικη of king Charles I. when solicited so to do by Cromwell. That servile and disgraceful work he left to be performed by another, but of that hereafter.

WILLIAM CAMDEN.

CAMDEN, the nourice of Antiquity,
And lanthorn unto late succeeding age,
To see the light of simple verity,
Buried in ruines, through the great outrage,
Of her own people led with warlike rage:
CAMDEN, though time all monuments obscure,
Yet thy just labours ever shall endure.

SPENSER.

THE father of English antiquaries was born in the Old Bailey, in 1551. He received the first tincture of letters in Christ's Hospital, erected the year after his birth, by the incomparable young monarch, Edward the sixth. In 1563, he was removed to Islington, being infected with the plague. On his recovery he was sent to St. Paul's school where he made such a progress in learning, that in 1566, he entered a servitor at Magdalen College, but missing a demy's place there, he removed to Broadgate Hall, now Pembroke College, where he remained two years and a half, under Dr. Thomas Thornton, who being canon of Christ Church, took Camden to that house and provided for him during his stay in the University. In 1570, we find Camden suplicating the congre-

gation of Regents, for the degree of Bachelor of Arts, which was refused him; but his request was granted three years afterwards.

In 1575, he became second master of Westminster school, and it was while he filled this laborious situation, that he meditated the great work which has immortalized his name. All the spare time which he could snatch from the duties of his arduous employment, he devoted to the examination of records, and other remains of antiquity. In 1582, he took a journey through Suffolk into Yorkshire and Lancashire, that he might examine on the spot, and with his own eyes, some of those objects which he intended to illustrate in his book, for the improvement of which he carried on, for many years, a constant correspondence with the most learned and judicious persons at home and abroad; he was fully sensible of all the difficulties of the task he had undertaken, and foresaw to how great envy he should be exposed, by adventuring upon such a piece as must naturally draw the attention of the learned throughout Europe, and therefore he omitted nothing that could render it worthy of that attention, and of the expectation of his friends.

This performance appeared in 1586, in one volume duodecimo, bearing this title, *Britanniæ, sive florentissimorum Regnorum Angliæ, Scotiæ, Hiberniæ, & Insularum adjacentium ex intimâ antiquitate Chorographica descriptio.* The year following, a new edition of this work, in the same size

size and by the same printer, R. Newberry, was printed. In 1590 it rose to the size of an octavo volume, and in 1594 to a quarto, in which last form it was again printed in 1600, by G. Bishop. This was the first edition which was published with maps. In 1607, the Britannia assumed the importance of a folio, in which form it was again printed in 1610. All these editions were in Latin. In the last mentioned year an English version appeared which was the work of the industrious Philemon Holland, a physician, and a schoolmaster, who boasted of having written a large folio volume with only one pen, on which he composed the following lines, called by Mr. Granger, but very improperly, an Epigram.

With one sole pen I wrote this book,
Made of a grey goose quill:
A pen it was when I it took,
And a pen I leave it still.*

In this translation Holland is said to have had the assistance of Camden himself. Another edi-

* The same circumstance is related of Dr. Ferdinando Warner, who, happening to be in a stationer's shop when the late duchess of Portland came in and ordered a hundred of pens, said that he had written his Ecclesiastical History of England, two volumes folio, wholly with one pen which he still had in use. The duchess hearing this, and being a collector of all kinds of curiosities, begged the pen of the doctor, and caused it to be enclosed in a silver case, on which was an inscription recording its labours.

tion came out in 1637, but in this the translator took great liberties with the text. Bishop Gibson published an exact version in 1695, in one volume folio; and again, in 1722, in two volumes. The last editor was Mr. Gough, who expanded Camden into three volumes folio, in 1789; but this edition, notwithstanding its bulk and price, abounds with errors.

To return to Camden; he obtained his master's degree, in 1588, but it seems that his *Alma Mater* was not very liberal in bestowing her honours upon him, his request in this instance being complied with, conditionally that he should stand in the Act following.*

Nor does it reflect any great honour upon the nation, that such a man should be suffered to continue in the office of an usher in a public school. He had indeed obtained from Dr. Piers, bishop of Salisbury, a prebend in that cathedral, those dignities being often held by laymen, in that and the following reign.

In 1593, Camden succeeded Dr. Grant, as head-master of Westminster school, for the use of which seminary he published a Greek Grammar. It is remarkable that this book went through one hundred impressions in as many years.

Having mentioned the publication of this Grammar, Bishop Gibson says of the author, "He was

* Wood Fasti Oxon. Vol. I. col. 135.

always

always exciting the present age to virtue and honour, by representing to them the venerable monuments of their ancestors, or laying a foundation for the happiness of posterity, by forming youth unto religion and learning. They are two professions that seem to look quite different ways, and yet he managed them to such advantage, that if he had been continually abroad, 'tis hard to imagine how the antiquary could have been better, or if constantly in the school, how the master could have been more diligent. He was not content to train up those who were under his immediate care, unless (like the good old orator) he put himself in a condition to be a guide to them even after it should please Providence to remove him."

Before the end of the year Camden was called to another employment, being appointed by the queen herself, without any solicitation on his part, to the office of Clarenceux King at Arms. Out of gratitude, he wrote the history of his royal mistress, a work of great merit, which even Hume has condescended to praise. The first edition appeared at London, in 1615, with this title, *Annales rerum Anglicarum & Hibernicarum regnante Elizabethâ ad annum salutis*, 1589, *Londini*, 1615, folio. It was again printed at Frankfort in 1616, in octavo.

The preface to this book is admirable, and the conclusion, which follows, affords a beautiful picture of the author's mind, "What the loftiness of

the argument requires, I confess, and am sorry I have not come up to, yet what pains I was able, I have willingly bestowed. Myself I have not in the least satisfied, either in this or my other writings, yet I shall think myself well rewarded for my labour, if by my chearful willingness to preserve the memory of things, to relate the birth, and to train up the minds of men to honesty and wisdom, I may thereby find a place amongst the petty writers of great matters. WHATEVER IT BE I DEDICATE AND CONSECRATE IT AT THE ALTAR OF TRUTH, TO GOD, TO MY COUNTRY, AND TO POSTERITY."

The humble and contented spirit of Camden appears in a letter of his to Dr. Usher, afterwards Archbishop of Armagh, wherein he takes occasion modestly to vindicate himself from some scandalous aspersions which a virulent popish priest had published against him in Ireland.

"I thank God," says he, "my life hath been such among men, as I am neither ashamed to live nor fear to die, being secure in Christ my Saviour, in whose true religion I was born and bred in the time of king Edward VI. and have continued firm therein. And to make you my confessor, *sub sigillo confessionis*, I took my oath thereunto, at my matriculation in the university of Oxon, (when Popery was predominant); and for defending the religion established, I lost a fellowship in All Souls, as Sir Daniel Dun, could testify, and often would relate how I was opposed there

there by the Popish faction. At my coming to Westminster, I took the like oath, where *(absit jactantia)* God so blessed my labours, that the now Bishops of London, Durham, and St. Asaph, to say nothing of persons employed now in eminent places abroad, and many of especial note at home, of all degrees do acknowledge themselves to have been my scholars; yea, I brought there to church divers gentlemen of Ireland, as Walshes, Nugents, O'Raily, Shees, the eldest son of the Archbishop of Casilles, Peter Lombard, a merchant's son of Waterford, a youth of admirable docility, and others bred popishly and so affected. I know not who may say that I was ambitious, who contented myself in Westminster school when I writ my Britannia, and eleven years afterwards, who refused a mastership of Requests, offered, and then had the place of a King of Arms, without any suit, cast upon me. I did never set sail after present preferments, or desired to soar higher to others. I never made suit to any man, no not to his Majesty, but for a matter of course incident to my place; neither, God be praised, I needed, having gathered a contented sufficiency by my long labours in the school."

The humility of Camden's disposition appeared also in his declining the degree of Doctor of Laws which was offered him by the University of Oxford, when he attended the funeral of his friend Sir Thomas Bodley; and in refusing the honour

of knighthood proposed to be conferred on him by king James.

All his ambition was to be instrumental in the advancement of learning and in serving the interests of learned men. He kept up a correspondence with Casaubon, Thuanus, Scaliger, Du Chesne, and other writers of the greatest eminence; and so high was his reputation that no foreigners of rank came to this country without visiting him.

"To be particular in his acquaintance, (says Bishop Gibson) would be to reckon up all the learned men of his time. When he was young, learned men were his patrons; when he grew up, the learned men were his intimates; and when he came to be old, he was a patron to the learned. So that learning was his only care, and learned men the only comfort of his life. What an useful and honourable correspondence he had settled, both at home and abroad, does best appear from his letters; and with what candour and easiness he maintained it, the same letters may inform us. The work he was engaged in for the honour of his native country, gained him respect at home, and admiration abroad; so that he was looked upon as a common oracle; and for a foreigner to travel into England and return without seeing Mr. Camden, was thought a very gross omission. He was visited by six German noblemen at one time, and at their request wrote his

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Lemma in each of their books as a testimony that they had seen him."

On his refusing the honour of knighthood, which had been accepted by his brethren Sir William Segar, and Sir Richard St. George, Garter and Norroy Kings at Arms, Mr. Bolton, a profound antiquary and historian wrote to Camden as follows :

"Right worthy Sir,

"Though your brother Kings have outgone you in the honour of knighthood, they shall ever come behind you very far in the peculiar honour of immortal fame. Some ascribe it to ambition in you, that you are not a knight, (for you know how preposterously witty the wits of our time are on other men's actions and abstinences) as thinking the neglect thereof an higher point than the acceptance. Others to pusillanimity; and we your friends to your modesty; which I am angry with notwithstanding, because it hath deprived us of some grandeur in our friend's advancement."

Though Camden had no great reason to feel himself under any obligation to the University of Oxford, where he had missed a fellowship, and received his degrees with difficulty, so far from entertaining any resentment, he contributed an essential favour to that learned body, by instituting in his life time a professorship of Modern History. The foundation was liberal, and the first professor was

was Degory Wheare, Master of Arts, fellow of Exeter College, to whom Camden assigned twenty pounds for the first year, forty for the second, and one hundred and forty pounds for every succeeding year.

Before we close this article, we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of copying a curious letter written to Camden, by his ancient friend and brother antiquary Dr. Francis Godwin, bishop of Hereford.

"Last Easter term I was in London, and sought you, but had not the good hap to find you. It discontented me not a little, I had no other errand but to see you. I love you, nay I honour you. We now grow old and sickly. I am afraid we shall never meet. *Fiat voluntas Domini.* But what becomes of your second part of *Elizabetha?* How fain would I see it out! Let it not die. Live you long. *Faxit.* You shall live the longer, if the world may see that of you, which shall make you immortal even in this world, except so far forth, as the world itself is mortal. Although, why do I put in that *perhaps* of that which is *extra aleam?* you see how delighting to talk with you, I had rather to talk idle, than to say nothing. *Camdeno meo salutem plurimam. Vale.* Whitborne, October 9. 1620."

Aug. 18, 1622, as Camden was sitting in his chair and very thoughtful he suddenly lost the use of his hands and feet, and fell down upon the floor, but without receiving any hurt, and soon recovering

recovering his strength got up again. The account of this accident was one of the last things that he committed to writing. It was however followed by a severe illness which lasted to the ninth of November, 1623, when he died at his house at Chislehurst, in Kent, aged seventy-three. His remains were interred with great solemnity, in Westminster Abbey, opposite the tomb of Chaucer.

In a letter from Sir Henry Bourchier to Archbishop Usher, he gives this account of the death and funeral of Mr. Camden:

"The latest [news] which I must send you, is very sad and dolorous, being of the death of our late worthy friend, Mr. Camden, whose funeral we solemnized at Westminster, on Wednesday last in the afternoon, with all due solemnity: at which was present a great assembly of all conditions and degrees; the sermon was preached by Dr. Sutton, who made a true, grave, and modest commemoration of his life: As he was not factious in religion, so neither was he wavering or inconsistent, of which he gave good testimony at his end; professing in the exordium of his last will and testament, that he died, as he had lived, in the faith, communion, and fellowship of the Church of England. His library (I hope) will fall to my share, by an agreement between his executors and me, which I much desire, partly to keep it entire, out of my love to the defunct."

Near his grave a handsome monument was erected to his memory, having his effigy thereon,

holding in his hand a book inscribed BRITANNIA. Dr. Smith, in his life of Camden, says that a certain young gentleman of a very good family, thinking the reputation of his mother hurt by somewhat that Camden has delivered of her in his history, could find no other way to be revenged, than by breaking off a piece from the nose of his statue in Westminster Abbey. A modern writer accuses Sir Walter Raleigh of this mean action, on account of Camden's having mentioned in his Annals of Elizabeth, Sir Walter's intrigue with a lady of fashion.* This last tale, however, stands on no authority, and is totally inconsistent with Raleigh's character. Anthony Wood again attributes the injury done to Camden's statue, to some accident that happened at the solemnity of the pompous funeral of the last Earl of Essex, general of the army raised by the Parliament against Charles the first. This is a far more probable account, and it has this at least to support it, that no writer before that time has taken any notice of the mutilation.

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* Mr. Seward, in the European Magazine, Vol. XVII. p. 251.

"The injury done to the statue has, however, been lately repaired and the feature restored by the direction and at the expense of a friend to the memory of Camden."

Hawkins's Life of Johnson, p. 519.

SIR EDWARD COKE.

THIS great lawyer was the son of Robert Coke, Esq. a barrister at law, of Mileham, in Norfolk, where the son, Edward, was born in 1550. He had for a tutor at Cambridge, according to Dr. Fuller, no less a man than Dr. afterwards archbishop Whitgift; and if so, it is not a little remarkable, that he and his constant antagonist, Bacon, should be indebted for their academical education to the same person.—From the university, Coke removed first to Clifford's Inn, and next to the Inner Temple, where at six years standing, he was called to the bar.—He acquired a great reputation in his profession, nor less so as a member of parliament for his native county. In the 35th of Elizabeth he was chosen Speaker, at which time also he was the queen's solicitor. On his being made attorney-general, archbishop Whitgift sent him a greek testament, with this remarkable message, "That he had studied the *common law* long enough, and that it was time now to study the *law of God.*"

As attorney-general, he had a principal concern in the prosecution of the unfortunate earls of Essex and Southampton, and he conducted himself with so much asperity in the trial, that both noblemen inveighed bitterly against him.—Essex interrupted him several times, and the earl

of Southampton said at the end of his defence, "Mr. Attorney, you have urged the matter very far, and you wrong me therein. My blood be upon your head."

At the beginning of James's reign, he managed the prosecution of Sir Walter Raleigh with as much eagerness as if he had thirsted for that brave man's blood. His language on that occasion will sufficiently shew the temper of the man, for he did not scruple to insult the court and humanity, by calling Sir Walter "a traitor, monster, viper, and spider of hell."

Yet it is said by an anonymous writer, that Coke having retired into a garden to take some air, and his man brought him word, that the jury had condemned Raleigh of treason, he answered "Surely thou art mistaken, for I myself accused him but of misprision of treason;" and this relation, says the author, upon the word of a Christian, I have received from Sir Edward Coke's own mouth.*"

He displayed such wonderful powers in unravelling all the dark scenes of the gunpowder treason, that the earl of Salisbury, in his speech upon the trial of the conspirators, said, "the evidence had been so well distributed and opened by the attorney-general, that he never heard such a mass

* Observations on Sanderson's History of Mary Queen of Scots.

of

of matter better confronted, or made more intelligible to a jury."

In 1606 Sir Edward was raised to the chief justiceship of the common pleas, and when he was called to the degree of serjeant at law, the motto he gave upon his rings was "*Lex est tutissima cassis*—the law is the safest helmet." In 1613 he was removed to the office of chief justice of the king's bench, and two years afterwards we find him zealously engaged in prosecuting the murderers of Sir Thomas Overbury. These were Car, earl of Somerset, and his countess, Mrs. Turner, Sir Gervase Ellis, Weston, who had been a pander and procurer to the countess of Essex, and Franklin, the apothecary, who prepared the poison.* The agents in this infernal business were executed, but their employers were pardoned.

One historian has a very remarkable story in relation to this affair, which, if true, throws a strong light upon the character of James the first, and also on that of the chief justice.†

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* The strength of the poison administered to this unfortunate gentleman, whose only offence was his dissuading the earl from marrying his lady, may be gathered from the answer made to the judge by Simon Mason, who had carried a poisoned tart to Overbury, "*Simon*," said the judge, "*thou hadst a hand in this poisoning business.*" "*No, my good lord*," cried he, *I had got but one finger in it, which cost me all my hair and nails.*"

† Weldon's Court and Character of king James, p. 106.

author

"The king," says he, "at this time, [i. e. when the murder was discovered] was at Royston, and Somerset with him; and when the king had been there about a week, next day he designed to proceed to Newmarket, and Somerset to return to London, when Sir Ralph Winwood came to Royston, and acquainted the king with what he had discovered about Sir Thomas Overbury's murder; the king was so surprised herewith, that he posted away a messenger to Sir Edward Coke, to apprehend the earl; I speak this with confidence, because I had it from one of Sir Edward's sons.

"Sir Edward lay then at the Temple, and measured out his time at regular hours, two whereof were to go to bed at nine o'clock, and in the morning to rise at three; at this time Sir Edward's son and some others, were in Sir Edward's lodging, but not in bed, when the messenger, about one in the morning, knocked at the door, where the son met him, and knew him: says he, "I come from the king, and must immediately speak with your father."—"If you come from ten kings," he answered, "you shall not, for I know my father's disposition to be such, that if he be disturbed in his sleep, he will not be fit for any business; but if you will do as we do, you shall be welcome, and about two hours hence my father will rise, and you then may do as you please," to which he assented.

"At three Sir Edward rung a little bell, to give notice to his servant to come to him, and then the

the messenger went to him, and gave him the king's letter, and Sir Edward immediately made out a warrant to apprehend Somerset, and sent to the king that he would wait upon him that day.—The messenger went back post to Royston, and arrived there about ten in the morning; the king had a loathsome way of lolling his arms about his favourites' necks, and kissing them; and in this posture the messenger found the king with Somerset, saying, '*When shall I see thee again?*' Somerset then designing for London, when he was arrested by Sir Edward's warrant. Somerset exclaimed, that never such an affront was offered to a peer of England, in presence of the king; '*Nay mon*, said the king, *if Coke sends for me, I must go;* and when he was gone, '*Now the deel go with thee,*' said James, '*for I will never see thy face any more.*'

"About three in the afternoon, the chief justice came to Royston, and so soon as he had seen the king, his majesty told him that he was acquainted with the most wicked murder by Somerset and his wife, that was ever perpetrated, upon Sir Thomas Overbury; and that they had made him a pimp to carry on their bawdry and murder; and therefore commanded the chief justice, with all the scrutiny possible, to search into the bottom of the conspiracy, and to spare no man, how great soever; concluding, '*God's curse be upon you and your's, if you spare any of them; and*

*God's curse be upon me and mine, if I pardon any one of them.**

If James really uttered this dreadful imprecation, his perjury was awfully avenged upon his family; but there are good reasons for believing that though in the main, as far as relates to the chief justice, the story be true, yet that some particulars are false, and others overcharged.

On the trial of Mrs. Turner, the waiting-woman of the countess of Somerset, the judge lost his temper to such a degree, that he abused the unhappy culprit in the foulest terms he could make use of, saying that, "she was guilty of the seven deadly sins; she was a whore, a bawd, a sor-

* Roger Coke's Detection of the Court and State of England, page 49, 8vo. 1696.—The imprecations said to have been uttered by James, puts one in mind of the anecdote related by Howell, concerning one of the persons who suffered for this atrocious murder:—

"Sir Gervas Elwaies, lieutenant of the Tower, was made a notable example of justice and terror to all officers of trust; for being accessary, and that in a passive way only, to the murder, yet he was hanged on Tower-hill: and the caveat is very remarkable which he gave upon the gallows, that people should be very cautious how they make vows to heaven, for the breach of them seldom passeth without a judgment, whereof he was a most ruthful example: for being in the Low Countries, and much given to gaming, he once made a solemn vow, (which he broke afterwards) that *if he played above such a sum, he might be hanged.*"—Letters, page 4.

ceress

ceress, a witch, a papist, a felon, and a murderer.*

Not long after this, a cause came on in the court of king's bench, the decision of which gave great offence, and brought the chief justice into some trouble. The case was this: the defendant in the cause, while in the king's bench, prevailed upon the plaintiff's principal witness not to attend, or to give any evidence in the cause, provided he could be excused. One of the defendant's agents undertook this, and taking the witness to a tavern, called for a gallon of sack in a pot, and bid the man drink. As soon as he put the flaggon to his lips, the defendant's agent quitted the room. When the witness was called, the court was informed, that he was unable to come, to prove which this agent was produced, who swore that "he left him in such a condition, that if he continued in it but half an hour longer, he must be a dead man," meaning that he would be dead drunk. For want of this person's evidence, the cause was lost, and a verdict given for the defendant. Upon this a bill was brought into chancery for relief, on the ground that the verdict was ob-

* Howell says, that this Mrs. Turner was the first inventress of yellow starch, and that she was executed in a cobweb lawn ruff of that colour at Tyburn; "and with her," says he, "I believe that yellow starch which so much disfigured our nation, and rendered them so ridiculous and fantastic, will receive its funeral."—Letters, page 3.

tained by a gross imposture; yet Sir Edward Coke stiffly maintained that a cause so gained in his court, could not be reversed by the court of equity.

About this time he fell into disgrace, and met with very harsh treatment; but he was afterwards restored to the royal favour, which he lost again in 1621, for defending the privileges of the house of commons. He is said to have called the king's prerogative in parliament, *a great monster*, for which he was sent to the Tower, but was soon released. In the beginning of the next reign, he was nominated sheriff of the county of Buckingham, to prevent the being chosen into parliament; and notwithstanding his exceptions tendered by him to the attorney-general, the privy council obliged him to discharge the office, and thus he who had been lord chief justice of England, was compelled to attend upon the judges of assize as sheriff. This, however, did not hinder his election for the county in 1628, and in the parliament of that year he distinguished himself as an energetic speaker, in defence of the liberty of the subject, and in supporting the privileges of the house of commons. He proposed and framed the famous PETITION OF RIGHTS, and he vindicated the right of the house to proceed against any subject, how high soever, who misled his sovereign to the prejudice of the people. He concluded a long and learned speech on this subject, with a direct application to the reigning favourite, thus:

"I think the duke of Buckingham is the cause of all our miseries; and till the king be informed thereof, we shall never go on with honour, or sit with honour here; that man is the grievance of grievances; let us set down the causes of all our disasters, and all will reflect upon him."

It must be confessed, that the doctrine laid down by Sir Edward, was sound and constitutional, nor can his language be considered as too strong for the occasion. But there was a strange want of consistency in this great lawyer, for not long before he pronounced this declamation against the duke of Buckingham, he publicly, and as the noble historian properly says *blasphemously*, called the same court minion *our Saviour*. Thus it is that noisy patriotism often arises from motives of resentment; and the same men who are most clamorous against public men and public measures, will, if in place, be most zealous and indecent in their defence.

Sir Edward Coke was a man of great regularity in his professional pursuits, and very concise in his pleadings, though in set speeches and in his writings too prolix and affected. It was a favourite saying with him "that much matter lay in a little room." He was very neat in his dress, observing, "that the cleanness of a man's clothes ought to put him in mind of keeping all clean within."

In examining witnesses he was remarkably particular, and his questions were oftentimes more

THOMAS RANDOLPH.

THE fate of this once celebrated poet affords a mortifying, though instructive lesson to young men of genius, ambitious of a towering and lasting fame, yet careless of the solid means of obtaining it. He was born at Newnham, in the county of Northampton, and educated on the foundation at Westminster school, from whence he was elected to Trinity-college, Cambridge, of which he became fellow, and commenced master of arts, which degree he was incorporated into at Oxford, in 1631. At the age of ten he wrote the 'History of the Incarnation of our Saviour,' in verse, but it was never published. Randolph united in himself two characters, which, however contradictory they may appear, are often found together, a spirit of libertinism with an inward reverence for religion; hence in his writings we meet with a strange mixture of humour and piety. His lively and agreeable conversation engaged him in too much company, and once in a jovial and drunken meeting, he had the misfortune to lose the little finger of his left hand. One writer says, that this was done by a gentleman with whom Randolph quarrelled; but another states, that he lost one of his fingers by a cut which he received in endeavouring to part two of his companions.

children. His next wife was the widow of Sir William Hatton, and sister to Thomas Burleigh, earl of Exeter. This marriage was a very disagreeable one, owing to the haughty spirit of both parties, and for some time there was a separation between Sir Edward and his lady, but at last an apparent reconciliation took place between them.

After a long and chequered life, this profound lawyer expired September 3, 1634, with these words, "Thy kingdom come; thy will be done." Whatever were his political or his private failings, his Reports and his Institutes will immortalize his name.

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panions. Randolph pleasantly treats the loss he had sustained in these verses :

Arithmetic nine digits and no more
Admits of, then I still have all my store ;
For, what mischance hath ta'en from my left hand
It seems did only for a cypher stand.
But this I'll say, for thee, departed joint,
Thou wert not given to steal, nor pick, nor point
At any in disgrace, but thou didst go
Untimely to thy death, only to shew
The other members what they once must do :
Hand, arm, leg, thigh, and all must follow too.
Oft didst thou scan my verse, where if I miss,
Henceforth I will impute the cause to this.
A finger's loss, (I speak it not in sport)
Will make a verse sometimes a foot too short.
Farewell, dear finger, much I grieve to see,
How soon mischance hath made a hand of thee.

He was much esteemed by the greatest wits of his time, particularly Ben Jonson, who adopted him for one of his sons, a pedantic usurpation by which that writer contrived to draw around him all the young men of talents of his day, who courted his conversation, trumpeted his praises, and flattered his vanity. The way in which Randolph introduced himself to Father Ben, who was already well acquainted with his performances, is thus related by Winstanley.*

"Mr. Randolph having been at London so

* Lives of the English Poets, 1687. 8vo. p. 133.

long

long as that he might truly have had a parley with his *empty purse*, [the title of one of his poems] was resolved to go and see Ben Jonson with his associates, which he heard at a set time kept a club together at the Devil tavern, near Temple Bar ;* accordingly at the time appointed, he went thither, but being unknown to them, and wanting money, which, to an ingenuous spirit is the most daunting thing in the world, he peeped into the room where they were ; which being espied by Ben Jonson, and seeing him in a scholar's thread-bare habit ; "John Bo-peep," says he, "come in." Accordingly he did, when immediately they began to rhyme upon the meanness of his clothes, asking him, "If he could not make a verse ?" and withal to call for his quart of sack. There being four of them, he immediately replied :

I John Bo-peep, to you four sheep,
With each one his good fleece,
If that you're willing to give me five shilling,
'Tis fifteen pence a-piece.

* This tavern, which stood near Temple Bar, was so named from its sign being a representation of St. Dunstan taking the devil by the nose with a pair of red hot tongs. Ben Jonson has celebrated it by his *Leges Convivales*, which he wrote for the regulation of a club of wits held there in a room dedicated to Apollo. In his time the tavern was kept by Simon Wadloe, who was nicknamed by Ben *King of Skinkers*. This tavern was purchased by Child's banking-house, and other buildings have been erected on the scite. *Pennant's London*, page 166.

On

On hearing this, Ben Jonson swore with a heavy oath, "I believe this is my son Randolph;" which being made known to them, he was kindly entertained and Ben ever after called him son.

His irregular mode of life threw him into a consumption; and he died in his native county before he attained the thirtieth year of his age.

His poems, published at different times, were collected by his brother, and printed in one volume 8vo. at Oxford in 1640. Another edition appeared in 1652, but this is very incorrect.—Two more were published in 1664 and 1668.

His pieces abound with beautiful passages, and though now buried in undeserved obscurity, they have been frequently plundered by writers of great name, who, however, have not had the honesty to acknowledge their obligations.

ARCH-

ARCHBISHOP USHER.

THIS universal scholar and most excellent divine was a native of Dublin, and was born in 1580. His uncle, Dr. Henry Usher, was Archbishop of Armagh, and the principal promoter of the foundation of Trinity College in that city. Another uncle by the mother's side was Richard Stanihurst, a very learned man of the Romish persuasion who published some books against his nephew, but this difference in their sentiments did not embitter their disposition towards each other. On the contrary, they kept up a friendly correspondence, and were mutually assisting to each other in their literary pursuits.

James Usher had two aunts who were blind from their cradle and so continued to their deaths, and yet were blessed with admirable understandings, particularly in religion, and of such tenacious memories, that whatever they heard read out of the Scriptures, or was preached to them, they always retained, and became such proficients, that they were able to repeat much of the bible by art, and were the first who taught their nephew to read English. At the bottom of Vertue's portrait of the Archbishop, the two old ladies are represented in the act of instructing him, from a roll resembling a worked sampler.

He

He discovered an extraordinary strength of understanding in his earliest years, and we are told that before he had attained his thirteenth year he had acquired a considerable knowledge of history and antiquities, to which study he was prompted by that passage of Cicero, *Nescire quid antea quam natus sis acciderit, id est, semper esse Puerum.*

He was the first student who entered of Trinity College, and he made so quick a progress in learning there, that between the age of fifteen and sixteen he had drawn up in Latin an exact Chronicle of the Bible, as far as the Book of Kings, not much differing from the method of his great work entitled, Annals of the Old and New Testament.

When he was eighteen his father died, and he being the eldest son, the paternal estate of course descended to him, but he finding his brother and sisters indifferently provided for, gave up the inheritance to be divided between them, reserving only enough to maintain him at college and to purchase some necessary books.

It was at this time that he entered the lists of disputation with a learned Jesuit, one Henry Fitz-Symonds, then a prisoner in the castle of Dublin, who had sent out a challenge defying the greatest champion and best learned to dispute with him about those points then in controversy between the Roman and Reformed Churches. This challenge was accepted by Usher, and they accordingly

accordingly met. The Jesuit made light of him at first, as being but a boy, and thinking it an easy task to baffle him, he consented to a public disputation, and because the several matters in debate could not be dispatched in one or two conferences, they appointed to meet once a week to argue the chief subjects in controversy. But it seems that the Jesuit had soon enough of it; for though he despised him at first, he did not care to have any more to do with him; for after the second conference this boasting Goliath declined the contest with this stripling, and not without cause, for he had felt the quickness of his wit, the strength of his arguments, and his skill in disputation, so that the Jesuit quickly left the field. Usher wrote a modest letter to him, desiring a continuance of the conference, but he received no answer; and the Jesuit when he was liberated from prison, said thus of him, *Prodiit quidam octodenarius, præcocis sapientiæ juvenis, de abstrusisimis rebus Theologicis, cum adhuc Philosoplica studia vix emensus, nec ex Ephebis egressus,* i. e. "There came to me once a youth of about eighteen years of age, of a ripe wit, when scarcely as you would think, gone through his course of philosophy, or out of his childhood, yet ready to dispute on the most abstruse points of divinity." At another time the same Jesuit calls Usher, *Acatholicorium doctissimus,* "The most learned of the Non-catholicks."

At

At the age of twenty-one Mr. Usher was admitted both deacon and priest, contrary to the canons, but the excuse for this deviation from the rule in his case, was his extraordinary merit, and the necessity which the Church then had of such a labourer.

His powers as a preacher were very great, and he had such an insight into the times and the character of the Romanists, to whom more indulgence was then shewn than he thought prudent or safe, that he ventured in a sermon preached before the court at Dublin, to utter a very remarkable prediction.

His text was Ezekiel iv. 6. *And thou shalt bear the iniquity of the house of Judah forty days: I have appointed thee each day for a year.* This relates to the destruction of Jerusalem and the Jewish nation, which the preacher having considered proceeded to apply to existing circumstances, and in the course of his sermon expressed the following conjecture with regard to Ireland. "From this time [1601] I reckon forty years, and then those whom you now embrace shall be your ruin, and you shall bear their iniquity." This passage says the author of the Archbishop's life, seemed to be only the present thoughts of a young man who was no friend to popery; but afterwards when it came to pass at the expiration of forty years, viz. in 1641, that the Irish rebellion broke out and so many thousands of protestants were

were slain, then those who lived to see that day, began to think he was a young prophet.*

It is not consistent with the design of this work to enter into the exactness of biographical detail, and therefore we shall content ourselves with barely noting that this learned and modest man was advanced, first to the bishopric of Meath, by King James the first, who said on granting the *conge d'elire* "that Dr. Usher was a bishop of his own making," In 1626, he was elevated to the primacy of Ireland in which high station he conducted himself with equal zeal and tenderness, reforming the ecclesiastical courts, narrowly inspecting the manners of the clergy, and endeavouring to bring over the Romanists to the established church, by reasoning and gentleness.

"To effect the last object he began," says the writer of his life, "to converse more frequently, and familiarly with the gentry and nobility of that persuasion, also with divers of the inferior sort that dwelt near him, inviting them often to his house, and discoursing with great mildness of the chief tenets of their religion; by which gentle usage he was very successful, convincing many of them of their errors, and bringing them to the knowledge of the truth. And he also advised the bishops and clergy of his province, to deal with the popish recusants in their several dioceses

* Parr's Life of Usher, p. 9.

and

and cures, after the same manner; that if possible they might make them understand their errors and the danger in which they were: which way, in a country where there are no penal laws to restrain the public profession of that religion, was the best if not the only means, which could be used. Nor was his care confined only to the conversion of the ignorant Irish papists; but he also endeavoured the reduction of the Scotch and English sectaries to the bosom of the church, as it was by law established, confirming and arguing with divers of them, as well ministers as laymen, and shewing them the weakness of those scruples and objections they had against their joining with the public service of the church, and submitting to its government and discipline."

Notwithsanding this, the Archbishop was stigmatized by some bigots of his own communion as being puritanically inclined, for which no reason could be assigned, unless it was the mildness of his temper, and the moderation of his measures. The calumny, however, was industriously conveyed to the ear of the monarch, but James, after discoursing with Dr. Usher, observed, "that the *knave Puritan* was a bad, but the *knave's Puritan* an honest man."

The Archbishop was in England when the Irish rebellion broke out, so that he escaped suffering in person, though he was despoiled of his estate, and saved nothing but his library, which was conveyed to Chester, and from thence to London.

So great and extensive was his reputation at this time, that the city and university of Leyden, hearing of his losses, offered to chuse him their honorary professor of theology, with a more ample salary than had formerly been annexed to the office; and Cardinal Richelieu invited him to France, with the promise of a noble pension and the free exercise of his religion. These offers he declined and was appointed by the king to the vacant bishopric of Carlisle, of which he was soon deprived by the Presbyterians, who abolished episcopacy, plundered the cathedrals, and confiscated the lands of the bishops. The parliament, indeed, in consequence of his great losses voted him a pension of four hundred pounds a year, but this he did not receive above once or twice.

When the king withdrew to Oxford, the archbishop retired thither also, and often preached before the persecuted monarch, which so exasperated the prevailing faction that they made an order for seizing his books which were in Chelsea college. This decree, which would have disgraced Goths and Saracens, was carried into execution, and the books would have been publicly sold had not Dr. Featley, who was then in some favour with the party, and a member of their assembly at Westminster, obtained them for his own use; by which means they were secured for the archbishop, at least as many as were not stolen before they came into the doctor's hands. Amongst the articles

articles embezzled were many manuscripts and letters of great value.

A few years after this the archbishop going into Wales had all his books and papers taken from him by a straggling party; but such was the reverence in which he was held, that they were almost all restored, upon a declaration being made to the people in the churches, desiring that those who had any of them in their possession, would bring the same to their ministers.

While he resided in Wales he fell into a dangerous illness, beginning with a strangury and suppression of urine, which produced a violent hæmorrhage. In the midst of the most excruciating torture he was still patient, praising God and resigning himself to his will, giving to those about him the best advice, not to neglect the preparation for death till the last. "It is a dangerous thing," said he, "to leave all undone till our last sickness; I fear a death-bed repentance will avail us little if we have lived vainly, and viciously, and neglected our conversion, till we can sin no longer."

He manifested his loyalty even in this sickness, for when a gentleman came to visit him, who was a member of the House of Commons, and was then about to set out for London, the archbishop said to him, "Sir, you see I am very weak, and cannot expect to live many hours; you are returning to the parliament, I am going to God; my blood and life is almost spent: I charge you to

tell them from me, that I know they are in the wrong, and have dealt very injuriously with the king, and I am not mistaken in this matter."

It having been falsely said that the primate advised the king to pass the bill of attainder against the great earl of Strafford, an unhappy measure which embittered the last moments of Charles, and was one of the steps which led to his own tragic fate, his grace's chaplain took the opportunity, when the archbishop seemed to be on his death-bed to question him upon it. His answer was, "I know there is such a thing wrongfully laid to my charge, for I neither gave nor approved of any such advice, as that the king should assent to the bill against the earl, but on the contrary, told his majesty, that if he was satisfied by what he had heard at his trial that the earl was not guilty of treason, his majesty ought not in conscience to consent to his condemnation: and this the king knows well enough, and can clear me if he pleases." Nor was the primate mistaken in this, for when not long after it was told the king at Oxford, that the archbishop of Armagh was dead, he expressed his sorrow at the loss, and made a warm eulogium upon his learning and piety. And when a person present said that "he believed he might be so, were it not for his persuading your majesty to consent to the earl of Strafford's execution," the king in a great passion replied, "'Tis false; for," said he, "after the bill was past, the archbishop came to me saying, (with tears in his eyes)

eyes) Oh, Sir! what have you done? I fear that this act may prove a great trouble to your conscience, and pray God that your majesty may never suffer by the signing of this bill, or words to that effect."

Beyond all expectation the good archbishop recovered from this illness, and as the king's affairs were become almost desperate he thought of going abroad. Accordingly a vessel was provided for him, and a passport obtained from the Earl of Warwick, who was the admiral for the parliament; but while preparations were making for the voyage, a squadron came into Cardiff roads under one Molton, to whom the archbishop sent his chaplain to know if he would suffer him to proceed without molestation. To this the brutal commander replied, that, "if he could get him into his hands, he would carry him prisoner to the parliament." This design being frustrated, the archbishop was at a loss where to go for safety, when a letter arrived from the countess dowager of Peterborough, offering him an asylum at her house at Ryegate, in Surrey.

"But it must not here be forgotten," says the writer of his life, "that before he left Wales, the great expenses of his sickness, and removals in the year past had much reduced him as to his purse, nor knew he where to get it supplied; when it pleased God to put it into the hearts of divers worthy persons of that country, to consider that the primate had not only suffered much

by the rudeness of the rabble, [in the plunder of his property] but also by a long and expensive sickness; so they sent him, unknown to each other, divers considerable sums; so that he had in a few weeks enough to supply all his present occasions, and also to defray the expenses of his journey into England."

The archbishop attended the king in the Isle of Wight, and when that unfortunate monarch was brought to the scaffold, some of lady Peterborough's servants, (her house being opposite Charing Cross) went and informed the good old primate of it, and asked him if he would see the king once more before he was put to death. He was at first unwilling, but was at last persuaded, and when he came upon the leads of the house, the king was in his speech: the lord primate stood still, and said nothing, but sighed, and lifting up his hands and his eyes full of tears towards heaven seemed to pray earnestly;—but when his majesty had done speaking, and had pulled off his cloak and doublet, and stood stripped in his waistcoat, and the villains in vizards began to put up his hair, the archbishop, no longer able to endure such a dismal sight, grew pale and began to faint and was carried down and laid on his bed.

After this sad tragedy the government was managed by a corrupt oligarchy, till Cromwell turned them out, and, by the help of the army, set himself up as protector. The archbishop, however, saw that such a state could not be permanent;

nent; he was too well acquainted with the history of the revolutions of empires not to know that military usurpations are of short continuance. He accordingly frequently comforted the loyal party with the assurance that the usurpation would quickly expire, and that the king would return unto his throne, though he himself, he said, should not live to see it. This he declared to several persons, adding, also, that the usurpation of Cromwell was but like that of some of the Grecian tyrants, which, "As it began by an army, so it commonly ended with the death of the usurper."*

Cromwell affected a great respect for the primate and promised to restore to him part of the lands belonging to the archbishopric of Armagh, but he delayed the passing of the grant from time to time, and after the death of his grace, he made a pretence by imputing malignancy, that is loyalty, to the primate's daughter and her husband, to free himself from the promise.

When the usurper began to persecute the Episcopal clergy with great severity, by forbidding them not only the exercise of their professional function, but also the privilege of keeping school for a maintenance, Archbishop Usher was desired o use his interest with him in their behalf.

* The discerning and dispassionate observer of the present times may, without incurring the risk of being charged with presumption or extravagant credulity, apply the same observation and rule to existing circumstances.

In compliance with their desires he went, and after much entreaty, Cromwell promised to take off the restraints he had imposed upon the clergy, provided they meddled not with matters relating to his government; but when the primate went to him a second time, to get this promise ratified, and put into writing, he found him under the hands of his surgeon, who was dressing a great boil which he had on his breast, so Cromwell told the archbishop to sit down, and that when he was dressed he would speak with him; whilst this was doing Cromwell said to his lordship, "If this core, (pointing to the boil) were once out I should quickly be well:" to whom Usher replied, "I doubt the core lies deeper; there is a core at the heart that must be taken out, or else it will not be well."—"Ah!" said Cromwell, "so there is indeed," and sighed. But when the primate began to speak to him concerning the business he came about, he answered to this effect: "that he had since better considered it, having advised with his council about it, and that they thought it not safe for him to grant liberty of conscience to those sort of men who were restless and implacable enemies to him and his government;" and so he took his leave of him, though with good words and outward civility. The primate seeing it was in vain to urge it any farther, said little more to him, but returned home very much troubled, and concerned that his endeavours had met with no better success, but he said to those who came to him, "This false

man has broken his word with we, and refuses to perform what he promised; well, he will have little cause to glory in his wickedness, for he will not continue long; the king will return, though I shall not live to see it, you may."

Not long after this the good prelate removed from London to Ryegate, where he immediately set about finishing his Chronologia Sacra. He was now very aged, and though both in body and mind he was healthy and vigorous for a man of his years, yet his eye sight was extremely decayed by his constant studying, so that he could scarcely see to write but at a window, and that in the sunshine, which he constantly followed in clear days from one window to another.

He had now frequent thoughts of his dissolution; and as he was wont to note every year in his almanack, over against the day of his birth, the year of his age, "so I find," says his biographer, "this year, 1655, this note written in his own hand: 'Now aged 75 years, *my days are full;*' and presently after in capital letters, 'RESIGNATION.'"

He died at Ryegate, March 21, 1656, and his friends intended to have buried him there in the Countess of Peterborough's vault, but Cromwell, who knew in what high estimation the archbishop was held, and willing to obtain a little popularity insisted upon burying him pompously at his own expense. The funeral was indeed splendidly solemn, but, after all, the crafty usurper left

left the archbishop's relations to bear the charge, though they could scarcely afford it.

This great man was of a very hale constitution, which he preserved by temperance. He was contented with a little sleep, for though he went to bed pretty late, yet in the summer he would rise by five, and in winter by six o'clock in the morning; his appetite was always suited to his diet; he fed heartily on plain, wholesome meat without sauce, and was better pleased with a few dishes than a variety. He did not like tedious meals, and it was a weariness to him to sit long at table. In his disposition he was courteous and affable, and extremely obliging to all whom he conversed with; and though he could be angry and rebuke sharply when religion or virtue were concerned, yet he was not easily provoked to passion, and rarely for small matters, such as the neglect of servants, or worldly disappointments. The powers of his mind were very strong and the extent of his learning prodigious; so that his advice and correspondence were courted by men of erudition in all parts of the world. His humility and his piety were equally conspicuous with his talents; yet his religion was not of that gloomy and forbidding cast which was too prevalent in the age in which he lived. He loved pleasant conversation and innocent mirth, often telling stories, or relating the wise or witty sayings of other men, or such things as had occurred to his own observation; so that his company was always

agreeable, and for the most part instructive: but still he would conform himself to the genius, and improvements of those he conversed with; for as with scholars he would discourse of subjects of learning, so could he condescend to those of meaner capacities. But he could not endure any conversation which was trifling, or in which the characters of absent persons were treated with ridicule and severity.

"I remember once," says his biographer, "that when there happened some discourse at table from persons of quality that did not please him; he said nothing then, seeming not to hear them; but after dinner when I waited on him in his chamber, he looked very melancholy, and on my asking the cause, "It is a sad thing," says he, "to be forced to put one's foot under another's table, and not only to have all sorts of company put upon him, but also to be obliged to hear their follies, and neither to be able to quit their company, nor to reprove their intemperate speeches."

He was famous as a preacher, and he usually delivered his sermons *extempore*, a practice common in his time, but whether the most adviseable is a question on which there will be different opinions, and on each side cogent arguments. A man of such a powerful and well-stored mind as Usher's could not fail to be heard with attention and profit; but when men of superficial knowledge and of ardent imaginations adopt this practice, they lose the advantage to be derived from pre-

preparatory study, and can contribute but little to the edification of those who hear them. They may declaim with confidence and with fluency, and thereby attract a numerous audience, but the ends of religious instruction will not be answered where the teacher trusts to his present elocution, and and the hearers attend only to be pleased.

Archbishop Usher's method of preaching was excellent and had a great effect; but the same method may be made use of to good purpose by those who take the laudable pains of composing their sermons. In the words of his biographer, "as he was an excellent textuary, so it was his custom to run through all the parallel places, that concerned the subject on which he treated; and paraphrase and illustrate them as they referred to each other, and their particular contexts; he himself, as he past on, turning his bible from place to place, and giving his auditory time to do the like: whereby, as he rendered his preaching extremely easy to himself, so it became no less beneficial to his auditors, acquainting them with the Holy Scriptures and enabling them to recur to the proofs he cited, by which the memory was very much helped to recover the series of what was discoursed upon from them; he never cared to tire his auditory with the length of his sermon, knowing well, that as the satisfaction in hearing decreases, so does the attention also, and people instead of minding what is said, only listen when there is likely to be an end. And to let you see," says

says the same writer, "now strictly he endeavoured to keep this rule, I shall give you this one instance; about a year before he died when he had left off preaching constantly, he was importuned by the Countess of Peterborough, and some other persons of quality, to give them a sermon at St. Martin's church; the lord primate complied with their desires, and preached a sermon highly satisfactory to his auditory; but after a pretty while the bishop happening to look on the hour glass, which stood from the light, and through the weakness and deficiency of his sight, mistaking it to be out, when indeed it was not, he concluded, telling them, since the time was past he would leave the rest he had to say on that subject to another opportunity, (if God should please to grant it him) of speaking again to them in that place; but the congregation finding out my lord's mistake, and that there was some of the hour yet to come, and not knowing whether they might ever have the like happiness of hearing him again, made signs to the reader, to let him know that the glass being not run out, they earnestly desired he would make an end of all he intended to have spoken; which the bishop received very kindly, and reassuming his discourse where he had broken off, concluded with an exhortation full of heavenly matter for almost half an hour; the whole auditory being so much moved therewith that none went out of the church until he had finished his sermon."

An

An hour was the general limits to which a sermon was confined in those times, and so continued till the close of the century, and for this purpose an hour glass was placed either on the side of the pulpit, or on a stand in front of it. In some churches of the metropolis these reliques of our ancestors' patience and piety still remain; but the sermons have for the most part dwindled into about a quarter of the period.*

The archbishop was very careful what persons he ordained for the ministry, both with regard to their characters and their qualifications. "I never (says the writer from whose entertaining narrative most of this article is taken) heard that he ordained more than one person, who was not sufficiently qualified in respect of learning, and this was in so extraordinary a case, that I think it will not be amiss to give you a short account of it; there was a certain English mechanic living in the Lord Primate's diocese, who constantly frequented the public service of the church; and attained to a competent know-

* A droll story is told of Daniel Burgess, the celebrated nonconformist preacher at the beginning of the last century. He was famous for the length of his pulpit harangues and the quaintness of his illustrations. One time he was discoursing with great vehemence against the sin of drunkenness, on which subject having exhausted the usual time, he turned the hour glass, and said, "Brethren, I have somewhat more to say on the nature and consequences of drunkenness, so let's *have the other glass and then.*"

ledge

ledge in the scriptures, and gave himself to read what books of practical divinity he could get, and was reputed among his neighbours and protestants thereabouts, a very honest and pious man; this person applied himself to the lord primate, and told him, that he had an earnest desire to be admitted to the ministry, but the bishop refused him, advising him to go home, and follow his calling, and pray to God to remove this temptation; yet after some time, he returns again renewing his request, saying, he could not be at rest in his mind, but that his desires toward that calling encreased more and more; whereupon the primate discoursed with him, and found upon examination, that he gave a very good account of his faith and knowledge in all the main points of religion. Then the bishop questioned him further, if he could speak Irish, for if not his preaching would be of little use in a country where the greatest part of the people understood no English. The man replied that he did not understand Irish, but if his lordship thought fit he would endeavour to learn it, which he bade him do, and as soon as he had attained the language to come again, which he did about twelvemonths after, telling my lord that he could now speak Irish tolerably well; on which the bishop examined him, and finding that he spake truth, he ordained him, being satisfied that such a man was able to do more good than if he had Latin without any Irish at all; nor was he deceived in this

his expectation, for this man, as soon as he had a cure, employed his talent diligently and faithfully, and proved very successful in converting many of the Irish papists to our church, and continued labouring in that work till the rebellion and massacre, wherein he hardly escaped with his life."

The works of Archbishop Usher are too many to be enumerated in this place. The most important, and the best known, are his "Annals of the Old and New Testament," and the "Chronologia Sacra," both in folio.

His likeness was very hard to take, whence it is, that the engraved portraits of him are surprisingly dissimilar. The best is that by Vertue, taken from a picture painted by Sir Peter Lely.

JOSEPH HALL,

BISHOP OF NORWICH.

THIS excellent prelate who has been called, by Sir Henry Wotton, the "Christian Seneca," on account of his sententious style, and not as Bayle erroneously supposed, from his having written a book under that title, was a native of Ashby-de-la-Zouch, in Leicestershire. His father was a farmer, and had besides a situation under the Earl of Huntingdon. The bishop, in the account which he wrote of his own life, relates a very pleasing anecdote of fraternal affection with regard to his education. Though his parents had destined him for the ministry, yet the largeness of their family and the narrowness of their circumstances, almost prevented them from sending this son to the University. They were accordingly disposed to place him under a private clergyman who promised to give him every qualification necessary for the sacred profession, at a moderate charge. The articles of agreement were about to be executed, when the elder brother happening to be at Cambridge, and conversing with Mr. Nathaniel Gilby, fellow of Emmanuel College, the latter, on "hearing of the diversion of his father's purposes from the University, importunately dissuaded him from

 that

that new course, professing to pity the loss of so good hopes. The elder brother moved with these words, at his return home fell upon his knees to his father, and besought him to alter so prejudicial a resolution, and not suffer the young man's hopes to be drowned in a shallow country channel; but that he would revive his first purposes for Cambridge, adding, in the zeal of his love, that if the chargeableness of that course were the hindrance, he would be better pleased to sell part of that land, which, in course of nature he was to inherit, than to abridge his brother of that happy means of perfecting his education."

Accordingly Joseph was sent to the University, from whence however he had like to have been recalled after two years residence, but providence again raised him up an unexpected friend. Of this he gives the following account:

"My two first years were necessarily chargeable above the proportion of my father's power, whose not very large cistern was to feed many pipes besides mine, for he had twelve children; his weariness of expense was wrought upon by the counsel of some unwise friends, who persuaded him to fasten me upon that school as master, whereof I was lately a scholar. Now was I fetched home with a heavy heart; and now, this second time had my hopes been nipped in the blossom, had not God raised me up an unhoped benefactor, Mr. Edmund Sleigh, of Derby, (whose pious memory I have cause to love and

verence) out of no other relation to me, save that he maried my aunt, pitying my too apparent dejectedness, he voluntarily urged, and solicited my father for my return to the university, and offered freely to contribute the one half of my maintenance there, till I should attain to the degree of master of arts; which he no less freely and lovingly performed."

He became fellow of his college, and also lecturer on rhetoric in the public schools, which office he discharged with great applause two years.

After continuing at college about seven years, he was recommended to the lord chief justice Popham for the mastership of Tiverton school in Devonshire, then just founded. This he accepted, and was just come out of the chief justice's house, when a person in the street delivered him a letter from Lady Drury of Suffolk, offering him the rectory of Halsted, near St. Edmund's-bury, and earnestly desiring that he would take it, which he did, and relinquished the school.

Being thus settled in his living, his first care was to rebuild the parsonage house; and his next was to look out for a help-mate, and here also this pious man, in his memoirs notices the goodness of Providence towards him.

"Being now, therefore," he says, "settled in that sweet and civil county of Suffolk, near to St. Edmund's-bury, my first work was to build up my house, which was extremely ruinous; which done, the uncouth solitariness of my life, and the

extreme incommodity of that single housekeeping, drew my thoughts, after two years, to condescend to the necessity of a married state, which God no less strangely provided for me; for walking from the church on Monday in Whitsun week, with a grave and reverend minister Mr. Grandidg, I saw a comely and modest gentlewoman standing at the door of that house where we were invited to a wedding dinner, and enquiring of that worthy friend whether he knew her, 'Yes, (quoth he) I know her well, and have bespoken her for your wife." When I further demanded an account of his answer, he told me she was the daughter of a gentleman whom he much respected Mr. George Winniff, of Brettenham; that out of an opinion he had of the fitness of that match for me, he had already treated with her father about it, whom he found very apt to entertain it, advising me not to neglect the opportunity; and not concealing the just praises of modesty, piety, good disposition, and other virtues that were lodged in that seemly presence; I listened to the motion as sent from God, and at last, upon due prosecution, happily prevailed, enjoying the comfortable society of that meet help for the space of forty-nine years."*

His circumstances, however, were so narrow, owing to his patron, Sir Robert Drury's unjustly

* Some Specialties of the Life of Joseph Hall, Bishop of Norwich, in the third volume of his works, folio, 1662.

detaining

detaining from the living of Halsted, ten pounds a year, which of right belonged to it, that he was obliged, as he says, "to write books to enable him to buy books."

While he was in London, endeavouring to prevail with Sir Robert to do him justice, Edward Lord Denny, afterwards Earl of Norwich, sent for him, "and," says the bishop, "no sooner came I thither, than after a glad and noble welcome, I was entertained with the offer of the living of Waltham Holy Cross, in Essex. The conditions were like the mover, free and bountiful; I received them as from the munificent hands of my God, and returned full of the cheerful acknowledgments of a gracious Providence over me."

He was at this time chaplain to that excellent youth, Henry Prince of Wales, who strongly solicited him to continue in constant attendance at his court; with the promise of considerable preferment. From a sense of duty, however, he declined this flattering invitation, and resided at Waltham, "where," says he, "in a constant course I preached a long time (as I had done at Halsted before) thrice a week, yet never durst I climb into the pulpit to preach any sermon, whereof I had not before, in my poor and plain fashion, penned every word in the same order wherein I hoped to deliver it."

In 1616, he attended the embassy of James Hay, Viscount Doncaster, to France, and in his absence the king conferred on him the deanry

of Worcester. Two years afterwards he was appointed one of the representatives of the English Church, at the Synod of Dort, but owing to ill-health he returned before the breaking up of that assembly, and at his departure the deputies of the states of the United Provinces, presented him with a rich gold medal, on which was a representation of the synod. In some of his portraits he is drawn with this medal suspended at his breast.

In 1627 he was advanced to the bishoprick of Exeter, having refused three years before that of Gloucester. His moderation in the government of his diocese, brought upon him the charge of being inclined to puritanism; and so frequent were the complaints alledged against him for his indulgence of nonconformists, that the good bishop could endure them no longer, but very fairly told the Archbishop of Canterbury, "that rather than he would be obnoxious to these slanderous tongues of his misinformers, he would resign his rochet."

In 1641, he was translated to Norwich, but in less than two months afterwards he was sent to the Tower, with the Archbishop of York, and some others of his brethren, for protesting against the validity of all laws made during their forced absence from parliament.

For this they were impeached of high treason by the factious commons; but they were never brought to make their defence, nor to a trial. At last,

last, about June, 1642, they were released, upon giving bail of five thousand pounds each. The bishop of Norwich went down to his diocese, where he was civilly treated at first, but the aspect of the times threatened the utmost severity against his order, from the prevalence of fanatical and rebellious principles.

The piety, moderation, and years of this excellent prelate could not save his property from the rapacious hands of the republicans, or protect his person from insult.

"The first noise that I heard of my trouble was," says he, "that one morning before my servants were up, there came to my gates one Wright, a London trooper, attended with others, requiring entrance; threatening, if they were not admitted, to break open the gates; whom I found struggling with one of my servants for a pistol which he had in his hand. I demanded his business at that unseasonable hour; he told me he came to search for arms and ammunition, of which I must be disarmed; I told him I had only two musquets in the house, and no other military provisions; he, not trusting to my word, searched round about the house, looked into the chests and trunks, examined the vessels in the cellar; and finding no other warlike furniture, he asked me what horses I had, for his commission was to take them also; I told him how poorly I was stored, and that my age would not allow me to travel on foot. In conclusion, he took one horse

for the present, and such account of another, that he did highly expostulate with me afterwards, because I had otherwise disposed of him."

Shortly after this an ordinance of that tyrannical parliament was passed for sequestrating the property of the bishops and clergy, on which the commissioners for Norwich immediatley set about their work, and they executed it with all the rigour of inquisitors. But let the bishop again give us his own account.

"The sequestrators," says he, "sent certain men appointed by them, (whereof one had been burned in the hand) to appraise all the goods that were in my house; which they accordingly executed with all diligent severity, not leaving so much as a dozen trenchers, or my children's pictures out of their curious inventory: yea, they would have appraised our very wearing apparel, had not some of them declared their opinion to the contrary. These goods, both library and household stuff of all kinds, were appointed to be exposed to public sale; but in the mean time, Mrs. Goodwin, a religious good gentlewoman, whom yet we had never known or seen, being moved with compassion, very kindly offered to lay down to the sequestrators the whole sum at which the goods were valued: and was pleased to leave them in our hands, for our use, till we might be able to re-purchase them. As for the books, several stationers looked on them, but were not forward to buy; at last Mr. Cooke, a worthy divine

divine of this diocese, gave bond to the sequestrators, to pay them the whole sum whereat they were set; which was afterwards satisfied out of that poor pittance, which was allowed me for my maintenance."

If it be asked, what offence could have incurred such cruel treatment? the answer is, that he was a bishop, and had been presumptuous enough to publish "An humble Remonstrance to the High Court of Parliament," in which he defended Episcopacy and the Church of England, with so much strength of argument, that five Presbyterians* clubbed their wits together to frame an answer, which the bishop completely refuted.

The account of the reformation of Norwich cathedral by the fanatics, is a curious picture of the men, and of the spirit by which they were actuated.

"It is no other than tragical," says the good bishop, "to relate the carnage of that furious sacrilege, whereof our eyes and ears were the sad witnesses, under the authority and presence

* These were, Stephen Marshall, Edmund Calamy, Thomas Young, Matthew Newcomen, and William Spurstow.——Their performance bore the barbarous title of "*Smectymnuus*, or, an Answer to an Humble Remonstrance, &c." This strange word is made up of the initial letters of the names of the sapient authors, and the bishop in his reply makes himself merry with his "*Plural Adversary*."

of

of alderman Lindsey, Toftes, the sheriff, and Greenwood, the sequestrator; Lord, what work was here, what clattering of glasses, what haling down of walls, what tearing up of monuments, what pulling down of seats, what wresting out of iron and brass from the windows and graves! What defacing of arms, what demolishing of curious stone work, that had not any representation in the world, but only the cost of the founder, and skill of the mason, what tooting and piping upon the destroyed organ-pipes, and what a hideous triumph on the market day before all the country, when, in a kind of sacrilegious and profane procession, all the organ pipes, vestments, both copes and surplices, together with the leaden cross, which had been newly sawn down from over the green-yard pulpit, and the service-books, and singing books that could be had were carried to the fire in the market-place; a lewd wretch walking before the train in his cope trailing in the dirt, with a service book in his hand, imitating in an impious scorn the tune, and usurping the words of the Litany used formerly in the church; near the public cross, all these monuments of idolatry must be sacrificed to the fire, not without much ostentation of a zealous joy, in discharging ordnance to the cost of some who professed how much they had longed to see that day. Neither was it any news upon this guild day, to have the cathedral, now open on all sides, to be filled with musqueteers

musqueteers waiting for the major's return, drinking and smoaking tobacco, as freely as if it were turned into an alehouse."*

The good bishop concludes his narrative with this account of the worse than savage treatment, which he and his family experienced from these pretended patriots and reformers.

"Still," says he, "I yet remained in my palace, though with but a poor retinue and means; but the house was held too good for me; many messages were sent by Mr. Corbet, [the principal of the commissioners for sequestrations] to remove me thence; the first pretence was, that the committee, who now was at charge for an house to sit in, might make their daily session there, being

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* St. Paul's cathedral was served in the same manner, and converted into barracks for men and horses.

These outrages, however, were not peculiar to that rebellious period. The republican zealots only imitated what the *pious* John Knox, and his disciples had performed the preceding century, in Scotland, where the venerable remains of ancient piety and munificence still exist, to fill every sober mind with indignation and pity. There is only one cathedral left entire in that kingdom, and this is at Glasgow, which was saved in a remarkable manner.

"When the fanatics, in the year 1567, came to pull down this cathedral, a gardener, who stood by, said, 'My friends cannot you make it a house for serving God in your own way, for it would cost you a great deal of money to build such another?' The fanatics desisted, and it is the only cathedral in Scotland that remains entire and fit for service."

Lord Buchan's Lives of Fletcher and Thomson.

a place

a place both more public, roomy, and chargeless. The committee, after many consultations, resolved it convenient to remove thither, though many overtures, and offers were made to the contrary: Mr. Corbet was impatient of my stay there, and procures and sends peremptory messages for my present dislodging: we desired to have some time allowed for providing some other mansion, if we must needs be cast out of this, which my wife was so willing to hold, that she offered (if the charge of the present committee house were the thing stood upon) she would be intent to defray the sum of the rent of that house, out of what the committee allowed her for a maintenance: but this was not granted: out we must, and that in three weeks warning, by Midsummer Day then approaching, so as we might have lain in the street for ought I know, had not the providence of God so ordered it, that a neighbour in the close, one Mr. Gostlin, a widower, was content to quit his house for us."

Such were the tender mercies of these bigots, compared with whom, the Huns and the Vandals were a civilized and religious race.

The committee for sequestrating the bishop's property in the country, had allowed him four hundred pounds a year out of his estates, for the support of himself and his family, but before the first quarter became due, the committee in London prohibited its payment.

Thus reduced to poverty, this meek and exem-

plary man retired to a house which he rented at Higham, near Norwich, where, even out of the little pittance which remained, he distributed a weekly charity to a certain number of poor widows.

Here he died, September 8, 1656, and was buried in the church yard of St. Peter, Norwich, without any memorial, observing in his will: "I do not hold God's house a meet repository for the dead bodies of the greatest saints."*

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* He expressed the same sentiment in an excellent sermon, preached by him at Exeter, on the consecration of a new burial ground in that city, August 24, 1637. On the practice of burying in churches, he observe:

"I must needs say, I cannot but hold it very unfit and inconvenient, both, first in respect of the majesty of the place; it is the Lord's house, the palace of the King of Heaven; and what prince would have his court made a charnel house? How well soever we loved our deceased friends, yet when their life is dissolved, there is none of us but would be loath to have their corpses inmates with us in our houses: And why should we think fit to offer that to God's house, which we would be loth to endure in our own? The Jews and we are in extremes this way: they hold the place unclean where the dead lies, and will not abide to read any part of the law near to ought that is dead; we make choice to lay our dead in the place where we read and preach both Law and Gospel.

"Secondly, in regard of the annoyance of the living; for the air (kept close within walls) arising from dead bodies, must needs be offensive, as we find by daily experience; more offensive now than of old to God's people; they buried with odours,

It is well observed of Bishop Hall, by the person who preached his funeral sermon, that "his

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odours, the fragrance whereof was a good antidote for this inconvenience; (*she did this to bury me*, saith our Saviour) not so with us; so as the air receives no other tincture than what arises from the evaporation of corrupted bodies."

In this opinion the bishop was not singular. Many men of the greatest judgment and piety have thought that the practice of burying in churches, instead of answering any good purpose, is injurious to health, and a mark of unbecoming ostentation. The great Sir Matthew Hale used to say that "Churches were for the *living*, and church-yards for the *dead*."

There was no such thing as burying in churches for the first three hundred years, though it was a custom with the primitive christians to hold their assemblies frequently at the burying places of the martyrs. Even after the empire became christian, laws were enacted prohibiting and restraining men from burying, both in cities and churches. In the sixth century, church-yards were made burying places, and afterwards kings, bishops, and other eminent persons were, by some laws, allowed interment in churches; but the practice did not become general till popery was fully established.

The learned Rivetus speaking of this practice, says, "*hunc morem, quem invexit Avaritia & Superstitio valde vellem apud nos cum aliis Superstitionis reliquiis esse abolitum, &c.*" 'This custom, which covetousness and superstition first brought in, I wish it were abolished with other relicks of superstition among us.' Grotius also makes the same complaint; and the learned Durantus, a Romanist, wishes the primitive practice were restored.

It is much to be lamented that, in all our great cities and large manufacturing towns, any cemeteries should be permitted within the walls.

industry

industry did not cease, or so much as abate, at any of his preferments; he hath given," says he, "the world as good an account of his time as any man in it; as one that knew the value of time, and esteemed the loss of it more than a temporal loss, because it hath a necessary influence upon eternity. It is well known in this city, [of Norwich]" adds the preacher, "how forward he was to preach in any of our churches, till he was first, forbidden by men, and at last disabled by God.

"And when he could not preach himself, as oft, and as long as he was able, this learned Gamaliel was (not contented only, but) very diligent to sit at the feet of the youngest of his disciples; as diligent a hearer, as he had been a preacher; how oft have we seen him walking alone, like old Jacob, with his staff, to Bethel, the house of God?*"

How meekly he bore his sufferings we are told by the same person, who was intimately acquainted with him:

"But Israel at last," says he, "wanted bread for himself and his family: I cannot say this man did so, but how near he came to it, and by what means, we all know; but must not complain, because he never did: He had not the kindness that

* Whitefoot's Funeral Sermon for Bishop Hall, preached at St. Peter's, Norwich, 1656.

Israel

Israel had in Egypt, to have any allowance for his maintenance from the Lord of the country, yet he never wanted. He was indeed a rare mirrour of patience under all his crosses, which toward his latter end were multiplied upon him. The loss of his estate he seemed insensible of, as if he had parted with all, with as good content as Jacob did with a good part of his, to pacify his angry brother, having well learned, as well to *want* as to *abound*. I have heard him oft bewail the spoils of the church, but very rarely did he so much as mention his own losses, *but took joyfully the spoiling of his goods.*"

It is needless to enumerate his works, which are voluminous and various. His Contemplations on select parts of the Old and New Testament, are a rich mine of solid piety, both entertaining and instructive. But the most remarkable of his performances is that which he entitled "*Virgidemiarum;* or Satires, in Six Books," published first in 1597, and reprinted at Oxford, in 1753, 8vo. In the prologue he calls himself the first satirist in the English language.

> "I first adventure, follow me who list,
> And be the second English satirist."

The work is divided into six books, the first three called *toothless* satires; practical academical, moral. The three last *biting* satires.

Sir John Hawkins, in his life of Johnson, speaking of the qualifications of Pope, sa Editor of Shakspeare,

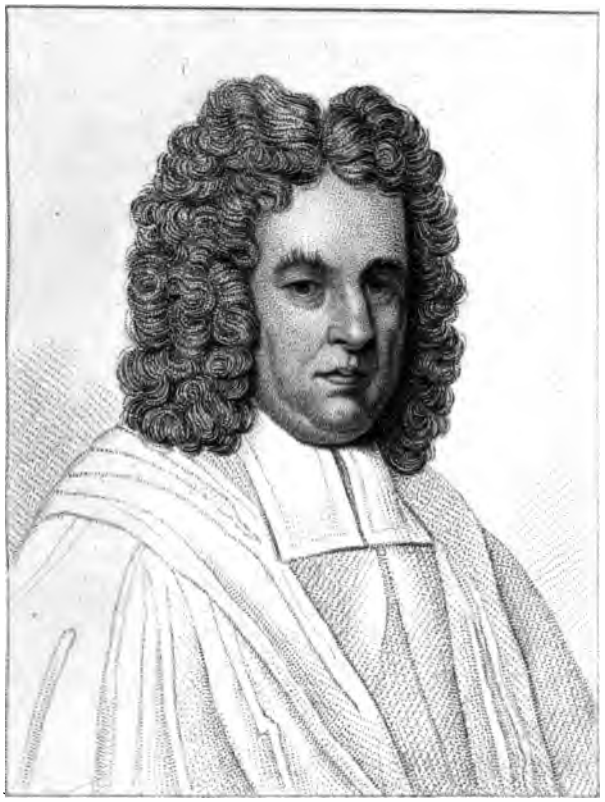
Shakspeare, relates the following anecdote. "So little was he used to that kind of reading [in old authors] that as himself confessed, he had never heard of the Virgidemiarum of Bishop Hall, a collection of the wittiest and best pointed satires in our language, till it was shewn to him, and that so late in life, that he could only express his approbation of it by a wish that he had seen it sooner."

DR. JOHN PRIDEAUX.

BISHOP OF WORCESTER.

THE rise of this learned man was very remarkable. He was born of poor parents at an obscure village called Stowford, in the parish of Harford, in Devonshire. By the charity of some well-disposed persons, he received a good education, which he greatly improved by his indefatigable diligence. From the poverty of his circumstances he stood candidate for the office of parish clerk at Ugborough, in his native county, but he was luckily unsuccessful, for, as he used to say after his advancement to the episcopal dignity, "if I had been chosen clerk of Ugborough, I should never have been bishop of Worcester."

In 1596, he became a poor scholar of Exeter College, Oxford, where he was employed in the servile offices of the kitchen for his support; but such was his diligence, humility, and sobriety, that in 1602, he was elected probationary fellow of that house. The year following, being then master of arts, he entered into holy orders. His reputation for learning, particularly in theology, was so great that, in 1612, he was elected rector of his college; and in 1615, made regius professor of divinity. Wood gives him this high but just character: "In the rectorship



DEAN PRIDEAUX.

Published as the Act directs 1813

'Never better in my life,' saith he, 'only I have too great a stomach; for I have eaten that little *plate* which the sequestrators left me; I have eaten a great *library of excellent books*, I have eaten a great deal of *linen*, much of my *brass*, some of my *pewter*, and now I am come to eat *iron*, and what will come next, I know not.' *

By this means he was at last brought to such extreme poverty, that he would have attended the conference in the Isle of Wight, to be held between commissioners appointed by the king and the parliament, to debate on church government, but he had not wherewith to defray his expenses. In this mean condition he died, in July, 1650, aged seventy-two, at the house of his son-in-law, Dr. Henry Sutton, at Bredon, in Worcestershire: leaving his children no legacy but "pious poverty, God's blessing, and a father's prayers," which are the expressions contained in his last will and testament.

"He had been," says one of his biographers, "a prodigy of industry; insomuch that several persons of his college, who, with an unequal constitution of body, attempting to imitate him, actually destroyed themselves by hard study. A striking proof this of the excellence of his character and disposition, which could have such an influence. His humility was so great, that he

* Walker's Sufferings of the Clergy, p. 78.

constantly

constantly kept his old leather breeches which he wore when he first came to Oxford, as a memorial of his original condition. Of money he was very careless, and he was so liberal in his distributions to the poor, that he at last became one of them himself.

In what a high estimation he was held on account of his extraordinary learning and eminent virtues, will appear from the number of foreigners who cameto England on purpose to prosecute their studies in the college over which he presided. Among these were Cluverius, Amama, Rumphius, and many others who attained a great name in different branches of learning.

This bishop has in print his Theological Lectures, in Latin, several Sermons, A History of Successions in States, Countries, or Families, 8vo. &c.

JOHN HALES.

ALTHOUGH by the quaint courtesy of his contemporaries, this excellent person obtained the singular appellation of the "Ever-memorable Hales," his name and works are not at present so much known as they deserve.

He was a native of Bath, and was entered a student of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, at the early age of thirteen. He afterwards became fellow of Merton College, where he obtained the friendship of the learned Sir Henry Savile,* whom he

* Few men have more claims upon the gratitude of the lovers of literature than Sir Henry Savile. He was a native of Yorkshire, and became fellow of Merton College, Oxford, where he acquired a great name for his skill in the Greek language, and the Mathematicks. In the former he had the honour of teaching Queen Elizabeth, who gave him the Provostship of Eton College. He was knighted by King James, who would have bestowed considerable preferments upon him, which he refused. Sir Henry published an English translation of the four first books, and the Life of Agricola of Tacitus; also a Collection of the best Ancient Writers of our English History; an edition of Bradwardin *de Causa Dei*, &c. &c. In 1619, he founded two Professorships at Oxford, one of Geometry, and the other of Astronomy, which he endowed with a salary of one hundred and sixty pounds a year each.

Sir

he assisted in preparing his capital edition of the works of Chrysostom.

He also contracted an intimacy with Sir Dudley Carleton, whom he accompanied in his embassy to the United Provinces, where Mr. Hales attended the Synod of Dort, of whose proceedings he gave an account in a series of letters to

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Sir Henry died in 1621, and was buried in the chapel of Eton College. The following curious letter, by him to Sir Robert Cotton, was printed by Hearne, in 1626.

"SIR,

"I have made M. Bodley acquainted with your kind and friendly offer, who accepteth of it in most thankful manner; and if it please you to appoint to-morrow at afternoon, or upon Monday or Tuesday next at some houre likewise after dinner, wee will not faile to bee with you at your house for that purpose. And remember I give you faire warning, that if you hold any booke so deare, as that you would be loath to have him out of your sight, set him aside beforehand. For my own part, I wil not do that wrong to my judgment as to choose of the worst, if better bee in place: and beside you would account mee a simple man. But to leave jesting, wee wil any of the days come to you, leaving, as great reason is, your own in your own power freely to retaine or dispose. True it is that I have raised some expectation of the quality of your guest in M. Bodley, whom you shal find a gentleman in all respects worthy of your acquaintance. And so with my best commendations, I commit you to God, this St. Peter's Day,

"Your very assured Friend,

"HENRY SAVILE."

his patron.* Before this he was a Calvinist, but the arguments of Episcopius, in favour of Universal Redemption, were so strong, that from that time, as he told one of his particular friends, he "bade John Calvin good night.†"

By the interest either of Savile or Carleton, but most probably the former, he was made a fellow of Eton College; but being suspected of holding some unsound notions, Archbishop Laud sent for him to Lambeth. Of this interview Dr. Heylyn, in his life of that great but unfortunate prelate, gives us the following account.

"About nine of the clock in the morning Hales came to know his Grace's pleasure, who took him along with him into his garden, com-

* This assembly was held for no other purpose than to condemn those who professed the doctrines commonly called *Arminian:* and these letters, written by Mr. Hales, give a very exact, but by no means a pleasing picture of this famous Protestant Council. It appears that though the Remonstrants (as the Arminians were called) were summoned to the Synod, they were not permitted to speak in it, but were treated as criminals. Our James the first was weak enough to send deputies thither to represent the Churches of England and Scotland; but it is remarkable, that these delegates came home much more moderate than they went out.

† Sometime afterwards, a friend calling upon Mr. Hales, found him reading Calvin's Institutions, on which he asked him "if he was not yet passed that book," to which he answered, 'In my younger days I read it to *inform myself*, but now I read it to *reform him*.'

manding

ARCHBISHOP LAUD.

THIS eminent prelate was the son of William Laud, a clothier, at Reading, and born there in 1573. From the free school there, he was removed to Oxford in 1589. In 1593, he was elected fellow, and in the year ensuing took the degree of B. A. and in 1598 that of M. A. being also chosen grammar lecturer for that year. In 1600, he was ordained deacon, and priest in 1601. Being chosen proctor of the university in 1603, he became chaplain to Charles Blount, Earl of Devonshire, and the year following took the degree of B. D. Contending for the visibility of the church, the necessity of baptism and diocesan bishops, he was opposed by Dr. Holland, at that time divinity professor, as aiming to sow division between the church of England and the reformed churches abroad. Henceforward his opinions rendered him obnoxious to moderate men, and the public resentment was not a little increased by his imprudently marrying his patron, the Earl of Devonshire, to Penelope, the divorced wife of Lord Robert Rich.

Till 1617, his promotion in the church was very considerable, and he was now chosen to attend his Majesty, James I. to Scotland, where his fruitless endeavours to bring the kirk to a uniformity with that of England served to increase the number of its enemies. Charles I. ascending the throne, bishop Laud was taken into the highest degree of favour and confidence; he was extremely active in the high commission court, and is supposed to have prompted the execution of the barbarous sentence passed upon Dr. Alexander Leighton, a Scotch divine, who wrote "Zion's Plea against Prelacy." In his professional capacity, after Laud became archbishop, his chief employment seems to have been the care of the externals of religion. He caused the churches in general to be ornamented with pictures and images; the communion tables in each to be railed in at the east end, and denominated altars. Kneeling at these altars, and the use of copes, were also rigorously enforced, the whole of which were regarded as so many advances towards popery. In 1634, he caused the revival of "The Book of Sports," actively prosecuting such clergymen as refused to read it. His next effort was to compel foreigners residing in England to conform to the established church. The violent proceedings against Prynne, Bastwick, and Burton, generally increased the popular resentment against the archbishop; his ingratitude to archbishop Williams; the measures he advised against Scotland; and, lastly, what was deemed the pious mummery performed by himself in the consecration of the church of St. Catharine Cree; contributed to render this unfortunate ecclesiastic almost an object of general detestation.

The constitutional canons issued from the convocation, continued by Laud after it should have broken up, at length roused all the vengeance of the celebrated assembly, called the Long Parliament. Denzell Holles, second son to the Earl of Clare, by their order, impeached the archbishop of high crimes and misdemeanors at the bar of the upper house. In March 1641, he was committed to the Tower amidst the reproaches and insults of multitudes, and ordered to pay a fine of more than 20,000*l*. In 1644, he was brought to trial, which lasted twenty days, and he was found guilty, though not upon sufficient evidence; the king's pardon was disregarded, and, on the 10th of January 1645, beheaded on Tower-hill; where, though he made a long and affecting speech, numbers seemed to rejoice in his death; and he thus fell a victim to his endeavours to extend the royal prerogative beyond its due limits in church and state.

He was, says I[illegible], low in stature, little [illegible]alk, [illegible]rful in count[illegible] of a sh[illegible] and piercing e[illegible] [illegible] nt, and, [illegible] [illegible] of

gained a good preferment in it; being promoted not long after, by the archbishop's recommendation, to a canonry of Windsor, and to hold the same by dispensation with his place at Eton."*

Wood calls him a *walking library;* and says that "he was a man highly esteemed by learned men abroad and at home, from whom he seldom failed to receive letters every week, wherein his judgment was desired on various points of learning. He was a very hard student to the last, and a great faster, it being his constant custom to fast from Thursday dinner to Saturday; and though a person of wonderful knowledge, yet he was so modest, as to be patiently contented to hear the disputes of persons at table, and those of small abilities, without interposing or speaking a word, till desired. "As for his justness and uprightness in his dealings," says the same writer, "all that knew him, have avouched him to be incomparable: for when he was bursar of his college, and had received bad money, he would lay it aside, and put good of his own in the room of it, to pay others: insomuch that sometimes he has thrown into the river twenty or thirty pounds at a time; all which he hath stood to the loss of himself, rather than the society or the public should be injured."

* Heylyn's Cyprianus Anglicus, p. 340.

But the virtues and talents of this good man could not protect him from the savage fury of the fanatical reformers in the great rebellion. He was first dispossessed of his fellowship at Eton, and one Penwarden put into his place; but even this man was afterwards ashamed, and "touched in conscience for the wrong he had done to so worthy a person, by eating his bread:" and he accordingly made Mr. Hales an offer of resigning it to him again, but he refused to be restored by the authority of that usurping parliament.

After this he had an offer of one hundred pounds a year from a noble family in Kent, if he would settle there; but chusing a retired life, he rather accepted a quarter of that salary, in the family of Mrs. Salter, near Eton, and became tutor to her son. At last, Dr. King, the deprived bishop of Chichester, together with several of his friends, retiring to the house of the same lady, they formed a kind of college there, in which the prayers and sacraments were administered according to the order of the Church of England, Mr. Hales officiating as chaplain.*

But of this consolation they were soon deprived, for a declaration was issued by the tyrants in power, denouncing severe punishment upon all

* Walker's Sufferings of the Clergy, fol. 1714, part II. page 94.

persons

persons who harboured *malignants*, by which name they distinguished those who were loyal to the king, and faithful to the church. Mr. Hales on this voluntarily quitted his asylum, lest his benevolent hostess should come into any danger on his account. He then retired to the house of one Hannah Powney, whose first husband had been his servant. About this time he was so reduced as to be obliged to sell the best part of his library, which cost him two thousand five hundred pounds, for near one quarter of the value: the produce of which he parted with, by degrees, to many scholars, sequestred ministers, and other persons who were in distress; particularly to Mr. Anthony Farindon, a deprived clergyman with a large family. This worthy man coming one day to see Mr. Hales, some months before his death, found him at his mean lodgings in Mrs. Powney's house; but in a temper gravely cheerful, and well becoming an excellent christian under such circumstances. After a slight and very homely dinner, some discourse passed between them concerning their old friends, and the black and dismal aspect of the times; and at last Mr. Hales asked Mr. Farindon to walk out with him into the church yard, where this great man's necessities pressed him to tell his friend, that he had been forced to sell his whole library, save a few books which he had given away, and six or eight books of devotion which lay in his chamber, and as to money, he had no more than what he then

then shewed him, which was about seven or eight shillings; "and besides," said he, "I doubt I am indebted for my lodging." Mr. Farindon, who did not imagine that it had been so very low with him as this came to; and therefore was much surprised and grieved to hear it; said to him, "I have at present money to command, and to morrow will pay you fifty pounds, in part of the many sums which I and my poor wife have received of you in our great necessities; and will pay you more soon, as you shall want it." To this Mr. Hales answered, "No, you don't owe me any thing, and if you do I here forgive you; for you shall never pay me a penny. I know you and yours will have occasion for much more than what you have lately gotten. But if you know any other friend that hath too full a purse and will spare some of it to me, I will not refuse that."* He then said, "When I die, (which I

* This anecdote reminds me of another related of Captain Thomas Coram, the original mover in the establishment of the Foundling Hospital. In his latter days he was reduced to an abject state of poverty, on which Sir Sampson Gideon, and others, procured a subscription, amounting to upwards of a hundred pounds a year, for his support. Upon Dr. Brocklesby's applying to the good old man, to know whether his setting on foot a subscription for his benefit would not offend him, he received this noble answer:—"I have not wasted the little wealth, of which I was formerly possessed, in self-indulgence, or vain expenses, and am not ashamed to confess, that in this, my old age, I am poor."

hope

hope is not far off, for I am weary of this uncharitable world), I desire you will see me buried in that part of the churchyard," pointing to the place."—"But why not in the church," said Mr. Farindon, "with the Provost, Sir Henry Wotton, and the rest of your friends and predecessors?" —"Because," said he, "I am neither the founder of it, nor have I been a benefactor to it; nor shall I ever now be able to be so. I am satisfied."

Thus was this great man literally reduced to beggary, by the iniquity of a faction which pretended an extraordinary zeal for pure religion, and a regard for civil liberty.

Soon after the above conversation he departed out of this life, aged seventy-two, May 19, 1656, and was buried in the spot which he had pointed out.

His learning was universal, and his judgment so exact, that he was consulted by persons of the greatest erudition upon the most abstruse points. These applications were so frequent that he once pleasantly said of his correspondents, "they set up tops, and leave me to whip them for 'em."

Among other of his learned friends was the immortal Grotius, whose picture Mr. Hales kept in his closet. Of his taste for poetry we have already given an instance in the article of Shakspeare; and Sir John Suckling, who published a rhiming

a rhiming catalogue of poets who were candidates for the laureatship, characterizes him thus,

> " Hales set by himself, most gravely did smile,
> To see them about nothing keep such a coile;
> Apollo had spied him, but knowing his mind,
> Past by, and call'd Falkland, that sat just behind."

DAVID

DAVID JENKINS.

THIS honest and intrepid lawyer, whose name is now but little known, ought to be recorded as an example of unshaken loyalty in the worst of times. He was a native of Pendoylon, in Glamorganshire, and was entered at Edmund Hall, Oxford, in 1597. After taking his bachelor's degree, he removed to Gray's Inn, where he studied the common law, and was called to the bar. Early in the reign of Charles the first, he was made one of the judges for South Wales, and continued in that office till the rebellion broke out, "at which time," says Wood, "he either imprisoned divers persons in his circuit, or condemned them to die, as being guilty of high-treason, for bearing arms against the king." This naturally provoked the resentment of the rebels, and the judge falling into their hands at the taking of Hereford, in 1645, he was hurried up to London, and committed prisoner to the Tower.

On being brought to the bar of the Court of Chancery, he denied the authority of the Commissioners, because their seal was counterfeited, in consequence of which he was sent to Newgate. From thence he was brought to the bar of the House of Commons, where he was reprimanded by

by the Speaker for refusing to kneel, on which he replied as follows:

"In your speech, Mr. Speaker, you said the House was offended with my behaviour, in not making any obeisance to you on my coming here; and this was the more wondered at, because I pretended to be knowing in the laws of the land, (having made it my study for these five-and-forty years) and because I am so, that was the reason of such my behaviour: for as long as you had the king's arms engraved on your mace, and acted under his authority, had I come here, I would have bowed my body in obedience to his authority, by which you were first called. But, Mr. Speaker, since you and this house have renounced all your duty and allegiance to your sovereign and natural liege lord the king, and are become *a den of thieves; should I bow myself in this house of Rimmon, the Lord would not pardon me in this thing.*"

This bold speech so irritated the House, that without any farther trial, they voted him and Sir Francis Butler, another royalist, who stood beside him, guilty of high treason, and even fixed the day of their execution, but were diverted from it by a droll speech of that remarkable buffoon, Harry Marten, who told them that *sanguis martyrum est semen ecclesiæ*, and that this way of proceeding would do them mischief.

After this the house sent a committee to Newgate, offering the judge, that "if he would own

their power to be lawful, they would not only take off the sequestrations from his estate, which were about five hundred pounds a year, but would also settle a yearly pension on him of one thousand pounds." To which he answered, "far be it from me to own rebellion to be lawful, because it is successful;" so he desired to see their backs.

Then the chief of them made him another proposal, saying, "that he should have the same grants, if he would only permit them to put it in print, that he did own and acknowledge their power to be lawful, and would not gainsay it." To this he answered, "that he would not connive at their so doing, for all the money they had robbed the kingdom of, and should they be so impudent as to print any such matter, he would sell his doublet and coat to buy pens, ink, and paper, and would set forth the Commons-House in their proper colours."

When they found him so firm, one of the committee used this motive. "You have a wife and nine children, who will all starve if you refuse this offer; so consider, for their sakes, they make up ten pressing arguments for your compliance."—"What," said the judge, "did they desire you to press me in this matter?"—"I will not say they did," replied the Committeeman, "but I think they press you to it without speaking at all."——With that the old man's anger was heightened to the utmost, and in a

passion he said, "Had my wife and children petitioned you in this matter, I would have looked upon her as a *whore*, and them as *bastards*."

Upon this the committee departed, and the judge remained in confinement, expecting nothing less than to be hanged; and he expressed his resolution that if he suffered it should be with the Bible under one arm, and Magna Charta under the other.

Afterwards he was sent to Windsor castle, where he remained till the beginning of 1656, when he was set at liberty, on which he removed to Oxford.

He survived the restoration, but to the disgrace of the government, he neither received preferment nor reward.* He died in 1663, aged upwards of eighty, and was buried in the parish church of Cowbridge, in Glamorganshire. Judge Jenkins printed several small pieces, chiefly against the proceedings of the long parliament. These were collected together into a small volume in duodecimo, in 1648.

* Wood, in his account of him, in the Athenæ Oxoniensis, ventured to assert that the reason why Jenkins was not made one of the Judges in Westminster Hall, at the restoration, was his refusing to give money to the Lord Chancellor, Hyde. For this scandalous falsehood, Wood was sentenced to have a copy of his book burnt, to be fined thirty-four pounds, and to be expelled the University of Oxford.

Another edition was printed in 1681. His portrait is prefixed, under which are these verses:

"Here Jenkyns stands, who thund'ring from the Tower,
Shook the Senate's legislative power:
Six of whose words, twelve reams of votes exceed,
As mountains mov'd by grains of mustard seed.
Thus gasping laws were rescued from the snare,
He that will save a crown must know and dare.*

* Captain Jenkins, great grandson of the Judge, was said to have had his ears cut off in the reign of George II. by a captain of a Spanish ship, who insultingly bade him carry them to the king his master. To this Pope alludes in these lines:

"—— The Spaniard did a waggish thing,
Who cropt our ears to send them to the king."

Jenkins was examined at the bar of the House of Commons, and every endeavour was made to inflame the public mind against the Spaniards, and to involve the nation in a ruinous war. But the fact was, that Jenkins, when examined, was found to have both his ears; and they were on at the time of his death.

JOHN

JOHN MILTON.

THE life of Milton has been written by so many hands that it were needless, in such a volume as the present, to increase the number. All that is necessary here is to collect from the best sources those particulars which will best illustrate the character of this celebrated writer.

The family of Milton was ancient and respectable, in Oxfordshire, but he was himself born in Bread Street, London, where his father carried on the profession of a scrivener. He was a man of learning, and had a considerable skill in the theory and practice of musick, as some of his compositions still extant fully evince.

From him Milton derived a taste for literature and science; and by his own account we learn that his desire of knowledge discovered itself almost in his infancy.

"My father destined me," says he, "when I was yet a child to the study of elegant literature, and so eagerly did I seize on it, that, from my twelfth year, I seldom quitted my studies for my bed till the middle of the night. This proved the first cause of the ruin of my eyes; in addition to the natural weakness of which organs, I was afflicted with frequent pains in my head. When these maladies could not restrain my rage for

learning, my father provided that I should be daily instructed in some school abroad, or by domestic tutors at home."

Milton repaid the kind assiduities of his father, not only by his attention and improvement, but in a Latin poem of considerable merit which is honourable to both, as expressive of the tenderness of the one and the dutiful feelings of the other.

One of the private tutors of Milton was Thomas Young, a puritan minister of great zeal in behalf of nonconformity, as appears from his making one of the five presbyterians who attacked Bishop Hall's Humble Remonstrance, under the barbarous title of Smectymnuus.* From this man it is very likely Milton imbibed that hatred to the hierarchy which he retained to the last moment of his life.

As Milton was intended for the church, it is strange that his father should place him under the tuition of a divine who was at that time an avowed puritan, and afterwards was obliged to retire on that account to Hamburgh, where he officiated to the factory of British merchants, who were generally of the same persuasion.

Before Milton's remove to the University, he spent some time at St. Paul's school, the master of which was Alexander Gill, between whose son

* See page 169.

and

and our author there arose a particular friendship.

At the age of seventeen Milton entered of Christ's College, Cambridge, where his tutor was William Chappel, afterwards provost of Dublin University, and lastly Bishop of Cork and Ross.

Such was the beauty and delicacy of Milton's person that he was commonly called the "Lady of Christ's College;"* but from one of his Latin elegies, addressed to a friend it is clear, if words have any meaning at all, that his residence there was by no means easy. Indeed, from them, some have asserted, and others inferred, that he was actually expelled from the University. This, however, was contradicted by himself, and is not supported by any proof; on the contrary, he kept his terms, and completed both his degrees in arts. Still that he underwent some mortifying punishment is apparent from the tone of resentment in which he writes. His words are these:

Jam nec arundiferum mihi cura revisere Camum
Nec dudum vetiti me laris angit amor:
Nuda nec arva placent, umbrasque negantia molles:
Quam malè Phœbicolis convenit ille locus!
Nec duri libet usque minas perferre magistri
Cæteraque ingenio non subeunda meo.

* So great was the vanity of Milton, that he wrote and published an encomium on his own beautiful face. In some Greek lines on an engraved portrait of himself, he abuses the artist as a dauber and a bungler, for not giving a handsome representation of his "fair and open countenance."

Si sit hoc exilium patrios adiise penates
Et vacuum curis otia grata sequi:
Non ego vel profugi nomen sortemve recuso
Lætus et exilii conditione fruor.

Here he pours contempt enough upon the "naked Cam," and his "lately forbidden college;" but what follows sufficiently marks an irritated mind, ull of resentment at having been ill-treated. He s impatient of the "threats of a hard master, and *other things*, not to be endured by a temper like his;" and he "exults at being an exile in his father's house."

Now though these lines do not prove that he was absolutely expelled, or as one of his antagonists coarsely enough expresses it, "vomited out of the university," they plainly indicate that he had undergone some academical censure and was rusticated from college.

It has been even asserted that Milton underwent the discipline still inflicted on school boys, that of being publicly whipped in the college.

The latter biographers and apologists of Milton have exerted their zeal to disprove this charge, which rests, to be sure, on the single authority of Aubrey, aud the keen allusions to college discipline in the above Latin lines. But against both, a quotation has been produced from one of Milton's controversial pieces. In his "Apology for Smectymnuus," in reply to an anonymous writer, (supposed to have been a son of Bishop Hall), Milton says:

"I must

"I must be thought, if this libeller can find belief, after an inordinate and riotous youth spent at the *University*, to have been at length *vomited out there*. For which commodious lie, that he may be encouraged in the trade another time, I thank him; for it hath given me an apt occasion to acknowledge publicly, with all grateful mind, that more than ordinary favour and respect, which I found above many of my equals at the hands of those courteous and learned men, the fellows of that college, wherein I spent some years, who, at my parting, after I had taken two degrees, as the manner is, signified many ways how much better it would content them that I would stay, as by many letters full of kindness and loving respect, both before that time and long after, I was assured of their singular good affection towards me. Which, being likewise propense to all such as were for their studious and civil life, worthy of esteem, I could not wrong their judgments and upright intentions so much as to think I had that regard for them for other cause than that I might be still encouraged to proceed in the honest and laudable cause, of which they apprehended I had given good proof. And to these ingenious and friendly men, who were ever the countenancers of virtuous and hopeful wits, I wish the best and happiest things that friends in absence wish one another."

If this passage be carefully and coolly examined, there will be found little in it to confute what Aubrey

brey has asserted. The flagellation of Milton is not said to have been in consequence of any criminal act, and as this remnant of barbarous discipline lasted in our universities till after his time, it could only confer a momentary disgrace. Milton, in his vindication from the false accusation of having been *vomited out of the university*, confines himself to the praise "of the fellows of his college;" but he makes not the slightest mention of the master, Dr. Bainbridge, who is recorded to have been a most rigid disciplinarian, and that on those very points which Milton particularly disliked. The latter had been puritanically educated, and was moreover of a temper impatient of controul: all his compositions prove, that he was vain and confident of himself, and of the opinions which he adopted. His early epistles and poems exhibit this feature of his character too strongly to be overlooked; and in the very poem already mentioned, he admits that his "disposition could not brook the threats of a rigorous master," by whom, as is most reasonable to be supposed, he meant Dr. Bainbridge, the head of his college.

It is remarkable, that in his Latin epistle he speaks of the pleasure he experienced from theatrical amusements.

> Excipit hinc fessum sinuosi pompa theatri,
> Et vocat ad plausus garrula scena suos.

Yet in his "Apology for Smectymnuus," he makes the universities the objects of his coarsest abuse, for

for permitting the students to act plays. Thus, as Dr. Johnson aptly remarks, "plays were therefore only criminal when they were acted by academicks."

It was his father's intention, as we have already observed, that he should enter into the church, but the principles he had imbibed from Young, and the course of studies which he afterwards pursued, alienated his mind from that profession which he not only renounced, but treated with a virulence peculiar to himself, saying, that whoever became a clergyman must "subscribe slave, and take an oath withal, which, unless he took with a conscience that could not retch, he must straight perjure himself. I thought it better therefore, (he adds,) to prefer a blameless silence before the office of speaking, bought and begun with servitude and foreswearing."

This, if it means any thing, can have an allusion only to the oaths of civil and canonical obedience, required to be taken by all persons who enter on the ministry of the church;—so early then may we fix the antimonarchical and puritanical principles of Milton.

In 1638, he set out on his travels, passing through France to Italy, where he was treated with marks of uncommon respect, which he repaid by attacking the established religion in his conversation, contrary to the wholesome advice he had received from Sir Henry Wotton,

to

to "keep his thoughts close, and his countenance loose."

This fervid zeal of Milton can admit of no excuse; for it was only calculated to irritate the inhabitants of the country where he resided, and to make his own religion more hated by them, as being unfavourable to good manners. Of his imprudence in this respect we have the following anecdote.

The famous Giovanni Baptista Manso, to whom he was recommended by a hermit that had travelled with him from Rome, having received him with great respect, and waited upon him several times at his own lodgings, told him at his departure, that he would have gladly done him more good offices, if he had been more reserved in matters of religion: and he dismissed him with the following distich, alluding to that indiscretion, and Pope Gregory's remark upon the beauty of the English youths:

Ut mens forma, decor, facies, mos, si pietas sic,
Non Anglus, verùm hercle Angelus ipse fores.

During his residence at Florence, Milton visited Galileo, the celebrated astronomer, who for asserting the motion of the earth and the antipodes, was persecuted by the inquisition, and obliged to recant his heretical opinions. One of Milton's biographers conjectures that, from this intercourse, he obtained more correct ideas respecting

specting our planetary system; but if so he made a bad use of what he had learnt, in his Paradise Lost, where he perplexes us with the jargon of the Ptolemaic school, and makes, "Confusion worse confounded," by leaving the reader in doubt, whether to prefer the plain and exact system of Copernicus, or a cumbrous old fabric, of which a scientific monarch once said, with more astronomical zeal than piety, that if the "Almighty had called him to his counsel about the creation of the world, he would have made it better."*

The news of an approaching revolution at home, induced our young traveller to hasten his return to England, where he arrived at the close of 1639. The aspect of affairs was perfectly agreeable to his mind, but the times were not yet sufficiently ripened for him to display his hatred against the ecclesiastical government, which had long rankled in his heart. He then set up a school in Aldersgate Street, where he formed a new plan of education, which, according to the account of his nephew, Philips, proved more advantageous to the improvement of the tutor than of the pupils, as it consisted in reading a great variety of authors, not usually to be found in schools.

In 1641, he began his attack upon the bishops,

* Alphonsus of Arragon.

who

who were already exposed to the infuriate rage of a deluded rabble set on by fanatical lecturers.

Milton had imbibed a deadly hatred against the prelates, and his malignity had much of that enthusiasm in it which was the prevalent fashion of those turbulent times. He represents himself as actually under the impulse of the Divine Spirit, and, says he, "When God commands to take the trumpet and blow a dolorous and jarring blast, it is not in man's will what he shall say, or what he shall conceal."*

This is sufficiently strong, but though it might have well become such men as George Fox, James Naylor, Lodowick Muggleton, or such crack-brained illiterate zealots, it is not language that could have been expected from the author of Comus.

There was little occasion for Milton's "trumpet to blow a dolorous blast and jarring sound," when the whole nation was become mad through the preaching of the men of his party, and when the hierarchy was shaking to the foundations. But to plead the command of God for what he did, was little less than blasphemous. What manner of spirit Milton was of will appear from the following invective against the bishops, when they were enduring a severe persecution.

* Reason of Church Government.

"But

"But they," says he, "that by the impairing and diminution of the true faith, the distresses and servitude of their country, aspire to high dignity, rule and promotion here, after a shameful end in this life, *(which God grant them !)* shall be thrown down eternally into the darkest and deepest gulf of hell; where, under the despiteful controul, the trample and spurn of all the other damned, who, in the anguish of their torture, shall have no other ease than to exercise a raving and bestial tyranny over them, as their slaves and negroes, they shall remain in that plight for ever, the basest, the lowermost, the most dejected, most underfoot, and trodden down vassals of perdition."* So much for the Christian charity and meekness of this celebrated genius, who could, while venting such horrible curses and impious wishes, pretend that he acted by divine commandment!

In 1643, he entered into the marriage state, with the daughter of Mr. Powel, of Forest Hill, in Oxfordshire, who was a firm royalist. In little more than a month, however, the lady, under pretence of visiting her relations, withdrew from him, and on her refusal to return, Milton formed the resolution of repudiating her, and accordingly published several treatises in defence of that resolution.

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* Treatise on Reformation, in his prose works, Vol. I. page 274.

"There

"There is not perhaps," says one writer, "a more remarkable instance how submissive a slave, reason becomes sometimes to passion, than Milton has given in these books *of the doctrine and discipline of Divorce;* he undertakes to prove it warranted from scripture, to divorce a wife for no other reason, but only not liking her temper. He had struck up the match in great haste. It was about Whitsuntide or a little after, that he took a journey into the country, nobody about him certainly knowing the reason, or that it was any more than a journey of recreation. After a month's stay from home, he returns a married man, bringing the bride and some few of her nearest relations along with him. As soon as the feasting, which held for some days, was over, the relations returned to Forest Hill, leaving their sister behind, but probably not much to her satisfaction, as appeared by the sequel. For by that time she had for a month, or thereabout, led a philosophical life, after having been used at home to a great house, and much company and joviality, her friends, probably incited by her own desire, made earnest suit by letter, to have her company the remaining part of the summer; which was granted, on condition of her return at the time appointed, Michaelmas, or thereabout. That time expiring without any account of her, Milton sent for her by letter. This and several others being unanswered, he dispatched a messenger with a letter to fetch her home. But that

was

was treated with contempt. This so incensed him that thinking it dishonourable ever to receive her again, he set himself to find out arguments to support that resolution."* On this he published his books in defence of divorce, which gave such offence to the Assembly of Divines, then sitting at Westminster, that they caused the author to be summoned before the House of Lords, who dismissed him without any censure. But this conduct of the Assembly made Milton their enemy, and from this time he opposed his old friends the presbyterians, with as much virulence as he had before done the episcopal party, so little were his attachments or resentments founded upon principle.

Not content with defending every man's right to put away his wife, at his mere will and pleasure; Milton was about to assert the lawfulness of polygamy also, and he actually paid his addresses to a young lady of great accomplishments, the daughter of one Dr. Davis, but the damsel was averse to the motion, and no wonder, when she found that her suitor was a married man.

This, however, brought about a reconciliation between Milton and his wife; for the affairs of the royalists being in a very low way, her friends were desirous of regaining the favour of a man whose influence was great with the reigning fac-

* Biographia Britannica, Art. MILTON, Note z.

tion. Of this re-union Philips gives the following account:

"There dwelt in the lane of St. Martin's le Grand, which was hard by Milton's house, a relation of his, one Blackborough, whom it was known he often visited; and upon this occasion the visits were more narrowly observed, and possibly there might be a combination between both parties, the friends on both sides consenting to the same action. One time above the rest, making his usual visit, the wife was ready in another room, and on a sudden he was surprised with a sight of one whom he had thought never to have seen more, making submission and begging pardon on her knees before him. He might probably, at first, make some shew of aversion and rejection, but partly his own generous nature, more inclinable to a reconciliation, than to perseverance in anger and revenge, and partly the strong intercession of friends on both sides, soon brought him to an act of oblivion, and a firm league of peace for the future. And it was at length concluded, that she should remain in St. Clement's Church-yard, at the house of one Widow Webber, whose second daughter had been married to the other brother [Sir Christopher Milton] many years before."

It is supposed by some writers, particularly Fenton, that Milton had this circumstance in his recollection when, in describing the reconciliation

ation of Adam and Eve, he composed these lines:

> Soon his heart relented
> Towards her his life so late, and sole delight,
> Now at his feet submissive in distress.

But the thought is more ingenious than solid; for Milton never shewed much kindness to his family; and on the present occasion, though the reconciliation was brought about by the submission of his wife, and the good offices of their friends, there was little of tenderness on his part. It has been supposed that his wife quitted him from a dislike of his political principles; but this is highly improbable, for there are few women so romantic as to sacrifice love and interest to speculative opinions; besides, it is not to be supposed that a man of Milton's disposition would keep his real sentiments concealed about public affairs, at the time of his courtship. From all that appears in Milton's character, and his nephew's narrative, this was a marriage made up in haste, and the honey-moon soon terminated in disgust, produced by the forbidding austerity of the husband's manners.

When Milton found that his wife staid longer than the time appointed, he sent her a letter, but it is remarkable enough, that we have no account of any preliminary correspondence. No answer being given, he sent her another mandate to re-

turn, which was also disobeyed: on which this husband of a month, instead of going himself, as a man who really loved his wife would have done, sent a messenger to bring her away. Upon her refusal to obey this injunction also, our Petruchio made no farther advances, but immediately set himself to examine the Bible, whether he could not discover scriptural authorities for putting away his wife for other causes besides fornication. He that has formed an inclination and resolution will not be long in finding reasons and proofs for indulging his purpose. Error once imbibed through a spirit of resentment at real or supposed injuries, will readily be furnished with arguments to give it a colour of defence. Such was the occasion, and such were the grounds on which Milton wrote and published his celebrated treatises "On the Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce," in which, according to his eulogist, he has made "out a strong case," but which every dispassionate reader will pronounce to be an apology for domestic tyranny and licentiousness of manners.

But though we condemn the motives which led Milton to write these books, it must be mentioned to his praise, that when the storm of rebellion had overwhelmed the fortune of his wife's family, he gave them an asylum in his house, where they remained till their affairs were accommodated through Milton's interest.

In 1647, he removed to a smaller habitation in High Holborn, overlooking Lincoln's Inn Fields,

where he wrote some political pieces, and planned his History of England, which he never finished: for he had proceeded no farther than the conquest, when he was appointed Latin Secretary to the Council of State. At the command of those regicides, he published his *Iconoclastes*, [the *image breaker*] against the celebrated piece entitled Εικων Βασιλικη [the *royal image*] which was printed under the name of the Royal Martyr, and made so great an impression upon the minds of the people, that his murderers thought it necessary to engage the pen of Milton to reply to it. Under the same authority and by their command, he wrote his famous book, *Pro Populo Anglicano Defensio:* the occasion of which was this; Salmasius, a learned professor at Leyden, had published, in 1649, a volume with this title "*Defensio Regia pro Carolo Primo ad Carolum Secundum.*" For this work Charles the Second is said to have rewarded the author with a hundred Jacobuses. Though the book was not altogether equal to the subject; the ruling faction in England deemed a reply necessary. Milton was accordingly pitched upon, and the sum of one thousand pounds was the price of his labour, which was dearly earned by the loss of his eyesight.

In this performance he contrived to defend the prevalent sect of Independents or, Brownists; and by a gross falsehood alleged that Luther,

Calvin, Bucer, and Zuinglius, were of the same opinion.

The last biographer of Milton is quite in a rage at this accusation, which was thrown out by Bishop Watson, in his 30th of January Sermon, 1795. This *sagacious biographer* repels the charge by a *Welch* argument, asserting that Milton is only speaking of contending for liberty against the tyranny of a single person. But what was the matter in dispute? Salmasius had accused the English with destroying their national church, and laying religion prostrate, by the adoption of the levelling tenets of the Brownists. Milton's reply is a miserable subterfuge, founded upon a wilful falsehood. He pretends to vindicate the faction to which he belonged, upon the same principles which induced the reformers to separate from the Church of Rome; and by an artful manœuvre worthy of his cause, though not of the man, he puts rebellion against the king, and the reformation from popery upon the same footing.

Of the two books, the famous Hobbes made this remark, that "he knew not whose language was best, or whose arguments were worst."

In abuse, Milton has clearly the advantage over his adversary, whom he treats with unmanly ridicule, because he was, unfortunately, married to a scold. Alluding to this, and to his being a Frenchman, he says, "*Tu es Gallus, & ut aiunt, nimi-*

um

um Gallinaceus." *Thou art a cock, and, as they say, confoundedly hen-pecked.* A wretched pun which shews more malignity than wit.*

He also accuses Salmasius of venality, and insultingly says, that he had written his book to satisfy his hunger; forgetting belike his own price of one thousand pounds, and the golden chain of salary by which he was tied to bark in the defence of a gang of ruffians.

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* In the Sorberiana is the following anecdote of this great man:

"When I was at Leyden studying physic, I frequently had conversation with Salmasius. I used continually on a Sunday afternoon to visit him, where I found people of very high rank. Salmasius used to sit on one side of the fire place, and his wife on the other; and the company round them. She was a woman of great sense and reading; and continually joined in the discourse; and no one of the company escaped her raillery. Salmasius said little, and without effort; but when in good humour, he was very talkative and erudite. I remember carrying with me there a French gentleman who had never seen him, and we agreed to talk of hunting and coursing. We opened the subject; and my friend, who was an old sportsman, declared he was surprised at the accurate and wide knowledge of Salmasius on that topic. 'For he talked not of field sports, (says my friend,) from books alone, but he shewed an acquaintance with them that could only be obtained by traversing the whole country and killing a thousand hares.'"

In the life of Milton, prefixed to the last edition of his prose works, the writer not only delights to trample, with a savage ferocity on the grave of Salmasius, but he vents the most scandalous reproaches on the character of his wife.

Salmasius, who died in 1653, left a reply to his formidable antagonist, which was published at the time of the restoration. In this work he reproached Milton with losing his eyes in the quarrel, and Milton again is said to have delighted himself with the belief that he had shortened Salmasius's life; "both, perhaps," says Johnson, "with more malignity than reason."

When Cromwell usurped the regal authority, without the name, our sturdy republican, who had said that "a popular government was the most frugal; for the trappings of a monarchy would set up an ordinary commonwealth;" sold his services and his flatteries to the tyrant.

He continued to be Latin Secretary, and he pursued his controversies with unabated vigour. His treatment of Morus, to whom he ascribed a work entitled, *Regis Sanguinis clamor ad Cœlum*, "the blood of the king crying to heaven," was scandalous. Milton knew that Morus was not the author of the book, and yet he attacked him with a shower of the vilest abuse. He raked even into the chronicle of private scandal, and in a most indecent epigram charged his overwhelmed victim with having had a bastard by a servant girl of Salmasius. So low could Milton descend. His adulation of Bradshaw, Ireton, and Cromwell, was as mean and disgusting as his controversies were venomous. The language in which he addresses his master, the Protector, is beyond example; unless, perhaps, we may be allowed to except the

the impious flatteries which in our days have been poured forth at the shrine of a still greater tyrant and usurper.

"We were left," says Milton to Cromwell, "to ourselves: the whole national interest fell into your hands, and subsists only in your abilities. To your virtue, overpowering and resistless, every man gives way, except some, who, without equal qualifications, aspire to equal honours, who envy the distinctions of merit greater than their own, or who have yet to learn, that in the coalition of human society, nothing is more pleasing to God, or more agreeable to reason, than that the highest mind should have the sovereign power."

On the death of Oliver, and the resignation of Richard Cromwell, Milton endeavoured to prevent the restoration, and his pamphlets were filled with the old venom against monarchical government.

He had borne too active a part in the preceding convulsions, to suppose that he should escape unnoticed on the re-establishment of the ancient order of things. Accordingly on the approach of that event he concealed himself in a friend's house, in Bartholomew's-Close, for some time. His Iconoclastes, and Defence of the people of England, were burnt by the common hangman, and the House of Commons resolved, that both he and Goodwin, who had also vindicated the murder of the king, should be prosecuted by the Attorney General. But on the passing of the Act of Oblivion,

livion, Milton finding his name not excepted therein, and thinking himself safe, came out of his concealment. The Attorney General, however, not being discharged of the order to prosecute, caused him to be apprehended, and he was accordingly taken into the custody of the Serjeant at Arms, but was soon released.

Dr. Johnson rightly remarks, that as a prosecution was ordered, it must have been by design that Milton was included in the general oblivion. He is said to have had friends in the house, such as Marvel, Morrice, and Sir Thomas Clarges; and undoubtedly a man like him must have had influence. A very particular story of his escape is told by Richardson, in his memoirs, which he received from Pope, as delivered by Betterton, who might have heard it from Davenant. In the war between the king and the parliament, Davenant was made prisoner, and condemned to die; but was spared at the request of Milton. When the turn of success brought Milton into the like danger, Davenant repaid the benefit by appearing in his favour.

Another account of the means by which our author escaped, has been given by an historian who lived near his own times. It is as follows:

"Milton, the Latin Secretary to Cromwell, distinguished by his writings in favour of the rights and liberties of the people, pretended to be dead,

and had a publick funeral procession. The king applauded his policy in escaping the punishment of death, by a seasonable shew of dying."*

Being thus out of danger, he removed to Jewin street, where he married his third wife, who was the daughter of a Cheshire gentleman, but the state of wedlock did not afford him much happiness. The first wife left him in disgust, and was brought back only by terror; the second seems to have been more of a favourite, but her life was short. The third, as Philips relates, oppressed his children in his life time, and cheated them at his death.†

Milton's last remove was to a house in the Artillery Walk, leading to Bunhill Fields, but during the plague he retired to St. Giles Chalfont, in Buckinghamshire. On a glass window in the house where he resided at Chalfont, were discovered several years ago, the following lines, evidently the composition of Milton, though they have not obtained a place in his works.

Fair mirror of foul times, whose fragile sheen,
Shall, as it blazeth, break; while Providence
(Ay watching o'er his saints with eye unseen)
Spreads the red rod of angry pestilence
To sweep the wicked and their counsels hence;

* Cunningham's History of Great Britain, Vol. I. p. 14.

† Johnson's Lives of the Poets, Vol. I. p. 184.

Yea,

Yea, all to break the pride of lustful kings
Who heaven's lore reject for brutish sense;
As erst he scourged Jesside's sin of yore
For the fair Hittite, when on Seraph's wings,
He sent him war, or plague, or famine sore.

Of this sonnet, it will hardly be doubted, that the manner, sentiment, and expression are such as might be expected from Milton; but there is a singular mistake in the concluding lines where the pestilence is represented as having been a judgment on David for his adultery with Bath-sheba, when, on the contrary, that visitation was the consequence of his sin in numbering the people.

Milton had finished his Paradise Lost, before he went into the country, where, upon a hint given him by his reader Elwood, the quaker, he began his Paradise Regained, to which by an unaccountable partiality he gave the preference.

His nephew relates a remarkable circumstance concerning the composition of Paradise Lost:

"Whereas," says he, "I had the perusal of it from the very beginning, for some years, as I went from time to time to visit him, in parcels of ten, twenty, or thirty verses at a time, (which being written by whatever hand came next, might possibly want correction as to the orthography and pointing) having as the summer came on, not been shewed any for a considerable while, and desiring the reason thereof, was answered, that this vein never happily flowed but from the autumnal

autumnal equinox to the vernal; and that whatever he attempted at other times was never to his satisfaction, though he courted his fancy never so much; so that in all the years he was about this poem, he may be said to have spent half his time therein."

The same thing is confirmed by the testimony of his widow, who related that her husband composed principally in the Winter; and on his waking in the morning, would make her write down sometimes twenty or thirty verses. On being asked whether he did not frequently read Homer and Virgil, she replied, that "he stole from no body, but the muse who inspired him." To a lady who enquired, who the muse was, she answered, "it was God's grace, and the Holy Spirit that visited him nightly."*

From Milton's nuncupative will, which was published by Mr. Warton, it appears that our great bard was not very happy in his family, for in it he complains of his "unkind children, who had left and neglected him because he was blind:" and from the deposition of one of his servants, we are informed that they would occasionally sell his books to the dunghill women, as the witness calls them; that they combined with the maid servant, and advised her to cheat the old man in her markettings; and that one of

* Life of Milton, by Bishop Newton.

them

them, Mary, on being told that her father was about to be married, replied, that "that was no news, but if she could hear of his death, that were something."*

This domestic picture is melancholy enough, but may it not, in a great measure be charged to the bad education which these daughters received, and to the neglect of religious example? We cannot accuse Milton of infidelity, it is true; on the contrary, he seems to have been a pietist; but he despised all forms of worship, and it does not appear that any thing like devotional exercise was kept up in his family.

His children were taught to read Latin and Greek, without understanding a word of either, for the sole purpose of amusing their father. An employment of this kind must be heavily burthensome, and it cannot be supposed that a task unproductive of knowledge, or pleasure, could be entered upon without repugnance. Before we condemn the daughters, on account of the complainings of the father, or the depositions of his servant, it is right to consider how they were bred and to what hardships they were exposed.

The temper of Milton, is sufficiently indicated in the management of his controversies, and in the line of his political conduct; we may therefore well conclude, that in the circle of his family re-

* Warton's Edition of Milton's Juvenile Poems.

lations,

lations, his manners were not less severe, and the consequence was such as might have been expected. He who had been so great a stickler for rebellion against his sovereign, was now requited by rebellion in his household.

If the two following anecdotes be genuine, the conduct of Charles the second to Milton was generous, and ought to have secured his memory from the unmannerly language of a late writer, who in his zeal for the poet has thought proper to abuse every one who differed from him.

Mr. Richardson relates, upon the authority of Henry Bendysh, a descendant of Cromwell's, that an offer was made to Milton, soon after the restoration, of replacing him in the office of Latin Secretary, but that he refused it, contrary to the intreaties of his wife, to whom he said, "You are in the right; you, as other women, would ride in your coach; for me, my aim is to live and die an honest man."

By honesty it is to be supposed Milton meant consistency, but this he had already sacrificed, when he became the tool of a tyrant who had overthrown his favourite commonwealth; and it can only excite a smile to hear a man talk of the dishonesty of accepting the place of Latin Secretary, to which neither moral nor political guilt could possibly attach.

The other anecdote is told without any authority, and therefore is entitled to just as much credit as the reader shall think it deserves. It is, however, sufficiently

sufficiently curious and characteristic for a place in this collection.

James, Duke of York, told the king, his brother, one day, that he had a great desire to see old Milton of whom he had heard so much. Charles replied that he had no objection to the duke's gratifying his curiosity. Accordingly James went privately to Milton's house, where, after an introduction, which explained to the old republican the rank of his guest, a free conversation ensued, in the course of which the duke asked Milton, whether he did not think that the loss of his eyesight was a judgment inflicted upon him for writing against the late king. Milton answered, "If your highness thinks that calamities which happen to us, are the visitations of Providence for our sins, you should recollect that your father lost his head!"

This answer greatly offended the duke, who on his return to court exclaimed, "brother, you are greatly to blame if you don't have that old rogue Milton, hanged!"—"Why what's the matter, James," said the king, "you seem to be in a passion. Have you seen Milton?"—"Yes," says the duke, I have seen him."—"Well," said the king, "in what condition did you find him?"—"Condition, why he is old and very poor."—"Old and poor! Well, and he is blind too, is he not?"—"Yes, blind as a beetle!"—"Ods fish then," says the king, "you are a fool, James, to have him hanged, for that would be to put him out

out of his miseries; no, no, let him live, for if he is old, poor, and blind, he has punishment enough in all conscience!"

Yet it is said that Milton was not without apprehensions of vengeance, and he was in fearful terror of being assassinated; though he had escaped the talons of the law, he knew he had made himself enemies in abundance. He was so dejected he would lie awake whole nights.*

Why he should be afraid of assassination it is difficult to account, though one of his admirers gravely adduces the cases of Dorislaus, and Ascham, to justify Milton's fears. But these men were killed in the height of the rebellion, and when the rage of both parties was wound up to a degree of deadly hatred; besides, these two men were agents for the prevailing faction at home, and the exiled cavaliers, therefore, at the Hague and Madrid, thought themselves justified in getting rid of their enemies wherever they could find them. But now the laws of government had recovered their force, and tranquillity followed. Since the restoration, no instance of revenge like that which Milton feared had happened, even upon men who had been more deeply engaged in the rebellion than he had, so that his apprehensions certainly did "indicate a weak mind."

The last residence of Milton was in Artillery

* Richardson's Life of Milton.

Walk, Bunhill Fields. Here, we are told, he used to sit, in a grey coarse cloth coat, at the door in warm summer weather, to enjoy the fresh air, and so, as well as in his own room, he received the visits of people of distinguished parts as well as quality. The same writer tells us that he had an original picture of Milton given him by Dr. Wright, an ancient clergyman in Dorsetshire, who told him that Milton lived in a small house, but one room, as he thought, on a floor; where he found him up one pair of stairs, in a chamber hung with rusty green, sitting in an elbow chair; black clothes, and neat enough; pale, but not cadaverous; his hands and fingers gouty, and with chalk stones; and that, among other discourse, he expressed himself to this purpose, that were he free from the pain this gave him, his blindness would be tolerable."*

He continued his literary exertions to the last moment of his existence; and the variety of his labours fills the mind with astonishment. He died November 8, 1674, and so quiet was his departure that they who waited in his chamber were ignorant of it till they found him a corpse. His remains were interred near his father's, in the upper part of the chancel of St. Giles's Church, Cripplegate, where the late Mr. Whitbread placed a bust of him, executed by Bacon.

* Richardson *ut supra*, p. 4.

In his youth, Milton was fond of robust exercises, and he excelled in fencing. When he was confined to his house by blindness and the gout, he had a swing made for the purpose of exercise. In his early years he injured his health and his eye-sight by night studies; but afterwards he corrected this practice, and usually retired to rest at nine, and rose at four or five.

The first thing in the morning was to have a chapter of the Scriptures, either in Hebrew or Greek read to him; after this he spent some hours in private meditation. From seven to twelve he had a book read to him, or he dictated to an amanuensis. Then he indulged himself in walking or swinging. His dinner was at one, plain and frugal. After this he played on the bass viol, or the organ, accompanied by his voice, which was very musical.* From this recreation he returned again to his books or to composition. At six he admitted the visits of his

* "In relation to his love of music," says Richardson, "and the effect it had upon his mind, I remember a story I had from a friend, I was happy in for many years; and who loved to talk of Milton, as he often did. Milton hearing a lady sing finely, 'Now will I swear,' says he, 'this lady is handsome.'—His ears were now eyes to him."—*Remarks on Milton's Life*, p. 6.

This puts one in mind of the blind Professor Saunderson's discovering the beauty of the lady he married, by feeling her eyelashes.

friends; his supper, which was simple, he took at eight; he then smoked his pipe over a glass of water, and at nine retired to rest. Such was the general distribution of the day with this great man, towards the close of his life, but when he was in a publick situation, this uniformity could not be preserved.

Of his literary character, we shall say nothing; for it comes not within the plan of our work; and if any reader shall think that, in the preceding sketch, Milton has been treated with severity, let him consider whether the facts exhibited do not justify the remarks that have been made. It creates indignation to see writers studying panegyric instead of truth; and from their high admiration of genius making its very errors the subjects of praise. Biography thus perverted becomes dangerous, as tending to give the sanction of authority to bad principles; and converting the just reverence entertained for the mental accomplishments of a man into an apology for the whole of his conduct.

SIR

SIR MATTHEW HALE.

THIS country has produced few greater men, and none better than Sir Matthew Hale, whose whole conduct in public life as a judge, and in private as a Christian, separated from his literary character, will always render his name venerable, and his example of inestimable value.

He was born at Alderly, in Gloucestershire, in 1609. His grandfather was a wealthy clothier at Wotton-under-Edge, in that county, who left a large family of sons and daughters well provided for. The second son, the father of the judge, was a barrister of Lincoln's Inn, but of so scrupulous a conscience that he gave over practice because he could not, in conscience, give a colour in pleadings which he thought was telling a lie. This, with other reasons, induced him to quit the Inns of Court, and retire into the country, where he left, out of his small estate, twenty pounds a year to the poor of Wotton, which his son confirmed to them, with some addition, and with this regulation, that it should be distributed among such poor housekeepers as did not receive alms of the parish. This good man died when his son was only five years old, but the loss of the father was supplied by the care of his mother,

and the tenderness of a near relation, Anthony Kingscot, of Kingscot, Esq.

After a private education he was removed to Magdalen Hall, Oxford, under the noted puritan, Obadiah Sedgwick; but it seems he did not imbibe any of the fanatical principles of his tutor, for the stage-players visting Oxford, says his biographer, he was so much corrupted by seeing many plays, that he almost wholly forsook his studies.

"The corruption of a young man's mind in one particular," continues the same writer, "generally draws on a great many more. So he being now broken off from his studies, and from the gravity of deportment, which was formerly eminent in him, far beyond his years, set himself to many of the vanities incident to youth, but still he preserved a great probity of mind, he loved fine cloaths, and delighted much in company; and being of a strong robust body, he was a great master of all those exercises which required much strength. He also learned to fence, in which he became so expert, that he worsted many of the masters of those arts; but as he was exercising himself in them, an instance appeared that gave some hopes of better things. One of his masters told him he could teach him no more, for he was now better at his own trade than himself. This Mr. Hale looked upon as flattery; so to make the master discover himself, he promised him the house he lived in, for he was his tenant, if he could hit him a blow on the head, and bade him do

do his best, for he would be as good as his word: so after a little engagement, his master being really superior to him, hit him on the head, and he performed his promise, for he gave him the house freely; and was not unwilling at that rate to learn to distinguish flattery from plain truth."

These exercises gave him an inclination for a military life, and he was about to accompany his tutor, who was appointed chaplain in Lord Vere's regiment, then about to embark for the Low Countries; but being engaged in a lawsuit, and applying to his counsellor, Serjeant Glanville,*

* Of this eminent lawyer, Sir John Glanville, Bishop Burnet, relates the following anecdote:

"His father had a fair estate, which he intended to settle on his eldest son, but he being a vicious young man, and there appearing no hopes of his recovery, he settled it upon the Serjeant, who was his second son. Upon his death, the eldest, finding that what he had before looked upon as the mere threatening of an angry father, was now but too certain, became melancholy, and this, by degrees wrought so great a change in him, that what his father could not accomplish while he lived, was now effected by the severity of his last will. His brother, observing this, invited him, with many other friends, to an entertainment, and after other dishes had been served up, he ordered one that was covered to be set before his brother, desiring him to uncover it; which being done, the company were surprized to find it full of writings. The serjeant then told them, that he was now doing what his father would have done if he had lived to see that happy change which they all now were witnesses of; and therefore he now freely restored to his brother the whole estate."

that gentleman, perceiving Mr. Hale's abilities, persuaded him to study the law. This advice he followed, and at the age of twenty he was admitted a student of Lincoln's Inn, where he followed his studies with unremitting diligence. However he did not at first break off from keeping bad company, till induced to do so by an accident. He, with some other young students, being invited to be merry out of town, one of them called for so much wine, that notwithstanding all Mr. Hale could do to prevent it, he went on in his excess till he fell down apparently dead. All present were greatly frightened, and Mr. Hale retiring into another room, fell on his knees, praying earnestly to God, both for his friend, that he might be restored to life, and that himself might be forgiven for countenancing such excess, vowing, at the same time that he would never more keep the like company, nor drink a health again while he lived: his friend recovered, and he religiously observed his vow to his dying day.

Noy, the Attorney General,* being one of the greatest

* This person rendered himself obnoxious to the people by recommending to the king the unpopular measure of ship money. He was profoundly studied in the ancient records, and altogether a skilful lawyer, as well as an honest man. He died of excessive fatigue in his profession, in 1634, and Anthony Wood gives the following singular account of him, chiefly however taken from Howel's Familiar Letters:

"His

greatest men in the profession, took early notice of him, directed him in his studies, and contracted such

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"His body being opened after his decease, his heart was found shrivelled like a leather penny purse, nor were his lungs right, which caused several conjectures by the puritans. But that which was most observable after his death, was his will, dated June 3, 1634, at which all the world wondered, because the maker thereof was accounted a great clerk in the law, for therein, after he had bequeathed to his son Humphry a hundred marks *per annum*, to be paid out of his tenements in the hundred of Pyder, in Cornwall, he concludes, *et reliqua omnia, &c.* 'and the rest of all my lands, goods, &c. I leave to my son, Edward Noy, whom I make my executor, to be consumed and scattered about *nec de eo speravi* [nor did I hope better of him]." But Edward, says Wood, did not live long to enjoy the estate, for within two years after, he was slain in a duel in France, by one Captain Byron, who escaped scot free, and had his pardon, as William Prynne, an inveterate enemy to William Noy his father, reports.—As his majesty was somewhat troubled at his loss (by the death of the Attorney General) and the clergy more, so the generality of the common people rejoiced. The vintners drank carouses, in hopes to dress meat again, and sell tobacco, beer, &c. which by a sullen caprieio, Noy restrained them from. The players also, for whom he had done no kindness, did, the next term after his decease, make him the subject of a merry comedy, stiled *A Projector lately dead, &c.* He had his humours as well as other men, but certainly he was a solid rational man, and though no great orator, yet he was a profound lawyer, and none was better versed in records than he. In his place of Attorney General, succeeded Sir John Banks, and the next year Sir Robert Heath, being removed from the chief justiceship of the King's Bench, for bribery,

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such a friendship for him, that he came to be called *Young Noy*. Passing from the extreme of vanity in his dress to that of neglecting himself too much, he was once impressed for the king's service; but some person coming by who knew him, the press-gang let him go. This made him more careful with regard to his appearance. Here his biographer takes occasion to relate another remarkable story.

"Once as he was buying some cloth for a new suit, the draper, with whom he differed about the price, told him he should have it for nothing, if he would promise him a hundred pounds when he came to be lord chief justice of England; to which he answered, that he could not, with a good conscience, wear any man's cloth without paying for it; so he satisfied the draper, and carried away the cloth with him."

His studies were very various. He was well versed in antiquities, history, mathematics, natural philosophy, and even physic and surgery, saying, that "no man could be absolutely a mas-

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Sir John Finch came into play, whereupon these verses were made,

Noy's flood is gone,
The *Banks* appear;
Heath is shorn down,
And *Finch* sings there.

Lord Clarendon, though he allows Noy to have been a great lawyer, draws but an unfavourable character of him.

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ter in any profession without having some skill in other sciences."

He commenced practice just at the breaking out of the civil war; and in those critical times when it was extremely difficult to steer clear of trouble, he wisely imitated the example of Pomponius Atticus, in not only avoiding all publick employment, but the very talking of news.

He was, however, employed by all the king's party: he was counsellor for the great Earl of Strafford and Archbishop Laud; and in the case of the Earl of Craven, he pleaded with such strength, that the then attorney-general threatened him with the vengeance of the government; to whom he replied, that "he was pleading in defence of those laws, which they [*i. e.* the parliament] declared they would maintain and preserve, and he was doing his duty to his client, and was not to be daunted with threatenings."

Cromwell seeing him possessed of so much practice, and being willing to obtain some popularity by the advancement of such a man, resolved to raise him to the bench.

Mr. Hale was, for a long time, unwilling to accept a commission under that authority, but at last, by the advice of some of the most eminent of the royalists, he accepted the place of a judge in the Court of Common Pleas. Not long after this, when he went the circuit, a trial came before him at Lincoln, of which Bishop Burnet gives this account.

"A towns-

" A townsman was in the fields with a fowling-piece on his shoulder, and being met by a soldier of the garrison, the latter asked him if he was unacquainted with the order of the Protector, " that none who had been of the king's party should carry arms?" Saying which he would have forced the piece from him; but as the other did not regard the order, so being stronger than the soldier, he threw him down, and having beat him, he left him: the soldier went into the town and told one of his fellow-soldiers how he had been used, and got him to go with him and lie in wait for the man, that he might be revenged on him. They both watched his coming into the town, and one of them went to him to demand his gun; which he refusing, the soldier struck at him; and as they were struggling, the other came behind, and ran his sword into the body of the townsman, of which he presently died. It was in the time of the assizes, so they were both tried: against the one there was no evidence of malice aforethought, so he was only found guilty of manslaughter; but the other was found guilty of wilful murder; and though Colonel Whaley, who commanded the garrison, came into court, and urged " that the man was killed for disobeying the Protector's order, and that the soldier was but doing his duty," yet the judge regarded both his reasons and his threatening very little, and therefore not only pronounced sentence upon him, but so ordered the

the time of execution that it was not possible to procure a reprieve.

"Another occasion was given him of shewing both his justice and his courage, when he was upon another circuit; being informed that the Protector had ordered a jury to be returned for a trial, in which he was concerned, the judge examined the sheriff about it, who pleaded ignorance, saying, that he referred all such things to the under-sheriff, and this person acknowledged the fact, upon which the judge dismissed the jury, and would not try the cause. This greatly displeased the Protector, who told him when he returned from the circuit, that "he was not fit to be a judge;" to whom he only answered, "that it was very true."

"On the death of Oliver, a new commission was offered to Mr. Hale, which he refused, saying, that "he could act no longer under such authority." He also refused to accept the mourning which was sent to him and his servants for the funeral of the usurper. Mr. Hale lived privately till the parliament was called which brought home the king, to which he was returned as knight of the shire for the county of Gloucester. It appeared at that time how much he was beloved and esteemed in his neighbourhood, for though another, who stood in competition with him, had spent near one thousand pounds to procure votes, which was a great sum for such an occasion in those days; yet Mr. Hale, who expended nothing,

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and solicited none, was chosen. He was indeed brought to the place of meeting almost against his consent by Lord Berkley, who bore all the charge on the day of election, and whereas, by the writ, the knight of a shire must be *miles gladio cinctus*, and he had no sword; the same noble lord girt him with his own during the election.

Soon after the restoration he was made Chief Baron of the Exchequer; and when the chancellor, Lord Clarendon, delivered him his commission, he expressed his esteem of him in a very singular manner, saying, "that if the king could have found out an honester and fitter man for that employment. he would not have advanced him to it; and that he had therefore preferred him, because he knew none that deserved it so well."

It is ordinary for persons advanced to that dignity to be knighted, but he wished to avoid that honour, and therefore for a considerable time he declined all opportunities of waiting upon the king; which the lord chancellor observing, sent for him upon business one day, when the king was at his house, to whom he introduced him by the title of "his Majesty's modest Chief Baron," upon which he was unexpectedly knighted.

He continued eleven years in that place, and it was observed by the whole nation how much he raised the reputation and practice of that court. The only complaint ever made against him was, "that he did not dispatch matters quick enough;" but

but the great care he used to bring suits to a final end, as it made him slower in deciding them; so it had this good effect, that causes tried before him, were seldom, if ever tried again.*

He would never receive private addresses or recommendations from the greatest persons in any matter wherein justice was concerned. One of the first peers in England went once to his chambers, and told him, "that having a suit to be tried before him, he was then come to acquaint him with it, that he might the better understand it when it should come to be heard in court."

This modest account was quite enough for the chief baron, who interrupted him with saying, "that he did not act fairly in coming to his chambers about such affairs; for that he never received any information concerning causes but in open court." The duke upon this went away much dissatisfied, and complained of it to the king, as a rudeness that was not to be endured; but his Majesty bade him content himself that he was no worse used, adding, "I verily believe the chief baron would have treated me no better, if I had gone to him about one of my own causes."

Another circumstance, says his entertaining biographer, fell out in one of his circuits, which was somewhat censured as unreasonable strictness, but it flowed from his exactness to the rules which he had laid down for his conduct. A gen-

* Burnet's Life of Sir M. Hale.

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tleman who had a trial at the assizes sent him a buck for his table; and when the judge heard his name, he asked, "if he was the same person that had sent him venison?" and finding that he was the same, he told him, "he could not suffer the trial to go on, till he had paid him for the buck." To this the gentleman replied, "that he never sold his venison; and that he had done nothing to him, which he did not do to every judge that went that circuit:" but all was to no purpose, the chief baron would not suffer the trial to go on till he had paid for the present, upon which the gentleman withdrew the record; and at Salisbury the dean and chapter having, according to the custom, presented him with six sugar loaves, he made his servants pay for them before he would try their cause.

In 1671 he was made Chief Justice of the King's Bench, which appointment gave universal satisfaction, for the people thought their liberties could not be better deposited than in the hands of one, who as he understood them well, so he had all the justice and courage that so sacred a trust required. One thing was much observed and commended in him, that when there was a great inequality in the ability and learning of the counsellors that were to plead one against another, he thought it became him, as the judge, to supply that; so that he would enforce what the weaker counsel managed but indifferently, and not suffer the more learned to carry the business

by the advantage they had over the others, in their quickness and skill in law, and readiness in pleading, till all things were cleared, in which the merits and strength of the ill-defended cause lay.

About four years and a half after this appointment, his health failed so much that he solicited his discharge, but could not obtain it for some time. At last his request was granted, and the king, in parting with him, expressed his great regret, and assured him that "he should still look upon him as one of his judges, and have recourse to his advice when his health would permit, and, in the mean time, would continue his pension during his life." The good man thought this bounty too great, and an ill precedent, and therefore he wrote a letter to the Lord Treasurer, earnestly desiring that his pension might be only during pleasure; but the king would grant it for life, and make it payable quarterly. Yet for a whole month he would not suffer his servant to sue out his patent for the pension, and when the first payment was received, he ordered a great part of it to be given away in charity, saying, that he intended most of it should be so distributed as long as he received it.

His resignation was in February 1676, and he died on Christmas day following, Not long before his death the minister told him the sacrament would be administered at the church next Sunday, but as he could not come and partake

with the congregation, therefore he would administer it to him in his own house; but Sir Matthew answered "no; my heavenly Father has prepared a feast for me, and therefore I will go to my Father's house to partake of it."

He had, according to his biographer, some unaccountable presages of his death; for he said, that if he did not die on the 25th of November, he believed he should live a month longer, and he accordingly died on that day month.

His remains were deposited in the church-yard of Alderly, among his ancestors, and his monument, which is of black marble, has a plain inscription in Latin, composed by himself.

Sir Matthew Hale, says the author of his life, had a soul enlarged and raised above the mean appetite of loving money. He did not take the profits he might have had by his practice; for in common cases, when those who came to ask counsel gave him a piece,* he used to return one half, so making ten shillings his fee in ordinary matters that did not require much time and study; if he saw a cause was unjust, he would not meddle with it, saying, that it was as great a dishonour as a man could be capable of, that for a little money he was to be hired to say or do otherwise than he thought."

* The piece of money so called at that time, was worth twenty shillings.

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When he was a practitioner, differences were often referred to him, which he settled, but would accept of no reward for his pains, though offered by both parties together, after the agreement was made; for he said, "In these cases he was made a judge, and a judge ought to take no money." If they told him he lost much of his time in considering their business, and so ought to be acknowleged for it; his answer was, "Can I spend my time better than to make people friends? Must I have no time allowed me to do good in?"

He laid aside the tenth penny of all he got for charitable purposes, and he took care to be well informed of proper objects: and after he was a judge, many of the perquisites of his office were sent by him to the gaols to discharge poor debtors, who never knew from whose hands their deliverance came.

It was a custom for the Marshal of the King's Bench to present the judges of that court with a piece of plate for a new-year's gift, that for the chief-justice being larger than the rest; this he intended to have refused, but the other judges told him that it belonged to his office, and the refusing it would be a prejudice to his successors, so he was persuaded to take it; but he sent word to the marshal, "that instead of plate, he should bring him the value in money:" which, when he received, he immediately sent to the prison for the relief and the discharge of poor persons confined there.

He usually invited his poor neighbours to dine with him: and if any of them were sick and could not come, he would send them food from his table. If any common beggars met him in his walks when he lived in the country, he would ask such as were capable of working, "why they went about so idly?" and if they answered, it was because they had no employ, he would send them to some of his fields to gather all the stones into a heap, and then pay them for their labour. This being done, he used to send his carts, and cause the stones to be carried to those places in the highway which needed repair.

When he was in town his charities were very liberal even among the street beggars; and when some friends told him that he thereby encouraged idleness, and that most of them were notorious cheats; he used to answer, "that he believed most of them were such; but that among them there were some great objects, and pressed with grievous necessities; and that he would rather give his alms to twenty, who might perhaps be rogues, than that one of the other sort should perish for want of his small relief."

Another instance of his justice and goodness was, that when he received bad money, he would never attempt to pass it again, which, being known, induced many crafty persons to impose upon him. He had a large heap of base money in his chamber, which being observed by some thieves, they contrived to steal the whole, thinking

ing they had got a great prize. This circumstance the judge used to relate, and with much pleasantry remark on the disappointment which the thieves must have experienced, when they found what kind of a booty they had obtained.

He had so completely gained the government of his passions, that though naturally of a quick temper, he was never seen in a passion; nor did he ever resent injuries. Of the noble generosity of his mind, the following is a striking instance. A person who had done him a great injury, afterwards came to him for his advice in the settlement of his estate, which he very frankly gave him, but would accept no fee for it; and when he was asked how he could use a man so kindly who had wronged him so much, his answer was, "I thank God I have learned to forget injuries."

His mercifulness extended itself to his beasts, for when his horses grew aged and incapable of labour, he would not suffer them to be sold, but turned them loose into his grounds; he also used his old dogs with the same care, and he was scarcely ever seen more angry, than with one of his servants for neglecting a bird that he kept, so that it died for want of food.

His equanimity was so great, that no accidents, how sudden soever, could discompose him.

In the year 1666 an opinion was prevalent in the nation, that the end of the world would be that year, which spread great consternation among

the people; and Judge Hale going the western circuit in the summer, it happened that, as he was on the bench, a most terrible storm came on very unexpectedly, accompanied with dreadful flashes of lightning and claps of thunder, which made such an impression upon the people, that they went to prayers: this, added to the horror raised by the storm, made a very dismal scene; but the judge was not at all affected, and went on with the business of the court in his ordinary manner.

This great man was twice married; by his first wife he had ten children, all of whom he outlived except his eldest daughter and his youngest son.

His literary character was highly respectable. His work on the Pleas of the Crown is still a standard performance, and the author an oracle in all our courts. His Moral and Theological Pieces are written in a style of great plainness, but they are addressed to the heart. His folio volume against Atheism, entituled, "The Primitive Origination of Mankind," is replete with various erudition and sound argument. Dr. Paley, in his Natural Theology, has adopted an illustration from it, without any acknowlegement.

ANDREW MARVELL.

THIS ingenious writer and honest patriot, was a native of Kingston-upon-Hull, in Yorkshire, of which place his father was minister. After receiving a preparatory education under his paternal roof, he was sent, at the age of thirteen, to Trinity College, Cambridge; but he had not been long there before he was perverted to the Roman church by some Jesuits, who took him to London. There, however, he was found by his father in a bookseller's shop, and conveyed back to his college, and reconciled to the church he had been inveigled from. Some time before the civil wars he lost his father, who was drowned in crossing the Humber. The following remarkable account of this accident is given in the Biographia Britannica.

"On that shore of the Humber, opposite to Kingston, lived a lady, whose virtue and good sense recommended her to the esteem of old Mr. Marvell, as his piety and understanding obliged her to take a particular notice of him; from this mutual approbation arose an intimate acquaintance, which was soon improved into a very strict friendship. This lady had an only daughter, whose duty, ingenuity, devotion, and general exemplary behaviour, had endeared her to all who

knew her, and rendered her the darling of her mother; whose fondness for her was such, that she could scarcely bear to let her child be ever out of her sight. Mr. Marvell, desiring to increase and perpetuate the amity between the families, asked the lady to let her beloved daughter come over to Kingston to stand godmother for a child of his; which, out of her great regard for him, she consented to, though she thereby deprived herself of the pleasure of her daughter's company, for a longer space of time (as the young lady must necessarily lie at Kingston one night) than she would have agreed to on any other consideration, but that of obliging her friend. The young lady came over to Kingston, and the ceremony was performed. The next day, when she came down to the water-side, in order to return home, she found the wind very high, and the water so extremely rough as to render the passage so dangerous, that the boatmen earnestly dissuaded her from crossing. But she, who knew how miserable her mother would be till she saw her again, insisted on going, notwithstanding all that could be urged by the watermen or by Mr. Marvell, who earnestly entreated her to return to his house, and wait for better weather. Mr. Marvell finding her thus resolutely bent to venture her life, rather than disoblige a fond parent, told her, that as she had brought herself into that dangerous situation on his account, he thought himself bound in honour and conscience to share

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it with her; and accordingly having, with difficulty, persuaded some watermen to attempt the passage, they both got into the boat. Just as they put off, Mr. Marvell threw his gold-headed cane on shore, to some friends who attended at the water side, telling them, that as he could not suffer the young lady to go alone, and, as he apprehended, the consequence might be fatal, if he perished, he desired them to give that cane to his son, and bid him remember his father. Thus he, armed with innocence, and his fair charge with filial duty and affection, cheerfully set forward, to meet their inevitable fate; for the boat was overset, and they were lost.

"The lady whose excessive fondness had plunged her daughter and friend into this terrible condition, went the same afternoon into her garden, and seated herself in an arbour, from whence she could view the water, and while, with no small anxiety, she beheld the tempestuous state it was in, she saw (or rather thought she saw) a most lovely boy with flaxen hair come into the garden; who making directly up to her, said, 'Madam, your daughter is safe now.' The lady greatly surprized, said, 'My pretty dear, how did you know any thing of my daughter, or that she was in danger?' Then bidding him stay there, she arose and went into the house, to look for a pretty piece of new money, to reward him with; but on her return into the garden, the child was gone, and on examining her family about him, she found nobody

nobody but herself had seen him, nor could they recollect any child in the neighbourhood which answered her description. This gave her some suspicion of her misfortune, which was soon after confirmed, with the additional aggravation, that her friend was involved in the same accident, and of course, his family greater sufferers, she having only lost her pleasure, they their support; and thinking herself bound by every tie, to make all the retaliation in her power, she sent for our author, charged herself with the expense of his future education, and at her death left him her whole fortune."

Being thus in better circumstances than he would have been if his father had lived, he went abroad as far as Constantinople, where he resided as secretary to the English ambassador. In 1659, we find him in England, employed by Cromwell, as tutor to some relation of his; He was also assistant to Milton in the office of Latin Secretary. He was representative for his native town in the parliament which called home the king. This trust he discharged with strict integrity and fidelity, and was highly esteemed by his constituents, to whom he constantly sent a particular account of every proceeding of the House of Commons, with his own opinion thereon. A conduct so respectful, together with his general obliging deportment towards them, did not fail to endear him to their affection, and they were not wanting on their side to express their sense of it, by allowing him

an honourable pension the whole time he represented them.*

He seldom spoke in the house, but he had great influence on many of the members; and Prince Rupert esteemed him so highly that he frequently paid him private visits. When the prince voted in the House of Peers according to the sentiments of Marvell, which he often did, it was commonly said by the court party, that "he had been with his tutor."

Our author attacked Dr. Parker, afterwards Bishop of Oxford, and a zealous advocate for arbitrary power, in a witty piece entituled "The Rehearsal transprosed," of which Swift says, "we still read Marvell's answer to Parker, with pleasure, though the book it answers be sunk long ago."†

On account of his poetical satires against the debaucheries of the court, Marvell was obliged to conceal the place of his abode, to prevent being assassinated, his life having been often threatened.

Notwithstanding this opposition, Charles the second took great delight in his conversation, and tried all means to gain him over to his side, but in vain; his inflexible steadiness was proof against all temptations, either of his own distresses, or of

* This was the last instance of a member of parliament being paid for his services by his constituents.

† Tale of a Tub.

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the large offers made him by the court. And how earnest they were in their endeavours to gain a man of his ability, the following relation evinces; The king having entertained him one night, sent the Lord Treasurer Danby, the next morning to find out his lodgings; which were up two pair of stairs, in one of the little courts in the Strand, where he was busily engaged in writing, when the treasurer abruptly opened the door upon him: surprised at seeing such a visitor, he told his lordship, that he believed he had mistaken his way;—"Not now I have found Mr. Marvell," replied Lord Danby, who assured him that he was expressly sent to him from his majesty, and his message was to know what he could do to serve him?—"It is not in his majesty's power to serve me," said Mr. Marvell, jocularly; but the Lord Treasurer making a serious affair of it, our author told him, that he well knew the nature of courts, having been in many; and that whoever is distinguished by the favour of the prince, is always expected to vote in his interest. Lord Danby told him, "that his majesty, from the just sense he had of his merit alone, desired to know whether there was any place at court he could be pleased with." To which he replied, with the utmost steadiness, "that he could not with honour accept the offer, since if he did, he must be either ungrateful to the king in voting against him, or false to his country, in supporting the measures of the court: the only favour therefore

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which he begged of his majesty was, that he would esteem him as dutiful a subject as any he had, and acting more truly in his proper interest while thus he refused his offers, than he could possibly do should he accept them." The Lord Treasurer finding his solicitations quite fruitless, and that no arguments could prevail on him to accept any post under the government, told him the king had ordered him a thousand pounds; which my lord hoped he would accept, till he could think what farther to ask of his majesty.

But Marvell still continued inflexible and rejected the money with the same firmness with which he had refused the offer of a place; though he was at that time so reduced as to be obliged, when his lordship was gone, to borrow a guinea of a friend.

He died August 16, 1678, aged fifty-eight, and was buried in the church of St. Giles in the Fields. The inhabitants of Hull subscribed for a handsome monument, to be erected in their church, to his memory, with a well written and just inscription upon it, but the minister of the parish would not suffer it to be put up.

ISAAC

ISAAC BARROW.

PARENTS are but too apt to indulge unreasonable expectations or fears with regard to their children, from the disposition indicated by them in early life. Many a youth has been ruined by neglect because he appeared too dull for learning, and had not that readiness of conception, which is accounted the sure sign of native genius. The example of the great Dr. Barrow, the tutor of Newton, may serve to correct this fatal error, and teach every parent to watch with patience, and to cultivate with diligence the minds of those whom providence has committed to his care.

Isaac Barrow was born in London, in 1630. His father was a respectable citizen, and so zealous a loyalist that he greatly injured his circumstances to aid his king, whom he followed to Oxford, when rebellion drove him from his capital. The son was placed first at the Charter House School, where his greatest recreation was in such sports as brought on fighting among the boys. He was also very negligent of his cloaths, and what was worse, of his book, which made his father solemnly wish, "that if it pleased God to take away any of his children it might be his son Isaac."

Finding

Finding how little Isaac profited at that school, he removed him to Felstead, in Essex, where his disposition took a more happy turn, and he made so quick a progress in learning, that his master appointed him a kind of tutor to Lord Viscount Fairfax, of Emely, in Ireland.

At the age of fourteen he became a pensioner of Peter House, in Cambridge, under his uncle, Isaac Barrow, afterwards Bishop of St. Asaph, and then a fellow of that college. In 1645, he was admitted a pensioner of Trinity College, and two years afterwards, was chosen a scholar of that house, where he continued a staunch royalist, for which he narrowly escaped being expelled. Dr. Hill, the master of the college, was a rigid presbyterian and Calvinist, but such was the goodness of Barrow's disposition and character, that he became his friend, and one day, putting his hand upon his head, he said, "thou art a good lad, 'tis a pity thou art a cavalier," and when, in an oration on the gunpowder treason, Mr. Barrow had so celebrated the former times, as to reflect much on the present, some of the fellows were provoked to move for his expulsion, the master silenced them with saying, "Barrow is a better man than any of us."

He never would take the Covenant,* and

* An abominable oath, by which those who took it bound themselves to extirpate prelacy, and to promote the Presbyterian form of church government.

when

when the Engagement* was imposed he subscribed it, but upon second thoughts, repenting of what he had done, he went to the commissioners and had his name erazed, a noble instance of his integrity, at a time when he was very low in circumstances, and when such an act might have driven him from his college, and from the university. So highly, however, was he esteemed for his virtues and talents, that in the very year when the king was murdered, he was elected Fellow of his College without a single friend to recommend him, he being of the opposite party. He studied natural philosophy, mathematics, and medicine, intending to make the last his profession, but was dissuaded from it by his uncle.

Being disappointed of the Greek Professorship, which he only lost on account of his being an Arminian, Mr. Barrow determined to go abroad. Accordingly he went to France, and from thence to Italy, where the straitness of his circumstances would have put an end to his travels, had he not been generously assisted by Mr. James Stock, an English merchant at Leghorn. There he embarked on board a ship for Smyrna,

* An oath imposed by the rebels after the murder of Charles the first, by which all persons in office, ministers, and members of the Universities, were to bind themselves "to be true and faithful to the government established without King or House of Peers."

but in the voyage they were attacked by an Algerine Corsair. Mr. Barrow, during the engagement, kept upon deck, cheerfully and vigorously fighting, till the pirate perceiving the stout defence the ship made, sheered off and left her. When Dr. Pope asked him why he did not go down into the hold, and leave the defence of the ship to those to whom it did belong, he replied, "it concerned no man more than myself; I would rather have lost my life than have fallen into the hands of those merciless infidels." Of this engagement, and the voyage, he gave an account in a Latin Poem, entitled, *Iter maritimum a porte Ligustico ad Constantinopolim.*

At Constantinople he read over the works of Chrysostom, once bishop of that see, and whom he preferred to all the other fathers, as may be seen in the copious references to him in his sermons. He returned to England a little before the restoration, an event most anxiously desired by him, but it brought him no preferment, on which he wrote the following epigram:

> Te magis optavit redituram, Carole, nemo,
> Et nemo sensit tu rediisse minus.
>
> Thy restoration, Royal Charles, I see,
> By none more wish'd, by none less felt than me.

The same year he was chosen Greek Professor of the University of Cambridge, without any opposition. In 1662, he was elected Professor of Geometry in Gresham College, in which station

he not only discharged his own duty but also that of his facetious friend, Dr. Pope, the professor of Astronomy. The next year he became a fellow of the Royal Society, and was the first Professor of Mathematicks at Cambridge, on Mr. Lucas's foundation, on which he resigned the Gresham professorship. He was appointed Master of Trinity College, in 1672, and the king was pleased to say upon that occasion that "he had given it to the best scholar in England."

This great divine died of a fever, at London, May 4, 1677, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, where a handsome monument was erected to his memory by the contribution of his friends.

The particulars of his death, are thus given by Dr. Pope, in his Life of Bishop Ward.

"The last time he was in London, whither he came, as it is customary, to the election of Westminster School, he went to Knightsbridge to give the Bishop of Salisbury a visit, and then made me engage my word to come to him at Trinity College, immediately after the Michaelmas ensuing. I cannot express the rapture of the joy I was in, having, as I thought, so near a prospect of his charming and instructive conversation; I fancied it would be a heaven upon earth, for he was immensely rich in learning, and very liberal and communicative of it, delighting in nothing more than to impart to others, if they desired it, whatever he had obtained by much time and study; but

but of a sudden all my hopes vanished, and were melted like snow before the sun. Some few days after he came again to Knightsbridge, and sat down to dinner, but I observed he did not eat; whereupon I asked him how it was with him; he answered, that he had a slight indisposition hanging upon him, with which he had struggled two or three days, and that he hoped by fasting and opium to get it off, as he had removed another and more dangerous sickness, at Constantinople some years before. But these remedies availed him not; his malady proved, in the event, an inward, malignant, and insuperable fever, of which he died, May 4, Anno Dom. 1677, in the 47th year of his age, in mean lodgings, at a sadler's near Charing Cross; an old, low, ill-built house, which he had used for several years; for though his condition was much bettered by his obtaining the Mastership of Trinity College, yet that had no bad influence upon his morals; he still continued the same humble person, and could not be prevailed upon to take more reputable lodgings." The same writer informs us that the Lord Keeper sent a message of condolence to Dr. Barrow's father, who had then some place under him, importing that he had but too great reason to grieve for the loss of so good a son, but that he should mitigate his sorrow upon that very consideration.

The intrepidity of Dr. Barrow has already been mentioned, but the same entertaining writer who

has furnished us with most of the particulars concerning him, gives another instance of his strength and courage.

" He was at a gentleman's country seat, where the necessary house was at the end of a long garden, and consequently at a great distance from the room where he lodged; and as he was going to it very early, even before day, for he was sparing of sleep, and a very early riser, a fierce mastiff who used to be chained up all day, and let loose at night, for the security of the house, perceiving a strange person in the garden at that unseasonable time, set upon him with great fury. The doctor caught him by the throat, threw him, and lay upon him, and whilst he kept him down, considered what he should do in that exigency; once he had a mind to kill him, but he altered this resolution, judging it would be an unjust action, for the dog did his duty, and he was himself in fault for rambling out before it was light. At length he called so loud, that he was heard by some persons in the house, who came presently out and freed the doctor and the dog from their disagreeable situation."

Of the doctor's generous disposition the same writer gives us the following instance. Bishop Ward had given him a prebend in the cathedral of Salisbury, and " I remember," says Dr. Pope, " about that time I heard him once say, I wish I had five hundred pounds.' I replied, " that's a great sum for a philosopher to desire; what

would you do with so much?"—'I would,' said he 'give it to my sister for a portion, that would procure her a good husband:' which sum in a few months after he received for putting a life into the corps of his new prebend; after which he resigned it to Mr. Corker, of Trinity College, in Cambridge."

The following pleasant anecdote, from the same authority, will be amusing to the reader:

"We were once going from Salisbury to London, Dr. Barrow in the coach with the Bishop, and I on horseback; as he was entering the coach, I perceived his pockets strutting out near half a foot, and said to him, "what have you got in your pockets?" "He replied, Sermons." —"Sermons," said I, "give them to me, my boy shall carry them in his portmanteau, and ease you of that luggage."—"But," said he, "suppose your boy should be robbed."—"That's pleasant," said I, "do you think there are parsons padding on the road for sermons?"—"Why, what have you," said he, "it may be five or six guineas; I hold my sermons at a greater rate, they cost me much pain and time."—"Well then," said I, "if you will insure my five or six guineas against lay-padders, I'll secure your bundle of sermons against ecclesiastical highwaymen." This was agreed; he emptied his pockets, and filled my portmanteau with divinity, and we had the good fortune to come safe to our journey's end, without meeting

either sort of the padders beforementioned, and to bring both our treasures to London."

The sermons of Dr. Barrow are exact dissertations on theological subjects, and so full are they, that Charles the Second used to call him "an unfair preacher, because he exhausted every topic, and left no room for any thing new to be said by any who came after him."

His sermons, however, are very long, and of this Dr. Pope gives the following instances:

"He was once requested by the Bishop of Rochester, who was also Dean of Westminster, to preach at the Abbey, and withal desired not to be long, for that the auditory there loved short sermons. He replied, "My lord, I will shew you my sermon," and pulling it out of his pocket, put it into the bishop's hands.—The text was the 10th chapter of the Proverbs, the latter end of the 18th verse; the words these: *He that uttereth slander is a liar.** The sermon was accordingly divided into two parts; one treated of slander, the other of lies. The dean desired him to content himself with preaching only the first part, to which he consented, not without some reluctancy; and in speaking that only, it took up an hour and a half. At another time, upon the

* This is a mistake; the words are, "He that uttereth slander is a fool," and the doctor has two sermons on the text, both of a moderate length.

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same person's invitation, he preached at the Abbey on a holiday. Here I must inform the reader, that it is a custom for the servants of the church, upon all holidays, Sundays excepted, betwixt the sermon and evening prayers, to shew the tombs and effigies of the kings and queens in wax, to the meaner sort of people, who then flock thither from all quarters of the town, and pay their two-pence to see the *Play of the Dead Volks*, as I have heard a Devonshire clown, not improperly, call it. These perceiving Dr. Barrow in the pulpit, after the hour was past, and fearing to lose that time in *hearing*, which they thought they could more profitably employ in *receiving;* these, I say, became impatient, and caused the organ to be struck up against him, and would not give over till they had blowed him down.

"But the sermon of the greatest length was that concerning charity, before the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, at the Spital; in speaking which he spent three hours and a half. Being asked, after he came down from the pulpit, whether he was not tired; "yes, indeed," said he, "I began to be weary with standing so long."

His personal appearance was mean, and in his dress he was negligent, if not slovenly, which was apt to prejudice his hearers against him where he was not known, of which Dr. Pope relates the following remarkable instance.

"Dr. Wilkins, then minister of St. Lawrence Jewry, and afterwards Bishop of Chester, being

obliged, by some indisposition, to keep his chamber, desired Dr. Barrow to give him a sermon the next Sunday, which he readily consented to do. Accordingly, at the time appointed, he came with an aspect pale and meagre, and unpromising, slovenly and carelessly dressed, his collar unbuttoned, his hair uncombed, &c. Thus accoutred, he mounts the pulpit, begins his prayer, which, whether he did read or not, I cannot positively assert or deny. Immediately all the congregation was in an uproar, as if the church were falling, and they scampering to save their lives, each shifting for himself with great precipitation; there was such a noise of pattens of serving-maids, and ordinary women, and of unlocking of pews, and cracking of seats, caused by the younger sort hastily climbing over them, that, I confess, I thought all the congregation were mad; but the good doctor seeming not to take notice of this disturbance, proceeds, names his text, and preached his sermon to two or three gathered, or rather left together, of which number, as it fortunately happened, Mr. Baxter, the eminent non-conformist was one; who afterwards gave Dr. Wilkins a visit, and commended the sermon to that degree, that he said, he never heard a better discourse. There was also amongst those who staid, a certain young man, who thus accosted Dr. Barrow, as he came down from the pulpit, "Sir, be not dismayed, for I assure you it was a good sermon." By his age and dress he seemed

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to be an apprentice, or, at the best, the foreman of a shop; but we never heard more of him. I asked the doctor, what he thought, when he saw the congregation running away from him? "I thought," said he, "they did not like me or my sermon, and I have no reason to be angry with them for that."—"But what was your opinion," said I, "of the apprentice?"—"I take him," replied he, "to be a very civil person, and if I could meet with him, I would present him with a bottle of wine." There were then in the parish a company of formal, grave, and wealthy citizens, who having been many years under famous ministers, as Dr. Wilkins, Bishop Ward, Bishop Reynolds, Mr. Vines, &c. had a great opinion of their skill in divinity, and their ability to judge of the goodness and badness of sermons. Many of these came in a body to Dr. Wilkins, to expostulate with him, why he suffered such an ignorant, scandalous fellow, meaning Dr. Barrow, to have the use of his pulpit. I cannot precisely tell whether it was the same day, or some time after in that week, but I am certain it happened to be when Mr. Baxter was with Dr. Wilkins. They came, as I said before, in full cry, saying, they wondered he should permit such a man to preach before them, who looked like a starved cavalier, who had been long sequestered, and out of his living for delinquency, and came up to London to beg, now that the king was restored; and much more to this purpose. He let them run themselves

selves out of breath; and when they had done he replied to them in this manner. "The person you thus despise, I assure you, is a pious man, an eminent scholar, and an excellent preacher; for the truth of the last, I appeal to Mr. Baxter here present, who heard the sermon you so much vilify. I am sure you believe Mr. Baxter is a competent judge, and will pronounce according to truth." Then turning to him, "Pray, Sir, said he, "do me the favour to declare your opinion concerning the sermon now in controversy, which you heard at our church last Sunday." Then did Mr. Baxter very candidly give the sermon the praise it deserved; nay, more, he said "that he could willingly have been his auditor all day long." —When they heard Mr. Baxter give him this high encomium, they were pricked in their hearts, and all of them became ashamed, confounded, and speechless; for though they had a good opinion of themselves, yet they durst not pretend to be equal to Mr. Baxter. But at length, after some pause, they all, one after another, confessed, "they did not hear one word of the sermon, but were carried to mislike it, by his unpromising garb and mien, the reading of his prayer, and the going away of the congregation;" for they would not, by any means, have it thought, if they had heard the sermon, they should not have concurred with the judgment of Mr. Baxter. After their shame was a little over, they earnestly desired Dr. Wilkins to procure Dr. Barrow to preach again, engaging

gaging themselves to make him amends, by bringing to his sermon their wives and children, their men-servants, and maid-servants, in a word, their whole families, and to enjoin them not to leave the church till the blessing was pronounced. Dr. Wilkins promised to use his utmost endeavour for their satisfaction, and accordingly solicited Dr. Barrow to appear once more upon that stage, but all in vain; for he could not, by any persuasions, be prevailed upon to comply with the request of such conceited hypocritical coxcombs."

His sermons, for richness of matter, variety of illustration, and closeness of reasoning, are among the first in the English language; and he was so careful in the composition of them, that he generally transcribed them three or four times, his greatest difficulty being always to please himself.

He left little behind him except his books, which were so well chosen, that they sold for more than they first cost. Though he never could be prevailed upon to sit for his picture, some of his friends contrived to have it taken without his knowlege, whilst they diverted him with such discourse as fixed his attention. This picture was painted by the ingenious Mrs. Beale, and from it the engraved portrait of the doctor was taken. He was of a healthy constitution, and very fond of tobacco, which he used to call his panpharmacon, or universal medicine, and fancied that a pipe helped to compose and regulate his

his thoughts. As a mathematician he ranked in the first order; and in the compass of invention, he was never excelled by any, his pupil, perhaps, the great Sir Isaac Newton, only excepted. Dr. Barrow, though a profound and universal scholar, was of a sportive fancy, and had a very ready wit.

The celebrated Lord Rochester meeting him one day in the Park, and willing, as he said, to put down the rusty piece of divinity, accosted him, by taking off his hat, and with a profound bow, said "Doctor, I am your's to my shoe-tie."—The doctor perceiving his aim, returned the salute with equal ceremony, saying, " My lord, I am your's to the ground."—His lordship then making a deeper congee, said, " Doctor I am your's to the centre." —Barrow replied, with the same formality, " My lord, I am your's to the Antipodes;"—on which Rochester made another attempt, by exclaiming, " Doctor, I am your's to the lowest pit of hell." —" There, my lord," said Barrow, " I leave you," and immediately walked away.

THOMAS HOBBES.

THE "Philosopher of Malmsbury," as he hath been called, was born in that town, on Good Friday, in 1588. He was educated at Magdalen Hall, Oxford, after which he travelled into France and Italy with the eldest son of William Cavendish, Earl of Devonshire; as he did also with the son of Sir Gervas Clifton. Just before the breaking out of the rebellion, Hobbes, who was always a very timorous man, went to Paris, that he might follow his studies in quietness, and converse with his friends Mersennus, Gassendus, and other men of eminent learning. While there, a nobleman of Languedoc, invited him to live at his house, but he chose rather to remain in that city, as tutor in the mathematics to the exiled Prince of Wales, afterwards Charles the Second. In the course of that employment, he wrote his celebrated treatise, entitled, "Leviathan, or the Matter, Form, and Power of a Commonwealth," which he procured to be printed at London, in a small folio, 1651. The leading principles he lays down in his book are, that sovereignty derives from the people; that parents have no natural right of dominion over their children; and that whatever be the power established, or however it may be obtained,

tained, the same is to be implicitly obeyed. This was very acceptable doctrine to Cromwell, who then filled the throne, but without the title of king. Lord Clarendon, who was very intimate with Hobbes, says, that he was shewn by the author some sheets of it at Paris. On his asking him, "why he would publish doctrine of that nature at such a time;" Hobbes replied, that he was weary of living abroad, and therefore intended to publish this book, that he might obtain leave to visit his own country.

In a letter to Dean Barwick, dated Brussels, 25th July, 1659, his lordship writes thus—

"I hope it is only modesty in Mr. Wren,* that makes him pause upon undertaking the work you have recommended to him: for, I dare swear, by what I have seen of his he is very equal to answer every part of it: I mean, every part that requires an answer. Nor is there need of a professed divine to vindicate the creation from making man a verier beast than any of those of the field; or to vindicate scripture from his licentious interpretation. I dare say he will find somewhat in Mr. Hobbes himself, I mean in his former books, that contradicts what he sets forth in this,

* Matthew Wren (son of the Bishop of Ely, who was confined in the Tower near twenty years). He was of the university of Cambridge, but, during the usurpation he studied at Oxford. On the restoration he became Secretary to Lord Clarendon; and, after his fall, to the Duke of York. He died in 1672.

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in that part, in which he takes himself to be the most exact, his beloved philosophy. And sure there is somewhat due to Aristotle, and Tully, and to our universities, to free them from his reproaches; and it is high time, if what I hear be true, that some tutors read his *Leviathan*, instead of the others, to their pupils. Mr. Hobbes is my old friend; yet I cannot absolve him from the mischief he hath done to the king, the church, the laws, and the nation: and surely there should be enough to be said to the politicks of that man, who having resolved all religion, wisdom, and honesty, into an implicit obedience to the laws established, writes a book of policy, which I may be bold to say, must be by the established laws of any kingdom or province in Europe, condemned for impious and seditious; and therefore it will be very hard, if the fundamentals of it be not to be overthrown."*

The noble writer of this letter, afterwards published an excellent confutation of the political doctrines of Hobbes's book, in a quarto volume, entituled, "A Brief View and Survey of Mr. Hobbes Leviathan." Several other persons attacked the philosopher, but the keenest writer against him was Dr. John Eachard, of Catherine-Hall, Cambridge, who turned all his own arguments against him, in two dialogues, between Timothy and

* Life of Dr. John Barwick, Dean of St. Paul's, in the Appendix. p. 430. 1724, 8vo.

Philautus. Of Dr. Eachard's performance Dryden in his life of Lucian gives this account.

"The way which Lucian chose of delivering these profitable and pleasant truths, was that of dialogue. A choice worthy of the author, happily followed by Erasmus and Fontenelle particularly, to whom I may justly add a triumvir of our own, the reverend, ingenious, and learned Dr. Eachard, who by using the same method and the same ingredients of raillery and reason, has more baffled the philosopher of Malmsbury, than those who assaulted him with blunt heavy arguments drawn from orthodox divinity: for Hobbes foresaw where those strokes would fall, and leapt aside before they could descend; but he could not avoid those nimble passes which were made on him, by a wit more active than his own, and which were with in his body before he could provide for his defence."

It has been said that Charles the second discharged Hobbes from his service for writing this book, and would not admit him into his presence; but this is false, for the king was in the main a

* Dean Swift, who seems to have made considerable use of Eachard's works, used to say that though the author was a very witty writer, he was very stupid in conversation. But the assertion of Swift will hardly pass for current among those who consider his character with impartiality. Eachard was highly esteemed in the University, and particularly in the College, over which he presided for his pleasantry and good nature, qualities which the dean of St. Patrick unfortunately never possessed. His humour was of another cast.

Hobbist

Hobbist himself, and had his picture done by Cooper the miniature painter, which he kept in his closet. He also settled a pension of one hundred pounds a year upon his old tutor after the Restoration. During the controversy between Hobbes and his antagonists, mathematicians, politicians, and divines, Charles compared him to a bear, against whom they turned out dogs by way of sport and exercise.

The sceptical principles of Hobbes were very agreeable to that licentious court, and the witty but profligate Earl of Rochester complained on his death bed of the mischief which Hobbes's principles had done him and many others who were ruined by them.

Dr. Wallis, the mathematician, who had completely demonstrated Hobbes's ignorance as a geometrician, relates the following anecdote in a letter to Mr. afterwards archbishop, Tenison.

"Dr. Gerard Langbaine then provost of Queen's College, Oxon, a great friend of Mr. Selden's and a good man, who was with him in his sickness and at his death, wrote me a letter on the occasion containing divers serious things said by Mr. Selden to him in that sickness; and told me particularly that Mr. Hobbes coming to give Mr. Selden a visit, Mr. Selden would not admit him, but answered *No Hobbes, no atheist*; and of whom I hear that Mr. Hobbes's censure was that he [Mr. Selden] lived like a wise man and died like a fool."

Hobbes had such a conceit of his mathematicial learning that he pretended to have discovered the quadrature of the circle, and though his pretended demonstrations were all proved false by the ablest professors of that science in his time, he defended them with a most obstinate pertinacity and in the most scurrilous abuse of his opponents. Of this Dr. Wallis gives this account.

"Now when so many hundred paralogisms and false propositions have been shewed him in his mathematics by those who have written against him, and that so evidently that no one mathematician at home or abroad (no not those of his intimate friends) have been found to justify him in any one of them, which makes him somewhere say of himself *Aut ego solus insanio aut solus non insanis ;* he hath been yet so stupid (to use his word) as to persist in them ; particularly he hath first and last given us near twenty quadratures of the circle, of which some few, though false have been coincident (which therefore I repute for the same only differently disguised) but more than a dozen of them are such, as no two of them are consistent, and yet he would have them thought to be all true. Now either he thought so himself (and then you must take him to be a person of a very shallow capacity, and not such a man of reason as he would be thought to be) or else knowing them to be false was obstinately resolved (notwithstanding) to maintain them as true ; and he must then be a person of

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no faith or honesty. And if he argue at this rate in mathematics, what are we to expect in his other discourses?"

At the invitation of his old pupil the Earl of Devonshire, he went to live in his family, and his residence at Chatsworth was rendered very comfortable to him. He was indulged in every thing he thought fit to do; and his regular rule was to dedicate the morning to his health, and the afternoon to his studies; therefore at his first rising he walked out and climbed any hill within his reach, or if the weather was not dry, he fatigued himself within doors by some exercise or other till he was in a sweat, recommending that practice upon his opinion that an old man had more moisture than heat, and therefore by such motion heat was to be acquired and moisture expelled. After this he took a breakfast, and then went round to wait upon the Earl, the Countess, the children and any considerable strangers that might be there. He kept these rounds till about twelve o'clock, when he had a little dinner provided for him which he ate always by himself without ceremony. Soon after dinner he went into his study, and had a candle with ten or twelve papers of tobacco laid by him; then shutting the door he fell a smoaking and thinking and writing for several hours,

After the fire of London when a bill against atheism and profaneness was talked of, Hobbes was at Chatsworth, where on hearing the news he

was terribly afraid that messengers were coming for him, that the earl his patron would deliver him up, that the two houses of parliament would send him to the ecclesiastical courts, which would pronounce him a heretick and hand him to the civil magistrates by a writ *de Heretico comburendo.*

He was very much afraid of death which he called "taking a leap in the dark:" Dr. Wallis relates the following anecdote of him, "Lady Ranelagh (or Mr. Boyle in her house, I have forgotten whether) told me divers years ago, that a great lady with whom she had lately been, told her of a discourse which had then lately happened between Mr. Hobbes and that great lady (I guess it was the old Countess of Devonshire, but am not certain.) He told her in commendation of life, that if he were master of all the world to dispose of, he would give it to live one day. She replied with wonder that a person of his knowlege who had so many friends to oblige or gratify, would not deny himself one day's content of living, if thereby he were able to gratify them with all the world." His answer was "What shall I be the better for that when I am dead? I say again, if I had all the world to dispose of, I would give it to live one day."

His extreme desire of living he manifested on many occasions. When he was near ninety years old he had a new frieze coat made, and to some person who said that it was a comfortable coat, he answered, "yes, it will last me

three years, and then I will have just such another."

He could not, however, escape the common lot of man; and it seems that at last he became reconciled to his fate, for when the surgeon told him that the ulcer in his bladder could not be cured, and the best to be expected was a little ease for the present, he said "then I shall be glad to find a hole to creep out of the world at." He died at Hardwicke in Derbyshire, December 4, 1679.

It was his ruling maxim to "suffer for no cause whatsoever," and he was wont to say, that "it was lawful to make use of evil instruments to do ourselves good," which opinion he thus illustrated "If I were cast into a deep pit, and the devil should put down his cloven foot, I would certainly lay hold of it to accomplish my deliverance."

In his disposition he was morose, supercilious, highly opinionated of himself, and impatient of contradiction, which, when he met with, it put him into a great passion.

This is the character given of him by Dr. Wallis, and it is confirmed by Wood, who relates that Hobbes frequently had disputes with Thomas White, a celebrated Romish priest and Cartesian philosopher, who is highly praised for his subtile genius by Sir Kenelm Digby.

"Hobbes had a great respect for White, and often visited him at his house in Westminster, but they seldom parted in cool blood: for they would

wrangle, squabble, and scold about philosophical matters like young Sophisters, though either of them was eighty years of age; but Hobbes" adds he "was obstinate and not able to endure contradiction."

Hobbes was very vain; and nothing could be a more convincing proof of his excessive conceit than his arrogating to himself the title of "The Philosopher." He was much pleased with the following epitaph which was made for him a considerable time before his death:

THIS IS THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

* Athen. Oxon. vol. II. p. 665.

SAMUEL

SAMUEL BUTLER.

was unfortunately lost by being put out on bad securities. The poem of Hudibras which has immortalized his name, was published at three different times. The first part came out in 1663, in octavo, the next year came out the second part, and both were printed together with several additions and annotations. At length the third and last part was published in 1678. On its first appearance it was read with avidity, and applauded as its great merits deserved: but it produced to the author hardly any thing more than universal praise. King Charles always carried Hudibras about with him, but he never gave Butler any mark of his favour except once, when it is said he made him a present of three hundred pounds.

At last, after having contributed to the entertainment of the nation more than any man in his time, this incomparable satirist died in poverty at his apartments in Rose Street, Covent Garden, in the Church-yard of which parish he was buried at the expense of a friend in 1680. No monument was erected to his memory till the year 1721, when Alderman Barber, the printer, set up one in Poet's Corner, Westminster Abbey.*

The

* The ingenious Mr. Samuel Wesley, elder brother of the celebrated founder of methodism, and at that time one of the ushers of Westminster-school, wrote the following Epigram on the setting up of this monument;

While

The neglect of such a man was a deep disgrace to that profligate reign, and it was keenly resented by some of his fellow bards, particularly Oldham, who in his satire against poetry has these strong lines;

" On Butler who can think without just rage
The glory and the scandal of the age?
Fair stood his hopes, when first he came to town,
Met every where with welcomes of renown:
Courted and lov'd by all, with wonder read,
And promises of princely favour fed.
But what reward for all had he at last
After a life in dull expectance past?
The wretch at summing up his misspent days,
Found nothing left, but poverty and praise.
Of all his gains by verse he could not save
Enough to purchase flannel and a grave.
Reduc'd to want, he in due time fell sick,
Was fain to die, and be interr'd on tick;
And well might bless the fever that was sent
To rid him hence, and his worse fate prevent."

Butler was a man of a reserved disposition and very select in his choice of company, which un-

---

While BUTLER, needy wretch! was yet alive,
No gen'rous patron would a dinner give;
See him, when starv'd to death and turn'd to dust,
Presented with a monumental bust!
The Poet's fate is here in emblem shewn
He ask'd for *Bread* and he receiv'd a *Stone*.

Butler, however, though neglected in a shameful manner, was not starved to death.

obtrusivenes

obtrusiveness of manners might probably be one cause of his poverty.

One of his principal friends was the Earl of Dorset, the Mecenas of his age, of whom this anecdote is told ;—

His lordship having a great desire to spend an evening as a private gentleman with the author of Hudibras, prevailed with Mr. Fleetwood Shepherd to introduce him into his company at a tavern which they used, in the character only of a common friend ; this being done, Mr. Butler, while the first bottle was drinking, appeared very flat and heavy ; at the second bottle brisk and lively, full of wit and learning, and a most pleasant agreeable companion ; but before the third bottle was finished, he sunk again into such deep stupidity and dulness that hardly any body could have believed him to be the author of a book which abounded with so much wit, learning, and pleasantry. Next morning Mr. Shepherd asked his lordship's opinion of Mr. Butler, who answered, " He is like a nine-pin, little at both ends, but great in the middle."

An attempt was made to obtain for Butler the patronage of George Villiers Duke of Buckingham, but it failed. The story is as follows :

" Mr. Wycherley had always laid hold of any opportunity which offered, to represent to his grace how well Mr. Butler had deserved of the royal family by writing his inimitable Hudibras ; and that it was a reproach to the court that a person

of

of his loyalty and wit should suffer in obscurity, and under the wants he did. The duke seemed always to hearken to him with attention enough, and after some time, undertook to recommend his pretensions to his majesty. Mr. Wycherley in hopes to keep him steady to his word, obtained of his grace to name a day when he might introduce that modest and unfortunate poet to his new patron. At last an appointment was made, and the place of meeting was agreed to be at the Roebuck. Mr. Butler and his friend attended accordingly; the duke joined them. But as the devil would have it, the door of the room where they sat was open, and his grace, who had seated himself near it, observing a pimp of his acquaintance (the creature too was a knight) trip by with a brace of ladies, immediately quitted his engagement, to follow another kind of business, at which he was more ready, than in doing good offices to men of desert; though none was better qualified than he, both in regard to his fortune and understanding to protect them, and from that hour, to the day of his death poor Butler never found the least effect of his promise."*

Voltaire gives the following character of Butler's great work: "I never met with so much wit in one single book as in this; which at the same time is the most difficult to be

* Wycherley's Posthumous Works in the memoirs, p. 6.

translated

translated. Who would believe that a work, which paints in such lively and natural colours the several foibles of mankind, and where we meet with more sentiments than words, should baffle the endeavours of the ablest translators? But the reason of it is this, almost every part of it alludes to particular incidents."*

Notwithstanding this opinion, Hudibras has been admirably translated into Voltaire's own language by Mr. Townley, a Lancashire gentleman, whose version is an exact counterpart of the original. It was printed in three volumes in duodecimo, at London, 1757, but is so uncommonly scarce that the Critical Reviewers questioned its existence. There is a copy in the British Museum with a portrait of the translator, who was an officer in the French military service, and a knight of the order of St. Louis. He died in 1782, aged 85.

* Letters concerning the English nation.

EDMUND

FRANCIS de VOLTAIRE.

for a support, and then he solicited Cromwell, who was his near relation, for permission to return home, and he obtained it by the interest of Colonel Scroop, to whom his sister was married.

The mother of Waller, though related to Cromwell and Hampden, was zealous for the royal cause, and when Oliver visited her, she used to reproach him in such bitter terms, that he would throw a napkin at her, and say he would not dispute with his aunt; but at last he thought proper to make her a prisoner in the house of her own daughter.

Waller was admitted to terms of great familiarity with Cromwell, when the latter was protector, and on one occasion he found him canting with a body of the puritanical ministers of the city. After they were gone he took Waller with him into his closet, saying to him, "Cousin Waller, I must talk to these men in their own way."

He repaid the Usurper, by a famous panegyric, which has always been accounted the principal of his poetical performances. In another poem on the war with Spain, he carried his adulation to a higher pitch, and recommended Cromwell to assume the kingly crown and title, which he knew well were objects of the Protector's eager ambition, but that he was hindred from taking them principally out of fear of the army.

That a man of so versatile a disposition as

Waller, should turn about with every change, and celebrate the praises of each successive power, is not a matter of wonder. No sooner was the king restored than his pliant muse congratulated Charles with abundance of flattery, but it was observed that his poem to the king was inferior to his panegyrick on Cromwell, and when the good-humoured monarch mentioned the difference to Waller, the wit replied, "We poets, Sir, succeed better in fiction than in truth."

In the first parliament summoned by Charles the second, Waller was returned for Hastings, and he continued to sit in all the parliaments of that reign; his company was courted by persons of the highest rank, and even by those of the gayest character, though in his own habits, he was very temperate, and drank nothing but water. His conversation, however, was so engaging, that Mr. Saville used to say, "No man in England shall keep me company without drinking except Ned Waller."

Though he still possessed a good fortune, he was not unmindful of his interests; for he solicited from the king the Provostship of Eton College, but Lord Clarendon strenuously resisted the appointment, on the ground that it could only be held by a clergyman. This made Waller one of the bitterest enemies of that great and virtuous man, against whom he uttered a most acrimonious speech in the House, which shewed, as Dr. Johnson

Johnson observes, "that more than sixty years had not taught him morality."*

At the accession of James the second, though Waller was then eighty years old, he was returned to parliament for the borough of Saltash, in Cornwall.

He was treated with great kindness and familiarity by James, who one day took him into his closet, where he asked him how he liked one of the pictures, "My eyes," said Waller, "are dim, and I do not know it."—The king said it was the Princess of Orange. "She is," said Waller, "like the greatest woman in the world." The king asked, "who was that," and was answered, "Queen Elizabeth."—"I wonder," said the king, "you should think so; but I must confess she had a wise council."—"And, Sir," said Waller, "did your Majesty ever know a fool chuse a wise council?"

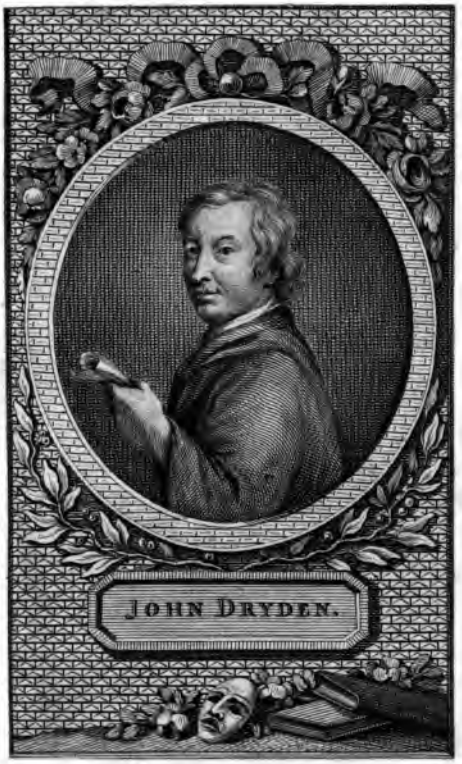
When the same prince was informed that Waller was about to marry his daughter to Dr. Birch, a clergyman, he sent a gentleman to tell him that "the king wondered he could think of marrying his daughter to a falling church." "The king," says Waller, "does me great honour, in taking notice of my domestic affairs; but I have lived long enough to observe that this falling church has got a trick of rising again."

* Lives of the Poets.

Waller clearly perceived to what a condition James would bring himself by his ill-advised measures, and he said to some of his friends, that "he would be left like a whale upon the strand."

That event, however, he did not live to see, for at the close of his eighty-second year he found his legs swell, on which he went from Beaconsfield to Windsor, where Sir Charles Scarborough then attended the king, and requested him, as a friend and physician, to tell him "what that swelling meant."—"Sir," answered Scarborough, "your blood will run no longer." Waller repeated some lines of Virgil, and went home to die. His death was that of a Christian. He received the sacrament from his son-in-law, and exhorted his children to pursue the paths of religion and virtue. Then it was that he related this anecdote of himself. Being present when the Duke of Buckingham talked profanely before King Charles the second, he said to him, "My Lord, I am a great deal older than your Grace, and have, I believe, heard more arguments for Atheism than ever your grace did; but I have lived long enough to see there is nothing in them; and so I hope your grace will."

He died October 21, 1687, and was buried at Beaconsfield.


JOHN DRYDEN.

ten by Richard Crashaw, and published in his Epigrammata Sacra, in 1634, 8vo.

From Westminster Dryden went to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his degrees in arts, but never obtained a fellowship. Here we find him put out of commons in 1652, for a fortnight, in consequence of some act of disobedience to the vice-master; and one of his adversaries asserted, many years afterwards, that he was obliged to quit the university, to avoid expulsion, for having calumniated a nobleman's son.

From Cambridge, Dryden, who had by the death of his father come into the possession of a small paternal estate, visited London, where he had a near relation, Sir Gilbert Pickering, a violent covenanter, and one of the judges appointed to try Charles the First; but, luckily for his own neck, he was not present when sentence was passed. This *worthy gentleman* contrived to keep in with all the changes of government, and was made lord chamberlain to Oliver Cromwell, with a salary of one thousand pounds a year, and other emoluments. He was also nominated one of Cromwell's House of Lords.

Under this powerful kinsman, Dryden got employment, and was made a member of one of the committees for sequestrating the estates of the orthodox clergy and other loyalists. He is said also, at this time, to have favoured different tribes

of sectaries, particularly the independents and anabaptists.

Immediately after the Restoration, however, he endeavoured to make his peace with the royal party, by writing a poem to celebrate that event, entituled, " Astræa Redux, a poem, on the happy restoration of his most sacred Majesty, folio, 1660."

His old patron being no longer able to befriend him, he became a mere literary drudge to a bookseller, and was so poor as to dine at a three-penny ordinary. From this situation he was taken into the house of Sir Robert Howard, which friendship produced a great change in his affairs, and brought him acquainted with Sir Robert's sister, Lady Elizabeth, one of the daughters of Thomas Earl of Berkshire, and whom he married about the year 1665.

Not long after the fire of London, Dryden contracted with the proprietors of the King's Theatre, for an annual stipend, on condition of furnishing them with three plays in the year.

In 1668 he succeeded Sir William Davenant, as poet laureat. He was also made historiographer royal, the united salary being two hundred pounds a year, with a butt of Canary wine from the king's cellar.

In 1671 he was ridiculed on the stage, in the mock farce of the " Rehearsal," written by Villiers, Duke of Buckingham; aided by Martin

Clifford, master of the Charter House; Butler, author of Hudibras; Sprat, afterwards Bishop of Rochester, and others. The character in which Dryden is made to appear, is Bayes; and the humour turned upon hitting off his dress and manner, and in quotations from some of his own rhyming plays.

On this occasion Dryden exercised an uncommon degree of philosophic coolness. He took not the least notice of the satire at the time; but in the preface to his Juvenal he says, "I answered not the Rehearsal, because I knew the author sat to himself when he drew the picture, and was the very Bayes of his own farce."

In 1674 he published his "State of Innocence," an opera, founded on the story of Paradise Lost; and Aubrey, who was personally acquainted with Dryden, informs us, that the latter waited upon Milton, with whom it seems he was on friendly terms, and requested his permission to put his great poem into rhyme; to which the blind bard answered, "Aye, you may tag my verses if you will."

One night, in the winter of 1679, Dryden was assaulted in the street, on his way home from Will's coffee house, by some ruffians, who were hired to beat him, by the Earl of Rochester and the Duchess of Portsmouth, on a suspicion that he was the author of an "Essay on Satire," in which these personages were severely handled.

This

This poem, however, was written by Lord Mulgrave, though Dryden is conjectured to have assisted him in it.*

Of Dryden's principles we can entertain no very favourable opinion, when we consider the violence with which he attacked, and was again attacked by the various writers of his own time: but his conduct towards Lord Shaftesbury, whom he describes in the blackest colours, in his strong satire, entituled, "Absalom and Achitophel," furnishes an occasion of introducing a story.

That poem was written by Dryden to recommend himself to Charles the second, who mortally hated Shaftesbury: and what was worse, it was designed to irritate the public mind against that nobleman, and was published but a few days before a bill of indictment was preferred against him at the Old Bailey for high treason.

The bill, however, was thrown out, and the populace carried his lordship home in triumph. His friends caused a medal to be engraved to commemorate this deliverance, which gave rise to Dryden's poem, entituled, "The Medal, or a Satire against Sedition." In this poem he fol-

* In a letter from the excellent Mr. Nelson to Dr. Mapletoft, dated January 2, 1679, he says, "Your friend and school-fellow, Mr. Dryden, has been severely beaten, for being the supposed author of a late very abusive lampoon. There has been a good sum of money offered to find who set them on work: 'tis said, they received their orders from the Duchess of Portsmouth, who is concerned in the lampoon."

lows

lows up his attack upon Shaftesbury with the most virulent animosity; and draws his character in still more odious terms than he had done in his satire of Absalom and Achitophel. But Dryden was certainly guilty of great forgetfulness, or shameless impudence, when he reproached Shaftesbury for his attachment to Cromwell, in these lines:—

> Next this (how wildly will ambition steer!)
> A vermin wrigghing in th' Usurper's ear,
> Bartering his venal wit for sums of gold,
> He cast himself into the saint-like mould;
> Groan'd, sigh'd, and pray'd, while godliness was gain,
> The loudest bagpipe of the squeaking train;
> But as 'tis hard to cheat a juggler's eyes,
> His open lewdness he could ne'er disguise;
> Then split the saint, for hypocritic zeal
> Allows no sins but those it can't conceal.

How the poet could pen these verses without blushing, it is difficult to conceive; for he had himself filled a venal situation under the government which he censures, and had celebrated the praises of the usurper in a poem which he was ashamed to insert in the complete collection of his works.

The following is the history of the poem of the Medal:

"One day as the king was walking in the Mall, and talking with Dryden, he said, "If I was a poet, and I think I am poor enough to be one, I would write a poem on such a subject in the following manner." He then gave him the plan of the

the Medal. Dryden took the hint, carried the poem as soon as it was written to the king, and had a present of one hundred broad pieces for it."

His servility to the court was manifested in a remarkable manner, at the close of this reign. Before the death of Charles, Dryden composed a political opera, called "Albion and Albanius," which had been rehearsed before his majesty, who expressed himself highly pleased with the performance, and no doubt it must have been very acceptable to him, for the avowed object of the poet was to celebrate the *new restoration* of the king, in consequence of the defeat of Shaftesbury and his party; a thought which he had before versified in the concluding lines of his memorable poem:

> Henceforth a series of new time began,
> The mighty years in long procession ran;
> Once more the godlike David was restor'd,
> And willing nations knew their lawful lord.

The performance of this opera having been prevented by the death of the king, it was not produced for some months; its first exhibition being on the 6th of June, 1685. Unluckily, on Saturday the 13th of that month, while it was performing for the sixth time, an account reached the theatre, that the Duke of Monmouth had landed in the west; which created such consternation, that the audience retired in confusion, and Albion and Albanius was performed no more.*

* Malone's Life of Dryden.

At

At this time Dryden openly declared himself a convert to popery, and obtained an addition of one hundred pounds a year to his salary. What his religion had been before this, it is difficult to guess. Under Oliver he was a professed sectary; afterwards he seems to have accommodated himself to the licentious humour of Charles, by his ridicule of priestcraft. His profession of popery at the beginning of the new reign, is, therefore, only a proof of the versatility of his temper, and his readiness to turn with every wind that blew. True it is, he remained fixed to his new faith, and displayed his zeal like most fresh converts, in exalting the church to which he had joined himself. His poem, entituled, "The Hind and the Panther," was intended to represent the church of Rome as the only true church, and to stigmatize the protestant communion as a spotted beast. Nothing can be more ridiculous than Dryden's management of this subject; and it is a question whether, in reality, he did not render more harm than good to the cause of which he was the advocate, in this poem. It was the occasion of an admirable answer, under the title of "The Hind and the Panther, transversed to the Story of the Country Mouse and the City Mouse," written by Mr. Prior and Charles Montague, afterwards Earl of Halifax.

Dryden was greatly hurt by this piece, particularly when he knew who were the authors; and Dr. Lockier, Dean of Peterborough, heard him express

express his concern in these words, "for two young fellows that I have always been very civil to, to use an old man in so cruel a manner:"—"and," adds the dean, "he wept as he said it.*"

The Revolution made a great change in Dryden's affairs; he was again reduced to write for the booksellers. He was succeeded in his places by his old antagonist Shadwell, not for his poetical merits or historical knowlege, but for his former exertions as a whig. It is said, that the Earl of Dorset, lord chamberlain, wished to keep Dryden in his station, but was prevented by the direct refusal of William, who had little regard for the muses, and entertained a great dislike to all the friends and adherents of the deprived monarch.

Dryden being now poor, and having declared that he would write no more for the stage, was persuaded by Tonson the bookseller, and others, to engage in a complete translation of Virgil. The first lines of this great poet which he translated, he wrote with a diamond on a pane of glass, in one of the windows of Chesterton-House, in Huntingdonshire, the seat of his kinsman, John Dryden, Esq.†

This immortal work Dryden began in the summer of 1694, and it was published in July, 1697, a rare instance of facility and industry. It was

* Spence's Anecdotes.

† Malone ut supre, 233.

published

published by subscription, and by it Dryden gained about thirteen hundred pounds.

It was the wish of the bookseller, and several of Dryden's friends, that his Virgil should be dedicated to King William: this, however, the poet very properly refused. But Jacob Tonson, who had as much veneration for William as Dryden had for James, finding he could not have the dedication he wished, contrived, on retouching the plates, which, by the bye, were the same that had adorned Ogilby's Virgil, to have Æneas delineated with a hooked nose, that he might resemble his favourite prince. This occasioned the following ingenious epigram, which is in the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum.

"To be published in the next edition of Dryden's Virgil."

Old Jacob by deep judgment sway'd,
To please the wise beholders,
Has placed old Nassau's hook-nosed head,
On poor Æneas' shoulders.

To make the parallel hold tack,
Methinks there's little lacking,
One took his father pick-a-back,
And t'other sent his packing.

Soon after the publication of his Virgil, Dryden was solicited by the stewards of St. Cecilia's musical festival, to furnish them with an ode for the occasion. He did so, and produced his incomparable piece, entituled, "Alexander's Feast," the

the first lyric poem in our language. Of the composition of this ode, the following story has been related on the authority of Mr. Berenger, many years master of the horse, and first equerry to his present Majesty.

" Mr. St. John, afterwards Lord Bolingbroke, happening to pay a morning visit to Dryden, whom he always respected, found him in an unusual agitation of spirits, even to a trembling. On enquiring the cause, " I have been up all night," replied the old bard, " my musical friends made me promise to write them an Ode for their feast of St. Cecilia: I have been so struck with the subject which occurred to me, that I could not leave it, till I had completed it: here it is; finished at one sitting;" and immediately he shewed him this ode, which places the British Lyric poetry above that of any other nation."

This anecdote came from Mr. Pope, who had it, undoubtedly, from Lord Bolingbroke, yet Mr. Malone endeavours to discredit the narrative, because, in a letter written by Dryden to his sons, he says, " I am writing a song for St. Cecilia's feast," which he might well do, and yet the main of the story be true, for it is hardly possible that what he shewed Bolingbroke was the ode in its present state.

In 1689, Dryden was attacked, in conjunction with Congreve and Vanbrugh, by the learned Jeremy Collier, in his " Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the Stage." This divine made

made his charges good against these dramatic writers, yet the two last were weak enough to vindicate the obscenities scattered throughout their comedies. To the honour of Dryden, he pleaded guilty both in verse and prose.

In an Epistle to Motteux, he says:

> What I have loosely or profanely writ,
> Let them to fire, their due desert, commit.

In the preface to his fables, he says:

"I shall say the less of Mr. Collier, because in many things he has taxed me justly, and I have pleaded guilty to all thoughts and expressions of mine, which can be truly arraigned of obscenity, profaneness, or immorality, and retract them. If he be my enemy let him triumph; if he be my friend, as I have given him no personal occasion to be otherwise, he will be glad of my repentance. It becomes me not to draw my pen in the defence of a bad cause, when I have so often drawn it for a good one."

Having succeeded so well with Virgil, our poet turned his thoughts to a translation of Homer, of whom he says, "I find him a poet more according to my genius than Virgil, and consequently hope I may do him more justice, in his fiery way of writing; which, as it is liable to more faults, so it is capable of more beauties than the exactness and sobriety of Virgil."

This design, however, he relinquished, and instead of it completed his literary career by a po-

etical version of ancient fables, printed in folio, in 1699, and several times since in one volume duodecimo. In his agreement with Tonson, for this work he engaged to supply ten thousand verses for the sum of three hundred pounds.

In December of that year he was attacked by an erysipelas in one of his legs. He was also seized with the gout, and at the end of the following April, a mortification ensued, in consequence of his neglecting an inflammation in one of his feet. The surgeon proposed amputation, but Dryden said, that "as by the course of nature he had not many years to live, he would not attempt to prolong an uncomfortable existence, by a painful and uncertain experiment, but patiently submit to death."

He died May 1, 1700, and his remains were interred, with more pomp than solemnity, in Westminster Abbey. A ludicrous account of the funeral having been published by Mrs. Elizabeth Thomas, the last ingenious biographer of Dryden shews its falsity in a variety of particulars, still there seems to be some basis of truth in her general narrative, from wich we learn that "as the corpse was conveying in a private manner to the Abbey, at the expense of Mr. Montague, afterwards Earl of Halifax; the Lords Dorset and Jefferies, and some others, thinking the funeral unworthy of so great a man, prevailed upon the attendants to suffer the body to be taken, for embalment, to an undertaker's, and in the mean

time applied to the College of Physicians, for permission to deposit it in their hall. This was granted, and the body lay there in state ten days, at the expiration of which period, Dr. Garth pronounced a Latin Oration, in honour of the deceased,* and then the Ode of Horace, "*Exegi monumentum ære perennius,*" being sung, the company, which was very numerous, moved in procession to the Abbey, where the body was interred, in the grave of Chaucer."

Farquhar, the comic writer, gives the following description of this ceremony, in one of his letters:

"I come now from Mr. Dryden's funeral, where we had an ode in Horace sung, instead of David's Psalms; whence you may find, that we don't think a poet worth Christian burial. The pomp of the ceremony was a kind of rhapsody, and, fitter, I think, for Hudibras than him; because the cavalcade was mostly burlesque: but he was an extraordinary man, and buried after an extraordinary fashion; for I do believe there was never such another burial seen. The oration, indeed, was great and ingenious, worthy the subject, and like the author, whose prescriptions can

* Mrs. Thomas says that the Dr. was mounted upon a beer barrel for a rostrum, the head of which gave way in the middle of his speech, which occasioned the malicious report of his enemies, that he was turned a tub-preacher.

restore,

restore the living, and his pen embalm the dead. —And so much for Mr. Dryden; whose burial was the same as his life, variety, and not of a piece:—The quality and mob, farce and heroicks; the sublime and ridicule mixed in a piece;—great Cleopatra in a hackney coach."*

That Dryden was so superstitious, as not only to put faith in judicial astrology, but to practise that vain and ridiculous art, is admitted by his most zealous admirers.

Of this we have a long and remarkable account given by Mrs. Thomas, who was intimate with Dryden, and who declares that she had the particulars from his wife. The account is as follows:

"When Dryden's lady was in labour with his son Charles, he being told it was decent to withdraw, laid his watch on the table, begging one of the ladies then present, in a most solemn manner, to take exact notice of the very minute the child was born, which she did. About a week after, when his lady was pretty well recovered, Mr. Dryden took occasion to tell her that he had been calculating the child's nativity, and observed with grief, 'that he was born in an evil hour, for Jupiter, Venus, and the Sun, were all under the Earth, and the lord of his ascendant afflicted with a hateful square of Mars and Saturn. If he lives to arrive at his eighth year, says he, he will go

* This alludes to Mrs. Barry, the actress who was in the procession.

near to die a violent death on his very birth-day, but if he should escape, as I see but small hopes, he will, in the twenty-third year be under the very same evil direction, and if he should escape that also, the thirty-third, or thirty-fourth year is, I fear—— 'here he was interrupted by the grief of his lady, who could no longer hear calamity prophesied to befal her son. The time at last came, and August was the inauspicious month in which young Dryden was to enter into the eighth year of his age. The court being in progress, and Mr. Dryden at leisure, he was invited to the country seat of the Earl of Berkshire, his brother-in-law, to keep his long vacation with him at Charlton, in Wiltshire; his lady was invited to her uncle Mordaunt's to pass the remainder of the summer. When they came to divide the children, Lady Elizabeth would have had him to take John, and suffer her to take Charles; but Mr. Dryden was too absolute, and they parted in anger; he took Charles with him and she was obliged to be content with John. When the fatal day came, the anxiety of the lady's spirits occasioned such an effervescence of blood, as threw her into so violent a fever, that her life was despaired of, till a letter came from Mr. Dryden, reproving her for her womanish credulity,* and assuring her that her child was well,

* This is absurd enough, for her ladyship's credulity was natural, it having been foolishly raised by Dryden himself.

which

which recovered her spirits, and in six weeks after she received an eclaircissement of the whole affair. Mr. Dryden, either through fear of being reckoned superstitious, or thinking it a science beneath his study, was extremely cautious of letting any one know that he was a dealer in astrology; therefore would not excuse his absence, on his son's anniversary, from a general hunting match Lord Berkshire had made to which all the adjacent gentlemen were invited. When he went out, he took care to set the boy a double exercise in the Latin tongue, which he taught his children himself, with a strict charge not to stir out of the room till his return; well knowing the task he had set him would take up a longer time. Charles was performing his duty, in obedience to his father, but as ill fate would have it, the stag made towards the house; and the noise alarming the servants, they hasted out to see the sport. One of them took young Dryden by the hand, and led him out to see it also, when, just as they came to the gate, the stag being at bay with the dogs, made a bold push and leaped over the court wall; which was very low and very old; and the dogs following, threw down a part of the wall ten yards, in length, under which Charles Dryden lay buried. He was immediately dug out, and after six weeks languishing in a dangerous way, he recovered; so far Dryden's prediction was fulfilled: in the twenty-third year of his age, Charles fell from the

top of an old tower belonging to the Vatican at Rome, occasioned by a swimming in his head, with which he was seized, the heat of the day being excessive. He again recovered, but was ever after in a languishing sickly state. In the thirty-third year of his age, being returned to England, he was unhappily drowned at Windsor. He had with another gentleman swam twice over the Thames; but returning a third time, it was supposed he was taken with the cramp, because he called out for help too late. Thus the father's calculation proved but too prophetical."

Such is the story which Mr. Malone examines with his wonted acuteness, and disproves in many of its parts; still he allows that Dryden was weak enough to confide in the science of astrology, in which he was countenanced by some distinguished men of the last age: and it is extremely probable says he, that he predicted at the birth of his eldest son that some calamity would happen to him in his eighth and twenty-eighth year, and that both his predictions were fortuitously fulfilled. We know from his letter to him, written in September, 1697, that he had calculated his nativity; and he has himself told us, that every thing to that time, had happened according to his prediction: from other passages it may be collected, that Charles Dryden had suffered much by some accidental fall at Rome: and a tradition is yet preserved in the family, that on the poet's death, his eldest son found in his pocket-book the horoscope

roscope in which several of the calamities of his life were predicted.*

One of Dryden's greatest friends was the Earl of Dorset, of whose liberality to him Jacob relates the following instance: speaking of Tom Brown, he says, "towards the latter part of his life I am informed he was in favour with the Earl of Dorset, who invited him to dinner on a Christmas day, with Mr. Dryden, and some other gentlemen famous for learning and ingenuity, (according to his lordship's custom) when Mr. Brown to his agreeable surprize found a bank note of fifty pounds under his plate, and Mr. Dryden at the same time was presented with another of one hundred pounds."*

In his private character Dryden seems to have been of a placid disposition, and rather diffident; but according to Congreve he was friendly and good-natured, easy of access, and very ready to be reconciled after a quarrel. His favourite amusement in the country was angling, and he was proud of his skill in that sport. When in London he frequented Will's Coffee-house, Covent-garden, so much as almost to be taken for an inhabitant of it. In consequence of this, that house became the common place of assembly

* Life of Dryden, p. 420.

* Jacob's Historical Account of English Poets, 8vo 1720, p. 16.

for the wits of the time, and so it continued for many years afterwards. Here Dryden had an armed chair, which in the winter had a settled and prescriptive place by the fire, and in the summer was placed in the balcony; which two places he called his winter and his summer seat."*

He was a great taker of snuff, and we are told by a contemporary writer that it was considered as a great honour by those who frequented the coffee-house to have a pinch out of Dryden's snuff-box.†

Of his domestick life, Mr. Malone gives us this account, "He usually devoted his mornings to the composition of his various works: and his study was in a room on the ground floor next the street. His hour of dinner did not exceed two o'clock, after which he repaired to the coffee-house."

The following bon mots have been recorded of Dryden:

When a young fellow just come from his play of Cleomenes, told him in raillery against the continency of his principal character, "If I had been left alone with a fair lady, I should not have passed my time like your Spartan:" "That may be" answered the bard, with a very grave face, "but give me leave to tell you Sir, that is because you are no hero."

* Johnson's Life of Dryden.

† Ward's London Spy.

Lady

Lady Elizabeth Dryden coming one morning into his study, and finding he did not attend to her, exclaimed, "Lord! Mr. Dryden, you are always poring upon these musty books;—I wish I was a book and then I should have more of your company."—"Well, my dear," replied the poet, "When you do become a book, pray let it be an almanack; for then at the end of the year I shall lay you quietly on the shelf, and shall be able to pursue my studies without interruption."†

Being with Lord Mulgrave, at his seat near Whitby in Yorkshire, they agreed to play a match at bowls, and promised that neither of them should try the ground beforehand. In the evening, however, Dryden's servant discovered his lordship taking his distances and measuring his casts: and informed his master. He took no notice of

† A similar story is told in the Chevræana, but it must be confessed in a much better manner than the above, which is taken from Mr. Malone, who had it from the late Lord Orford. That by Chevreau is worth transcribing here.

"A professor in the Academy of Saumur used to spend five honrs in the morning in his study, but was very punctual at the dinner hour. One day on his not appearing at the usual time his wife entered his study, and found him still reading. "I wish, my love" said the lady "that I was a book:" "Why so" said the professor. "Because you would then be constant to me."—"I should have no objection" replied the professor "provided you were an almanack."—"Why an almanack my dear?"—"Because I should then have a new one every year."

it; but the next day after Dryden had bowled, Lord Mulgrave before he delivered his bowl, cried out "My life, Dryden, to a turnip, that I beat you."—"Lay me an even wager, my Lord," said the bard, "and I will take you up."

A gentleman returning from one of D'Urfey's plays the first night it was acted, said to Dryden "Was there ever such stuff? I could not have imagined that even this author could have written so ill."—"O Sir" said Dryden "you don't know my friend Tom as well as I do: I'll answer for him he will write worse yet."

Notwithstanding his confidence in his own powers, he was not entirely free from jealousy of his rivals. "He would compliment Crowne (as old Jacob Tonson told Mr. Spence) when a play of his failed; but was cold to him if he met with success. He sometimes used to say, that Crowne had some genius; but then he always added that his father and Crowne's mother were very well acquainted."

On one occasion Tonson having refused to advance him a sum of money for a work in which he was engaged, he sent a second message to the bookseller with the following lines, adding "Tell the dog that he who wrote these can write more:"

> With leering looks, bull faced and freckled fair,
> With two left legs, and Judas-coloured hair
> And frowzy pores that taint the ambient air.

Tonson felt the description, and instantly sent the money.

The

The following account of Dryden appeared in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1745, but the name of the author is unknown.

"I remember, (says this writer) plain John Dryden (before he paid his court with success to the great) in one uniform clothing of Norwich drugget. I have eat tarts with him and Madam Reeve* at the Mulberry Garden†, when our author advanced to a sword and chadreux wig.‡ Posterity is absolutely mistaken as to that great

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* Mrs. Ann Reeve, who is said to have been Dryden's mistress. She was the original performer of Amaryllis in the Rehearsal. In the latter part of her life she became a nun.

† The Mulberry Garden according to Mr. Malone's opinion, comprehended the ground on which the houses in Arlington Street now stand and a part of the Green Park. From Sir Charles Sedley's play entitled "The Mulberry Garden," which was published in 1668, it appears that the company assembled there in the evening; and that there were arbours in the garden, in which they were regaled with cheesecakes, syllabubs, and wine, sweetened with sugar. The ladies frequently went there in masks. In this comedy it is said that he who wished to be considered a man of fashion always drank wine and water at dinner, and a dish of *tea* afterwards. This now common beverage was not however even then confined to the higher circles, for it was drank in coffee houses soon after the Restoration. *Life of Dryden. p.* 466.

‡ "This wig was probably so called from the name of some Frenchman by whom it was made: so afterwards the Valency wig, and the Deuville had their names from their respective makers." Ibid.

man;

man: though forced to be a satirist, he was the mildest creature breathing, and the readiest to help the young and deserving. Though his comedies are terribly full of *double entendre*, yet it was owing to a false complaisance for a dissolute age. He was in company the modestest man that ever conversed."

ARCHIBALD

ARCHIBALD PITCAIRNE,

THIS ingenious physician, and learned writer was a native of Edinburgh, and received his education at that University, being intended for the profession of theology, which study, however, he soon quitted, as not suiting the liveliness of his disposition. He then applied to the law, and that with such closeness as impaired his constitution. To recover his health he went to France, and while there was persuaded by some of his countrymen to change his views and study physick. On his return home he devoted much of his time to the mathematicks, and made so great a progress in a short space as to make some improvements in the new method of infinite series. Having taken his doctor's degree, he published a treatise entitled *Solutio problematis de Inventoribus*, the principal design of which is to assert Dr. Harvey's claim to the invention of the circulation of the blood. In 1692 he was invited by the curators of the University of Leyden, to the professorship of physick, which offer he accepted, and delivered an admired inaugural oration on the method of improving that science. He did not continue at Leyden much above a year but returned to fulfil his engagement to a young lady in his own country, whom he married and

and then settled at Edinburgh, where he had a most extensive practice.

In 1701 he published a collection of medical dissertations in Latin. Before this he had written Remarks on Sibbald's *Prodromus Historiæ Naturalis Scotiæ*. These remarks came out without the name of the author, and though they were severe enough, yet Sibbald had so little suspicion of Pitcairne's being the author of them, that he dedicated his answer to him as a friend.

Dr. Pitcairne died at Edinburgh in 1713, aged 61. He was a man of caustic wit and a bitter enemy to the Revolution, as appears in his Latin poems, which may properly be called in the language of Bishop Hall, *biting satires*, but they are very obscure on account of the allusions which abound in them to private names and occurrences, many of which cannot now be accurately ascertained. Among others is the following:

Lyndesi, Stygiis jamdudum vecte per undas,
Stagnaque Cocyti non adeunda mihi;
Excute paulisper Lethæi vincula somni,
Ut feriant animum, carmina nostra tuum.
Te nobis te, redde tuis, *promissa daturis:*
Gaudia; sed proavo sis comitante redux:
Namque novos vires mutataque regna videbis
Passaque Teutonica sceptra Britanna manus.

This poem, with the exception of the invective on the Teutonic usurpation of the British sceptre, would be absolutely unintelligible, if it were not

explained by the following circumstance. Dr. Pitcairne had a particular friend Robert Lindsey. One day in conversation respecting the immortality of the soul, the case of the two platonic philosophers who had agreed that which ever died first should appear to his companion, happened to be mentioned: on this Pitcairne and Lindsey made a mutual promise of the like kind. Not long after Pitcairne being at his father's house in Fife, dreamt one morning that his friend Lindsey, who was then at Paris, came to him and told him that he was not dead as was commonly reported, but still living in a very agreeable place, to which he could not as yet carry him. On the arrival of the post, news came of Lindsey's death, which happened very suddenly on the morning of the dream. This was in 1689, and Pitcairne who was then full of concern at the loss of his friend and of indignation at the revolution, wrote this poem, which is at the same time keen and elegant, pathetic and satirical.*

The

* The circumstance to which reference is here made is told by Cæsar Baronius of Michæl Mercatus and Marsilius Ficinus. They had frequent discourses on the subject of the soul's immortality, and at last it was agreed "that he who departed out of this life first, should appear to the survivor and determine the point in dispute."

A short time afterwards while Michæl Mercatus was one morning at his studies, on a sudden he heard the noise of a horse,

The wit of Dr. Pitcairne was sometimes carried to a length bordering on profanity. It is recorded that as he passed along the streets one day, he saw a bricklayer fall from the top of a house where he had just finished a chimney, and was killed on the spot. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord," said the doctor, "for they rest from their labours and their works follow them."

Pitcairne is said to have been much hurt at the practice of the University of Leyden in conferring degrees on unknown persons, and often on those who had no just pretensions to the honour. To ridicule the curators he sent for a diploma for his footman, which was granted. He next sent to them for another for his horse. This, however, was too gross even for a Dutchman to swallow. In a spirit of resentment at the affront; an answer was returned in which it was said, that "search

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horse on the gallop, which seemed to stop at his door, and the voice of his friend Marsilius thus addressed him, "O Michæl, Michæl, those things which you advanced are true, they are true!" Mercatus, amazed at the unexpected though well known voice of his friend, rose up, and opening the casement, saw the back of a man in white, galloping away on a white horse. He called after him Marsilius! Marsilius! and followed him with his eye till he was quite out of sight. Astonished at this very extraordinary circumstance, he sent to Florence where Marsilius resided, to enquire after his friend, and was informed that he died the very minute when he was thus seen and heard by him.

had

had been made in the books of the University for a precedent, but no instance had been found of the degree of doctor having been conferred on a *horse*, though in the instance of one Dr. Pitcairne it appeared that the degree had once been conferred on an *ass*."

JOHN RADCLIFFE.

DR. JOHNSON has observed in his life of Akenside,* that "by an acute observer, who had looked on the transactions of the medical world for half a century, a very curious book might be written on the fortune of physicians." The remark is a good one, but the character of the extraordinary person of whom we are about to give some particulars, will shew that the enquirer ought to go farther back than the period above-mentioned.

John Radcliffe was a native of Wakefield, in Yorkshire. At the age of fifteen he was entered of University College, Oxford, where he became a senior scholar, and took his first degree. Afterwards he obtained a fellowship of Lincoln College, where he recommended himself to the favour of his friends, more by his ready wit and vivacity, than any distinguished acquirements in learning. He had no turn for a contemplative life: his sociable talents made him the delight of his companions;

* Dr. Mark Akenside was the son of a butcher at Newcastle, and one day as he was standing at his father's stall, he let fall a cleaver upon his foot, by which he acquired a lameness, that lasted through life. Yet he was weak enough to be ashamed of his origin, and could never endure to hear his father's profession mentioned, though his limping gait always furnished a striking remembrance of it.

and

and the most eminent scholars in the university were fond of his conversation. Though he ran through the usual course of studies connected with medical science, his library was so scanty, that when Dr. Ralph Bathurst, head of Trinity College, asked him one day in a surprise, "Where was his study?"—Radcliffe, pointing to a few phials, a skeleton, and an herbal, answered, "Sir, this is Radcliffe's library."

On taking his bachelor's degree in physic, he began to practice, and that in quite a new method, paying little or no regard to the rules then universally followed, which he even then ventured to censure with such acrimony, as made all the old physicians his enemies. One of the principal of these was Dr. Gibbons, who observed, by way of ridiculing Radcliffe, "that it was a pity his friends had not made a scholar of him." This sarcasm was not lost upon Radcliffe, who repaid it, by fixing upon its author the nick-name of *Nurse Gibbons*, which unfortunate appellation stuck to him to his dying day.

Notwithstanding the opposition he met with, Radcliffe worked himself into a most extensive practice, owing to the boldness and the success of his prescriptions.

He adopted the cool regimen in the small-pox with great effect; and by some surprising cures in families of the first rank, his reputation and his wealth increased daily. In 1677 he resigned his fellowship; and in 1682 he took his doctor's de-

grec, though he still continued to reside at Oxford, where he rooted out the pernicious tribe of urinal-casters, or those who pretended to cure disorders by a mere sight of the patient's urine. In the curious memoirs of Radcliffe's life, is the following account:—

"These piss-pot prophets had wormed the country out of many a sweet penny; and crowds of men and women went daily to them, with phials, &c. for a definitive sentence in their husbands', wives', and children's cases. Amongst the rest, to whom should one of these credulous women come, with a urinal in her hand, but to Dr. Radcliffe: the good woman dropt a curtsey, told him she had heard of his great fame at Stanton (a few miles from Oxford) and that she had made bold to bring him a fee; by which she hoped his worship would be prevailed with, to tell her the distemper of which her husband lay sick, and to prescribe proper remedies for his relief. "Where is he?" cries the doctor. "Sick in bed, four miles off," replied the petitioner. "And that's his water, no doubt?" cries the doctor. "Yes, an't please your worship," the woman replies: and being asked her husband's trade, says that of "a shoemaker." "Very well, mistress," says Radcliffe; and taking the urinal he empties it into his chamber-pot, and then filling it with his own water, dismisses her in these terms; "Take this with you home to your husband, and if he will undertake to fit me with a pair of boots, by the

the sight of my water, I will make no question of prescribing for his distemper, by the sight of his."*

On removing to London, Radcliffe found that his reputation had flown thither before him, so that before he had been twelve months in town, he gained more than twenty guineas a day, as Dandridge, his apothecary, who himself acquired a fortune of 50,000*l.* by his means often asserted.

His conversation was so pleasant, that he was indebted, in a great measure, to it for the prodigious practice which he obtained, particularly among the higher circles; and it is said, that he was often sent for by persons of quality, and presented with fees, only for the gratification of hearing him talk. But sometimes Radcliffe was not in the humour to be thus played with, and would resent the application made to him in a very rough manner.

A nobleman who had been one of his earliest friends, took it into his head to fancy himself extremely out of order, when nothing was the matter with him. Accordingly message after message was sent to the physician, who returned for answer, that "his lordship did not know when he was well, for he was in perfect health, if he would but think himself so." At last, for fear of carrying the jest too far, and of entirely disob-

* Memoirs of the Life of Dr. John Radcliffe, 8vo. 1715, p. 12.

liging him, Radcliffe came, and asked his patient where his pain lay; on which his lordship, after much hesitation, and pointing to various parts of his body, said, "he had a strange singing in his head." "If that is the case," said the doctor, "I can prescribe for your lordship no other remedy than that of wiping your a— with a ballad;" which coarse jest perfectly cured his lordship's malady.

He was in such high esteem at court, that James the Second endeavoured to bring him over to the Romish communion, and directed two of his own chaplains to use their efforts with Radcliffe, who refuted them by his wit. His old acquaintance, Obadiah Walker, master of University College, and a recent convert to that faith, was then employed for this purpose, but neither his reasonings nor persuasions could prevail upon the doctor to leave the church of England, to which he remained a fast friend to the day of his death.*

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* Radcliffe's answer to a long letter of Walker's, is so characteristick of the writer, and excellent in itself, that we shall be forgiven for inserting it in this place.

"Sir,

"I should be in as unhappy a condition in this life, as you fear I shall be in the next, were I to be treated as a turncoat; and must tell you that I can be serious no longer, while you endeavour to make me believe, what I am apt to think, you give no credit to yourself. Fathers and councils, and antique authorities,

Surprising instances of his professional skill and sagacity are recorded. He cured several persons of high rank, after they had been given over by various other physicians; and, among others, he relieved King William from a very troublesome and dangerous asthma, which had baffled the efforts of Dr. Bidloo, and other men of great eminence.

When

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authorities, may have their influence in their proper places; but should any of them all, though covered with dust 1400 years ago, tell me, that the bottle I am now drinking with some of your acquaintance is a wheel-barrow, and the glass in my hand a salamander, I should ask leave to dissent from them.

" You mistake my temper, in being of an opinion that I am otherwise biassed, than the generality of mankind are. I had one of your new convert's poems in my hand just now, you will know them to be Mr. Dryden's, and on what account they are written at first sight. Four of the best lines, and most *à propos*, run thus:—

> " Many by education are misled,
> So they believe, because they were so bred;
> The priest continues what the nurse began,
> And thus the child imposes on the man."

" You may be given to understand from thence, that having been bred up a protestant at Wakefield, and sent from thence in that persuasion to Oxford; where, during my continuance, I had no relish for absurdities; I intend not to change principles, and turn papist in London.

" The advantages you propose to me, may be very great, for all that I know: God Almighty can do very much, and so can the King; but you will pardon me if I cease to speak

When Queen Mary was seized with the small-pox, which the court physicians were not able to raise, Radcliffe was sent for by the council; and upon his perusing the recipes, he told them plainly that her majesty was a dead woman; and he said, after her death, that this great and good princess died a sacrifice by unskilful hands, who out of one disease, had produced a complication, by improper remedies.

Some few months after this, the doctor, who till then had been a favourite with Princess Anne of Denmark, to whom he was physician in ordinary, lost her good opinion by his uncourtly behaviour and inordinate attachment to the bottle. Her Royal Highness being indisposed, gave orders that Radcliffe should be sent for, in answer to which he said he would come soon; but not

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like a physician for once, and, with an air of gravity, am very apprehensive, that I may anger the one, in being too complaisant to the other. You cannot call this pinning my faith on any man's sleeve: those who know me, are too well apprized of a quite contrary tendency. As I never flattered a man myself, so it is my firm resolution, never to be wheedled out of my real sentiments, which are, that since it has been my good fortune to be educated, according to the usage of the church of England, established by law; I shall never make myself so unhappy as to shame my teachers and instructors, by departing from what I have imbibed from them.

"Yet, though I shall never be brought over to confide in your doctrines, no one breathing, can have a greater esteem for your conversation, by letter or word of mouth, than,

"Sir, &c."

appearing

QUEEN ANNE.

patient. Accordingly the fellow used to run from Whitehall to the Exchange, and, entering Garraway's, enquire if Dr. Hannes was there. At last Radcliffe, who was usually at this coffee-house about exchange time, cried out, "Dr. Hannes is not here," and desired to know who wanted him? The fellow answered, "such and such a lord:" but Radcliffe replied, "No, no, friend, you are mistaken, it is the doctor who wants those lords." However, Hannes got great business, and became a principal physician at court; on which occasion an old acquaintance of Radcliffe's, in order to see how he would digest the promotion of so young a practitioner, brought him the news of it. "So much the better for him," says the doctor, "for now he has got a patent for killing." Upon this, the other, endeavouring to try, if possible, to ruffle his temper, said, "but what is more surprising, this same doctor has two pair of the finest horses that ever were seen;" to which Radcliffe coolly replied, "then they will sell for the more."

Such, however, was his fame, that he was sure to be applied to in all desperate cases; and the king in particular, when he found himself very much indisposed, had recourse to Radcliffe's advice. The doctor being admitted, found his Majesty reading L'Estrange's new version of Æsop's Fables. William shutting the book, told him, that he had sent for him once more to try the effects of his great skill, although he had been told

by

by his body-physicians that he would speedily recover, and live many years. Upon this Radcliffe having asked some questions, took up the book, and begged leave to read to him the following fable:—

"Pray, Sir, how do you find yourself? says "the doctor to his patient. Why, truly, says he, "I have had a most violent sweat. *Oh! the* "*best sign in the world,* quoth the doctor. And "then, in a little while, he is at it again: Pray "how do you find your body? Alas! says the "other, I have just now such a terrible fit of hor- "ror and shaking upon me!—*Why this is all as it* "*should be,* says the physician; *it shews a mighty* "*strength of nature:* and then he comes over "him with the same question again. Why I "am all swelled, says the other, as if I had a "dropsy. Best of all, quoth the doctor, and "goes his way. Soon after this comes one of "the sick man's friends to him with the same "question, how he felt himself? *Why truly, so* "*well,* says he, *that I am even ready to die, of* "*I know not how many good signs and tokens.*"

Having read this fable to the king, the doctor said, "May it please your Majesty, your's and the sick man's case in the fable is the very same; you are buoyed up with hopes that your malady will soon be driven away, by persons that are not apprized of the means to do it, and know not the true cause of your ailment. But I must be plain with you, and tell you, that in all probability, if

your Majesty will adhere to my prescriptions, it may be in my power to lengthen out your life for three or four years, but beyond that time nothing in physick can protract it; for the juices of your stomach are all vitiated; your whole mass of blood is corrupted, and your nutriment, for the most part, turns to water. However, if your Majesty will forbear making long visits to the Earl of Bradford's (where the king was wont to drink very hard) I'll try what can be done to make you live easily, though I cannot venture to say I can make your life longer than I have told you." Accordingly he left a recipe, which was so happy in its effects, as to enable the king not only to make a progress into the western parts of the kingdom, but to go abroad, and amuse himself for some time in Holland.

During the king's absence the Duke of Gloucester* was taken ill on his birth day, at Windsor, where he had overheated himself with dancing; but whatever was the real distemper, Dr. Hannes and Dr. Bidloo treated it as the small pox, without success. The whole court was alarmed, and the princess of Denmark, his mother, notwithstanding her resentment of his former conduct, was prevailed upon to send for Radcliffe, who upon the first sight of the royal youth, gave

* The fourth child of Prince George and Princess Anne of Denmark. He died at the age of eleven years and five days July 30, 1700.

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her to understand that there was no possibility of recovering him, since he would die by such an hour the next day, as in reality he did. However, with great difficulty, the doctor was persuaded to be present at the consultation, where he could not refrain from bitter invectives against the two physicians abovementioned, telling the one, that "it would have been happy for the nation had he been bred up a basket-maker, (which was his father's trade); and that the other had continued to make a havock of nouns and pronouns in the quality of a country schoolmaster, rather than have ventured out of his reach in the practice of an art to which he was an utter stranger, and for which he ought to be whipped with one of his own rods."

At the close of this year, the king, on his return from Holland, found himself very much out of order, and sent for Dr. Radcliffe the last time to Kensington. After the usual questions put by the physician to his royal patient; the king shewing his swelled ancles, while the rest of his body was emaciated, said, "Doctor, what do you think of these?"—"Why truly," replied Radcliffe, bluntly, "I would not have your majesty's two legs for your three kingdoms."

This freedom gave so much offence to the king that he would never suffer Radcliffe to come into his presence afterwards, though he continued to follow his prescriptions till a few days before his death,

death, which happened about the time the doctor had predicted.

On Queen Anne's accession to the throne, the Earl of Godolphin used all his endeavours to reinstate the doctor in his former station of her principal physician, but she would by no means consent to his coming to court again, though she was then laid up by the gout, alleging as a reason for her refusal, "that Radcliffe would send her word again, that her disorder was nothing but the vapours." However, in all cases of emergency he was consulted, and it was owing to his prescriptions that the gout was prevented from taking its residence in her majesty's head and stomach.

In 1703, the Marquis of Blandford, only son of the Duke of Marlborough, being taken ill of the small pox, at Cambridge, the doctor was applied to by the duchess to attend him. But having the Marchioness of Worcester then under his care, he could only oblige her grace by a prescription, which not being followed by the Cambridge doctors, the small pox struck in; on which the duchess again applied to Radcliffe, who, having heard the particulars of the symptoms and treatment as detailed in a letter from the tutor, said, "Madam, I should only put you to a great expense to no purpose, for you have nothing to do for his lordship now, but to send down an undertaker to take charge of the funeral; for

for I can assure your grace, that he is by this time dead of a distemper called *the doctor*, and would have recovered from the small pox, had not that unfortunate malady intervened." Nor was he out in his judgment, for the duchess on her return home had the intelligence of her son's death.

Some time before this, the son of Mr. John Bancroft, an eminent surgeon, in Russel Street, Covent Garden, was taken ill of an empyema, of which Dr. Gibbons, who attended him, mistaking the case, the child grew worse: Dr. Radcliffe was then called in, who told the father that he could do nothing to preserve his son, for he was killed to all intents and purposes, but that if he had any thoughts of putting a stone over his grave, he would furnish him with an inscription. Accordingly, in Covent Garden churchyard a stone was erected, with a figure of a child, laying one hand on his side, and saying *hic dolor*, "here is my pain," and pointing with the other to a death's head, where are these words; *Ibi medicus*, "there is my physician."

The case of prince George of Denmark, was also very remarkable. His royal highness had been for some years troubled with an asthma and a dropsy; for the cure of which he was persuaded by the queen and his own physicians, to go to Bath, the year before he died. During his residence there, the gaieties of the place, wrought such an effect upon his temper, that her majesty and the whole court were filled with great admiration

ration of the waters, and it was resolved to come thither again the next season, to complete a cure which was considered as certain. The skill of the physicians who advised the journey was also highly applauded; but Radcliffe said, "The ensuing year would let them all know their mistake in following such preposterous and unadvisable counsels; since the very nature of a dropsy might have led those whose duty it was to have prescribed proper medicines for the cure of it, to other precautions for the safety of so illustrious a patient, than the choice of means that must unavoidably feed it." In confirmation of Radcliffe's opinion, his royal highness fell into a relapse, and was seized with such violent shiverings and convulsions, that his physicians themselves were of opinion that Dr. Radcliffe was the only person to be consulted. In pursuance of this advice, her majesty, who could set aside former resentment, for the preservation of so valuable a life, caused him to be sent for in one of her own coaches, and was pleased to tell him, that "no rewards or favours should be wanting, could he but remove the convulsions she was troubled with, by easing those of her husband." But the doctor, who was not used to flatter, gave the queen to understand, that nothing but death could release his royal highness from his pains, and said, that "though it might be a rule among surgeons to apply causticks to such as were burnt or scalded, it was very irregular among physicians, to drive

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and expel watery humours from the body by draughts of the same element. However, he would leave something in writing, whereby such hydropics and anodynes should be prepared for him as would give him an easier passage out of the world; since he had been so tampered with that nothing in the art of physick could keep him alive more than six days." Accordingly he departed this life on the sixth day following.

Radcliffe was a great humourist, but he had withal a considerable share of good nature with it.

When he was fairly set in at the bottle, it was a difficult thing to get him away from it, even to attend the greatest patients. A person came to him one evening at the tavern, and requested the doctor to come speedily to his wife. Radcliffe promised to attend her as soon as the bottle was out, but no entreaties could prevail with him to go sooner. The husband, being a powerful athletic man, without any ceremony, took the doctor upon his back and carried him off, to the no small entertainment of the spectators. When he had set the doctor on his legs, at the same time making an apology for his rudeness, Radcliffe exclaimed, with an oath, "Now you dog, I'll be revenged of you by curing your wife," and he was as good as his word.

The lady of Lord Chief Justice Holt being very ill, Radcliffe paid her more attention than was customary with him. This was observed, and it

was the more remarkable, as it was well known that the doctor mortally hated Holt: accordingly some of his bottle companions asked him the reason, "Why," said Radcliffe, "I know that Holt wishes the woman dead, so I am determined to keep her alive to plague him."

Radcliffe was very intimate with Betterton the player, and at his desire advanced above five thousand pounds in a trading concern to the East indies. There was every prospect of mutual advantage, and the ship, richly laden, arrived safe in Ireland, but in her voyage from thence was taken by the French. This loss had such an effect upon Betterton, that it threw him into a desponding way, out of which he never recovered. As for Radcliffe, he was at the Bull's-head tavern, in Clare Market, when the news arrived, and when some of the company began to condole with him, he smiled and said, "Come, come, let us push about the bottle, it is only trotting up some hundred pair of stairs more, and things will be with me as they were."

One Mr. Betton, a Turkey merchant, who lived at Bow, near Stratford, was very ill of a complication of disorders, and though he was attended by several physicians, his life was despaired of. At this crisis a friend advised that Dr. Radcliffe should be sent for. The doctor came, and after two visits, he brought him about, on which the sick man "desired him to omit no opportunity of coming to him, for that he should, in consideration of the great

great benefit he had received, be glad to give him five guineas every day till his recovery was completed." To this Radcliffe answered "Mr. Betton, the generosity of your temper is so engaging, that I must, in return, invite you to come and drink a cup of coffee with me, at Garraway's, this day fortnight; for, notwithstanding you have been very ill-dealt with, follow but the prescriptions I shall leave you, till that time, and you will be as sound a man as ever you was in your life, without one fee more."

Very different, however, was his treatment of one Tyson, an old usurer, at Hackney. This man had amassed wealth to the amount of more than 300,000*l.*; but, in the midst of his riches, he was miserably avaricious. Being afflicted with a slow disease, he dealt so long with quacks for cheapness sake, that he was at last reduced to the lowest ebb of life. In this state he was advised to consult with Dr. Radcliffe, but the great difficulty was, how to get the doctor's advice at the least possible expense. At last it was agreed that he and his wife should wait upon the doctor at his own house; accordingly they left their own coach at the Royal Exchange, and proceeded from thence in a hack, to Bloomsbury, where with two guineas in hand, and dressed very meanly, the old fellow stated his ailments, which Radcliffe attended to very carefully; after which he told him "to go home, and die, and be damned, without a speedy repentance; for that death

and the devil were ready for one Tyson of Hackney, who had raised an immense estate, out of the spoils of the publick, and the tears of orphans and widows; and that he would certainly be a dead man in ten days." Nor did the event falsify the prediction, for the old usurer returned to his house, quite confounded with the sentence that had been passed upon him; which, whatever might be his fate afterwards, was fulfilled as to his death, in eight days following.

Towards the close of life, Radcliffe wanted ease and retirement. He therefore bought a house at Carshalton, and recommended Dr. Mead into a great part of his practice, saying to him, "I have succeeded by bullying, you may do the same by wheedling mankind."

When Queen Anne lay on her death-bed, Lady Masham sent down for Radcliffe, who was himself confined by the gout in his stomach, and returned an answer by the messenger, "that his duty to her majesty would oblige him to attend her, had he proper orders for so doing; but he judged as matters at that time stood between him and the queen, who had taken an antipathy against him, that his presence would do more harm than good, and, that since her majesty's case was desperate, and her distemper incurable, he could not at all think it proper to give her any disturbance in her last moments, which were very near at hand; but rather an act of duty and compassion, to let her majesty die as easily as was possible."

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When the Queen died, the doctor was censured most severely for his refusal to attend her, and so violent was party resentment against him on this account, that he was threatened with assassination. The menaces which he received from anonymous correspondents, filled him with such apprehensions, that he could not venture to remove from his country seat; and this, with the want of his old companions produced a melancholy that hastened his end, about two months after the death of the queen, November 1, 1714.* His body

* The following letters shew the ground and the extent of the doctor's apprehensions. The first affords a very affecting, and a most instructive lesson to those who have thoughtlessly contracted pernicious habits, and wasted their time in pleasure and intemperance.

" My very good Lord,

" This being the last time that, in all probability, I shall ever put pen to paper, I thought it my duty to employ it in writing to you; since I am now going to a place from whence I can administer no advice to you, and whither you, and all the rest who survive me, are obliged to come sooner or later.

" Your Lordship is too well acquainted with my temper, to imagine that I could bear the reproaches of my friends, and threats of my enemies, without laying them deeply at heart; especially since there are no grounds for the one, nor foundation for the other; and you will give me credit when I say that these considerations alone have shortened my days.

" I dare persuade myself that the reports which have been raised of me, relating to my non-attendance on the Queen, in her last moments, are received by you; as by others of my

body was removed to Oxford, and there solemnly interred the third of December following, in St. Mary's church.

He

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constant and assured friends, with an air of contempt, and disbelief; and could wish that they made as little an impression upon me. But I find them to be insupportable, and have experienced, that though there are repellent medicines for diseases of the body, those of the mind are too strong and impetuous for the feeble resistance of the most powerful artist.

" In a word, the decays of nature tell me that I cannot live long; and the menacing letter enclosed will tell you from what quarter my death comes. Give me leave, therefore, to be in earnest once for all with my very good Lord, and to use my endeavours to prolong your life, that cannot add a span's length to my own.

" Your Lordship knows how far an air of jollity has obtained amongst you and your acquaintance, and how many of them, in a few years, have died martyrs to excess; let me conjure you, therefore, for the good of your own soul, the preservation of your health, and the benefit of the public, to deny yourself the destructive liberties you have hitherto taken, and which, I must confess, with a heart full of sorrow, I have been too great a partaker of in your company,

" You are to consider, (Oh! that I myself had done so!) that men, especially those of your exalted rank are born to nobler purposes than those of eating and drinking; and that by how much the more eminent your station is, by so much the more accountable will you be for the discharge of it. Nor will your duty to God, your country, or yourself permit you to anger the *first* in robbing the *second* of a patriot and defender, by not taking a due care of the *third*; which will be accounted

He was a most liberal benefactor to that University, and left the greatest part of his fortune to it

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accounted downright murder, in the eyes of that incensed Deity that will most assuredly avenge it.

"The pain that afflicts my nerves interrupts me from making any other request to you, than that your Lordship would give credit to the words of a dying man, who is fearful that he has been in a great measure an abettor and encourager of your intemperance; and would therefore, in these his last moments, when he is most to be credited, dehort you from the pursuit of it; and that in these, the days of your youth—for you have many years yet to live, if you do not hasten your own death—you would give ear to the voice of the Preacher, whom you and I, with the rest of your company, have, in the midst of our riotous debauches, made light of for saying, "Rejoice, Oh young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thy heart, and in the sight of thine eyes: But, know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee to judgment." On which day, when the hearts of all men shall be laid open, may you and I, and all that sincerely repent of acting contrary to the revealed will in this life, reap the fruits of our sorrows for our misdeeds, in a blessed resurrection; which is the hearty prayer of,

"My very good Lord,

"Your Lordship's most obedient,

"and most obliged servant,

"JOHN RADCLIFFE."

The letter enclosed was as follows:

"DOCTOR,

"Though I am no friend of yours, but, on the contrary, one that could wish your destruction in a legal way, for not

it at his death. He was never married, owing to a remarkable disappointment which he experienced in 1693. He was upon the point of being united to a merchant's daughter in the city, when he discovered that the young lady was with child by

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preventing the death of our most excellent Queen when you had it in your power to save her; yet I have such an aversion to the taking away men's lives unfairly, as to acquaint you that if you attempt to go to meet the gentlemen you have appointed to dine with at the Greyhound, in Croydon, on Thursday next, you will be most certainly murdered.

I am one of the persons engaged in the conspiracy, with twelve more, who are resolved to sacrifice you to the ghost of her late majesty, that cries aloud for your blood; therefore, neither stir out of doors on that day, nor any other, nor think of exchanging your present place of abode for your house at Hammersmith, since there and every where else, we shall be in quest of you.

I am touched with remorse, and give you this notice: but take care of yourself lest I repent of it, and give proof of so doing, by having it in my power to destroy you, who am

"Your sworn enemy,

"N. G."

"For Dr. Radcliffe,
at his house in
Carshalton, Surrey."

It is more than probable that this letter was only intended to frighten the doctor, by some who owed him no good will. The intention however was sufficiently answered, for the menaces which he received, preyed upon his spirits and hurried him to his grave.

by her father's book-keeper, on which Radcliffe wrote the following letter to the old gentleman:

"SIR,

"The honour of being allied to so good and wealthy a person as Mr. S. has pushed me upon a discovery that may be fatal to your quiet and your daughter's reputation, if not timely prevented. Mrs. Mary is a very deserving gentlewoman, but you must pardon me if I think her by no means fit to be my wife, since she is another man's already, or ought to be. In a word she is no better, and no worse than actually quick with child; which makes it necessary that she be disposed of to him, that has the best claim to her affections. No doubt but you have power enough over her, to bring her to confession, which is by no means the part of a physician. As for my part, I shall wish you much joy of a new son-in-law, when known; since I am by no means qualified to be so near of kin.

Hanging and marrying, I find, go by destiny; and I might have been guilty of the first, had I not so narrowly escaped the last. My best services to your daughter whom I can be of little use to as a physician, and of much less in the quality of a suitor. Her best way is to advise with a midwife for her safe delivery, and the person who has conversed with her after the manner of women, for an humble servant. The daughter of so wealthy a gentleman as Mr. S. can never want a husband; therefore the sooner you bestow her the better, that the young *hans-en-kelder* may be born in lawful wedlock, and have the right of inheritance to so large a patrimony. You will excuse me for being so free with you; for though I cannot have the honour of being your son-in-law, I shall ever take a pride in being in the number of your friends.

"Who am,
"Sir,
"Your most obedient Servant,
"JOHN RADCLIFFE."

The

The old gentleman took the doctor's advice, and had the young couple instantly married. He gave his book-keeper five thousand pounds, and at his death left his whole fortune amounting to one hundred thousand pounds, to him and his children. As to Radcliffe, the escape he had gave him almost an antipathy to all women, so that he used to say he wished "for an act of parliament whereby nurses only should be permitted to prescribe for them."

When Radcliffe lived in Bow-street, Covent-garden, he had for his next door neighbour Sir Godfrey Kneller the celebrated painter. Kneller's garden was richly furnished with exotic plants and flowers, of which Radcliffe was very fond, and to oblige him Sir Godfrey permitted him to break a door out in the wall which divided the two gardens. But the doctor's servants made such havock among the hortulary curiosities, that Sir Godfrey found himself under the necessity of making a complaint to their master. Notwithstanding this the grievance still continued, so that the knight at last let the doctor know by one of his domesticks that he should be obliged to brick up the door way: to this the doctor, who was often in a choleric mood, returned for answer, "that Sir Godfrey might do any thing he pleased to the door, except painting it."

When the footman returned, he hesitated for some time about delivering this uncourteous message, but Kneller insisted upon hearing every

word, and then said, "Did my very good friend Dr. Radcliffe say so? Then go back, and after presenting my service to him, tell him, that I can take any thing from him but physick."

When Prince Eugene was in England he signified his intention of dining with Doctor Radcliffe, who, instead of the high dainties which his highness found at other tables, ordered his to be covered with barons of beef, quarters of mutton and legs of pork for the principal course, to which was added strong beer of his own brewing, seven years old.

When the prince took his leave, he said "Doctor, I have been entertained at other tables like a courtier, but received at your's like a soldier, for which I am highly obliged to you, since I must say that I am more ambitious of being called by the latter appellation than the former. Nor can I wonder at the bravery of the British nation, that has such food and such liquors of their own produce as you have this day given me a proof of."

One of Radcliffe's contemporaries was a noted quack named Dr. John Case, who united the two professions of a physician and an astrologer. He took the house wherein the famous William Lilly had resided, and over his door he placed the following distich, by which he earned more money than Dryden did by all his works:

"Within this place
Lives Doctor Case."

Upon

Upon his pill-boxes he had these very curious lines:

> Here's fourteen pills for thirteen pence,
> Enough in any man's own con-sci-ence.

In Granger's Biographical History of England, is the following anecdote of this man and Radcliffe, communicated by Mr. Gosling, of Canterbury.

"Dr. Maundy, formerly of Canterbury, told me, that in his travels abroad, some eminent physicians, who had been in England, gave him a token to spend at his return with Dr. Radcliffe and Dr. Case. They fixed on an evening, and were very merry, when Dr. Radcliffe thus began a health: "Here, brother Case, to all the fools your patients."—"I thank you, good brother," replied Case, "let me have all the fools, and you are heartily welcome to the rest of the practice."*

The generosity of Radcliffe's temper appeared in many instances. When Dr. Drake was impris-

* A somewhat similar anecdote is told of the late Dr. Rock. Being one day in a coffee-house on Ludgate Hill, a gentleman expressed his surprise that a certain physician of great abilities, had but little practice, while such a man as Rock was making a fortune. "Why," says Rock, "that's true; but how many wise men, think you, pass up and down this street." —"About one in twenty," says the other. "Well then," replies Rock, "the nineteen come to me when they are unwell, and the doctor is welcome to the twentieth."

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oned for a libel, Radcliffe sent him fifty guineas, privately, though he had received many injuries from him. He also exerted his influence to save him from punishment and he succeeded in his application.

Much about the same a fellow that had robbed Radcliffe's country house, one Jonathan Savile, lying under sentence of death for another crime, took a resolution of writing to the doctor, acknowleging his offence; this letter was brought to him when he was at the Mitre Tavern, in Fleet Street, in company with several persons of quality, to whom he read it, and who were surprised at what they called the impudence of the fellow. But Radcliffe, after ordering the messenger to call upon him in two days, took Lord Granville into another room, and said, "he had received such satisfaction from the letter, in clearing up the innocence of a man whom he had unjustly suspected of the robbery, that he must be a petitioner to his lordship, to use his interest with the queen for the criminal's pardon." This was granted, and in consequence the man was sent to Virginia, where, in a little time, by virtue of the doctor's bounty, he acquired considerable property. His gratitude was evinced by his reformation, and by his sending the doctor several presents.

NICHOLAS

NICHOLAS ROWE.

THIS ingenious writer was born at Little Berkford, in the county of Bedford, in 1663. His paternal ancestors were settled at Lamberton, in Devonshire, but his father, who was bred a lawyer, resided in London, and the son received his education under Busby, at Westminster, where he was chosen a king's scholar, and distinguished himself by his proficiency in the classicks, and by the felicity of his compositions. At the age of sixteen he was taken from school and entered a student of the Middle Temple, where he applied to the law with steadiness, and was called to the bar. But though he had great encouragement to proceed in that employment, the love of the muses prevailed over every other consideration; and, at the age of twenty-five, he produced his tragedy of the Ambitious Stepmother. The success of this piece induced him to discard the law, and to continue writing for the stage. His most successful performance was the tragedy of Tamerlane, and it was that upon which Mr. Rowe set the highest value. There are some critics, however, who think it the worst play our author wrote. One reason of its success, if not the principal, was its being a party play; the two principal characters

racters in it, Tamerlane and Bajazet, being intended to represent King William the third, and Louis the fourteenth. In the reign of Queen Anne it was forbidden, as being a very unwarrantable insult upon the King of France. Mr. Rowe was an enthusiastic admirer of Shakspeare, whose plays he edited, and whose life he wrote, with so much accuracy, that the latter has been adopted in every succeeding edition of the immortal bard.

When the Duke of Queensberry was made secretary of state, he appointed Mr. Rowe his under-secretary, in which situation he continued till that nobleman's death. He is then said to have courted the favour of the Earl of Oxford, by whom he was treated with coldness, as an instance of which the following anecdote has been told:—

Mr. Rowe, it seems, going one day to pay his respects to the Earl, then advanced to be lord high treasurer, was courteously received by his lordship, who asked him if he understood Spanish well? He answered, "No;" but thinking that the Earl might intend to send him to Spain on some honourable commission, he presently added, that he did not doubt but that in a short time he should both be able to understand and to speak it. The treasurer approving of what he had said, Mr. Rowe took his leave, and immediately retired to a farm-house in the country, where, in a few months, he learnt Spanish, and

and then waited upon the Earl to acquaint him with his diligence. His lordship asked him if he was certain that he understood the language thoroughly, to which Mr. Rowe replied in the affirmative; on which the minister burst out in this exclamation, "How happy are you, Mr. Rowe, in being able to enjoy the pleasure of reading and understanding Don Quixote in the original."

Before we censure the Earl of Oxford, we should consider the story; from which it appears that the fault lay with the poet, in so strangely construing a simple question, which any nobleman might very naturally have asked of a literary character, without an intention of raising expectations, which he did not mean to gratify.

The neglect of the minister, however, was made up by George the first, who had a great esteem for Mr. Rowe, and, on his accession to the crown, made him poet laureat, and one of the land-surveyors of the customs in the port of London. The Prince of Wales, afterwards George the second, appointed him clerk of his council; and the Lord Chancellor Parker, the very day he received the seals, made him secretary of the presentations, without any solicitation.

Mr. Rowe died in the prime of life, December, 6, 1718, and was interred in Westminster-Abbey, his old school-fellow, Bishop Atterbury performing the service.

The character of Rowe was that of an amiable, virtuous man. He lived on terms of friendship with

with the most eminent writers of his time; and he was so excellent a reciter of his compositions, that the celebrated actress, Mrs. Oldfield, used to say, that she had no occasion for any other *study* than hearing him read her part in any of his plays. He was a great taker of snuff, and Mr. Congreve happening to have some which Rowe took a fancy to, the latter sent his box several times to be replenished. At last Congreve thinking him too importunate, gave him a gentle reproof, by writing with a pencil, on the lid of the box, the two Greek letters, Φ! P, (*fye! Rowe*). This being told to Dennis, the critick, he said, he was sure that the man who could make so vile a pun, would not scruple to pick pockets.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

IT is not a little extraordinary, that the contemporaries of this illustrious writer should have left so few anecdotes of his private life and manners; and still more singular, that the person with whom he was most intimate, and to whom he entrusted the publication of his works, should relate no circumstance of his friend more remarkable than this, that " his pulse was very irregular."

The industry, however, of succeeding biographers has, in a great measure, made up for this negligence, and the life of Addison has been detailed with considerable minuteness, and several anecdotes have been brought forward by various writers, at different times, which enable us to determine that he was equally excellent as a man and a writer.

His father was Dr. Lancelot Addison, rector of Milston, near Amesbury, in Wiltshire, and dean of Lichfield. He had been chaplain to the English garrison at Tangier, and on his return to England, he published two very curious and entertaining books, one " An Account of West Barbary; or a short Narrative of the Revolutions of the Kingdoms of Fez and Morocco, with an Account of the present Customs, sacred, civil, and

domestick," 8vo, 1671. The other entituled, "The present State of the Jews (more particularly relating to those in Barbary) wherein is contained an exact account of their customs, secular and religious; to which is annexed a summary discourse on the Misna, Talmud, and Gemara." 8vo, 1675.

The son was born at Milston in 1672; and Dr. Johnson relates, that at his birth he appeared so weak and unlikely to live, that he was christened the same day. Mr. Tyers adds to this, that he was actually laid out for dead, as soon as he was born. His early education he received at the free grammar school of Lichfield, and while there, having committed some slight fault, his fear of being corrected was so great, that he ran away into the fields, where he lived upon fruits, and took up his lodging in a hollow tree; till, upon the publication of a reward, to whoever should find him, he was discovered and restored to his parents. From this school he was removed to the Charter-House, where he contracted a close intimacy with Steele, which lasted during life. In 1687 Addison went to Oxford, and was matriculated of Queen's College; but, at the age of seventeen, he obtained a demy's place at Magdalen. His improvements in this venerable seat of the muses were highly honourable to his genius and application. Several elegant productions of his pen appeared in the Musæ Anglicanæ, by which his future eminence might well be

augured. In his twenty-second year he addressed a copy of verses to Dryden, who took great notice of the author. Mr. Addison also supplied that veteran poet with the arguments for the several books of his translation of Virgil, and the Essay on the Georgicks. His conduct at the university was agreeable to that by which he was ever afterwards distinguished, and his abilities were only exceeded by his modesty.

It is said indeed, that he contracted some debts there; but it is also added, that at his return from his travels he very punctually discharged them all.

It was his father's intention that he should enter into orders, and the design seems to have been perfectly agreeable to his own disposition, for thus he writes to a friend:—

> I've done at length, and now dear friend, receive
> The last poor present that my muse can give;
> I leave the arts of poetry and verse,
> To them that practise 'em with more success;
> Of greater truths I'll now prepare to tell,
> And so at once, dear friend and muse farewell.

This plan, however, was overruled by the persuasions of Mr. Montague, who thought him, perhaps injudiciously, better adapted for the sphere of politicks, and the circle of a court. Let this be as it may, his advice prevailed, and his interest procured for Addison a pension of three hundred pounds a year, to enable him to make the grand tour. This was in 1699; and after passing

passing nearly three years on the continent, Mr. Addison returned to his own country, where he published the fruits of his travels, in his "Remarks on Italy," dedicated to Lord Somers. It is remarkable enough, that this book met but with an indifferent reception at its first appearance. Afterwards, however, it became an object of enquiry, and was sold at a high price before it could be reprinted.

In 1703 Addison became a member of the celebrated *Kit Kat* Club;* and it being usual for the wits who composed that assembly, to celebrate the

* This society is said to have first met at an obscure house in Shire-lane, and consisted of thirty-nine noblemen and gentlemen, zealously attached to the Hanoverian succession, among whom were the Dukes of Somerset, Richmond, Grafton, Devonshire, and Marlborough, and (after the accession of George I.) the Duke of Newcastle; the Earls of Dorset, Sunderland, Manchester, Wharton, and Kingston; Lords Halifax and Somers; Sir Robert Walpole, Vanbrugh, Congreve, Granville, Addison, Garth, Maynwaring, Stepney, and Walsh. The club is supposed to have derived its name from *Christopher Katt*, a pastry-cook, who kept the house where they dined, and excelled in making mutton-pies, which always formed a part of their bill of fare. In the Spectator, No. IX. they are said to have had their title, not from the maker of the pie, but the pie itself. The fact is, that on account of its excellence, it was called a *Kit-Kat*. So in the Prologue to the *Reformed Wife*, a comedy, 1700,

> "Thus, though the town all delicates afford,
> A *Kit-Kat* is a supper for a lord."

the beauties whom they toasted in extemporary verses, which they wrote on their drinking glasses, Addison composed the following:—

ON THE LADY MANCHESTER.

While haughty Gallia's dames, that spread
O'er their pale cheeks an artful red,
Beheld this beauteous stranger there,
In native charms divinely fair,
Confusion on their cheeks they shew'd,
And with unborrow'd blushes glow'd.

In 1704, the Lord Treasurer Godolphin was complaining to Lord Halifax that the Duke of Marlborough's victory at Blenheim had not been celebrated in verse in the manner it deserved, intimating at the same time that he would take it kindly if his lordship, who was the known patron of the poets, would name a gentleman capable of writing upon so elevated a subject. Lord Halifax replied sharply, that he was well acquainted

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In an Epigram, supposed to have been written by Arbuthnot, the club is thus ridiculed:—

Whence deathless *Kit-Kat* took its name,
Few criticks can unriddle,
Some say from pastry-cook it came,
And some from cat and fiddle.
From no trim beaux its name it boasts,
Grey statesmen or green wits,
But from this pell-mell pack of toasts,
Of old *cats* and young *kits*.

Jacob Tonson, the bookseller, was secretary to this club,

with

with such a person, but that he would not name him; adding, that he had long seen with indignation, men of no merit maintained in pomp and luxury, at the expense of the publick, while persons of too much modesty, with great abilities, languished in obscurity. The treasurer replied, that he was sorry his lordship had occasion to make such a remark, and that, for the future, he would take care to render it less just, than it might be at present; and, in the mean time, he would pledge his honour, that whoever his lordship should name, might venture upon this theme without fear of losing his time. Lord Halifax upon this mentioned Mr. Addison, but insisted that the treasurer himself should send to him, which he promised to do. Accordingly Lord Godolphin prevailed upon Mr. Boyle, then chancellor of the exchequer, to go, in his name, to Mr. Addison, and communicate to him the business, which he accordingly did in so obliging a manner, that he readily entered upon the task. The lord treasurer saw the poem before it was finished, when the author had written no farther than the celebrated simile of the angel, and was so well pleased with it, that he immediately gave him the post of commissioner of appeals, in the room of Mr. Locke, who was promoted to the board of trade. This poem, entituled *The Campaign*, experienced the most flattering reception from the public, and some of the author's greatest admirers have not scrupled to pronounce it the best of his

poetical performances; while there have not been wanting criticks, on the other hand, to treat it contemptuously, as a "mere gazette in rhyme."

A foreign journalist, however, soon after its publication, spoke of it in the following high terms: "I imagine I shall pay no extravagant compliment to the author, if I venture to promise, that unless polite literature shall fall entirely into neglect in England, this poem will prove a more illustrious and permanent monument of the Duke of Marlborough's glory, than Blenheim palace, which the parliament has ordered to be erected for him, in order to transmit to posterity the memory of his heroic actions, and the gratitude of the nation."

In 1705 Mr. Addison went to Hanover with Lord Halifax; and the year following he became under secretary of state.

About this time he produced his opera of "Rosamond," which failed upon the stage, but yet was much admired for the beauty of the style and justness of its sentiments. The cause of its want of success was the badness of the musick, and Sir John Hawkins gives the following severe account of it:

"From Rosamond the town had for a considerable time conceived a longing expectation; as well from the character of Addison, as the supposed abilities of the musical composer, Clayton. A criticism on this wretched performance is more than it deserves; but to account for the bad reception

it

it met with, it is necessary to mention, that the music, preponderating against the elegance and humour of the poetry, and the reputation of its author, bore it down the third night of representation. An ingenious and sensible writer (supposed to be Mr. Galliard) who was present at the performance, says of Rosamond, that it is a confused chaos of music, and that its only merit is its shortness. The sparrows, in the opera of Rinaldo, and the lion, in Hydaspes, gave occasion to some of the most diverting papers in the Spectator; to papers, in which the humour is so strong and poignant, that Mr. Pope, it is said, on reading them, laughed till his sides shook. Mr. Addison, perhaps from the bad success of his Rosamond, was led to think that only nonsense was fit to be set to music, which he manifests in his preference of the French to the Italian composers, and in his general sentiments of music and musicians, in which he is ever wrong."

In 1709 Mr. Addison accompanied the Marquis of Wharton, then appointed viceroy of Ireland, as his secretary; and at the same time his salary was augmented, by the grant of the place of keeper of the records in that kingdom.

While he was in Ireland, his friend Steele commenced the *Tatler*, which appeared first on April 12, 1709, and Mr. Addison discovered the author from an observation on a passage in Virgil which he had once communicated to him. This was upon the judgment of the Mantuan bard, in

in omitting, upon one occasion, the usual epithet of Pius or Pater to Æneas, when the hero met Dido in the cave, where the one term would have been ridiculous, and the other a burlesque. Virgil, therefore, calls him Dux Trojanus, the *Trojan commander*. This discovery led Mr. Addison to afford his friend farther assistance; but as Steele humourously said, "he fared by this means like a distrest prince, who calls in a powerful neighbour, and is undone by his auxiliary." Such was the superiority of Mr. Addison's genius, and so true a taste had the public of a fine style of writing. Immediately on laying down the Tatler, Sir Richard Steele formed the plan of the Spectator, in which he was again powerfully assisted by his friend, whose papers, as is well known, are distinguished by one of the letters of the muse, CLIO. In the Spectator, the character of Sir Roger de Coverley was Addison's particular favourite. And we are told by his friend Tickell, that he was so tender of this character, as to go to Sir Richard, on his having published a number, wherein he had made Sir Roger pick up a woman in the Temple cloysters, and would not part with him till he had promised to meddle with the old knight's character no more. However, Mr. Addison, to make sure, and to prevent any absurdities which the authors of subsequent Spectators might fall into, resolved to remove that character out of the way, or as he pleasantly expressed

expressed it, to an intimate friend, to kill Sir Roger, that nobody else might murder him.

It reflects high honour upon the sound judgment of the British public, that when the Spectator was published, no less than twenty thousand of the papers were sometimes sold in one day.*

The Saturday's Spectators were mostly Addison's, and generally on religious subjests. Whiston says, that these were originally hints and sketches for sermons which Addison had prepared when he intended to take orders, from which, according to the same writer, he was diverted principally by the Lords Halifax and Somers.

Addison was a great friend to Whiston after his expulsion from Cambridge for heterodoxy, and, in conjunction with Steele, he procured for him a number of subscribers to his lectures in astronomy.

The year 1713 was rendered remarkable by the appearance of our author's tragedy of Cato. According to Dr. Young, this subject had so much engaged Addison's mind even at Oxford, that he wrote this tragedy while he was a student there, and sent it to Dryden as a proper person to recommend it to the theatre, if it was found to deserve it. Dryden returned it with great com-

* Encouraged by the success of the Spectator, the Guardian was begun on the same plan; or, in the words of the preface, "to make the pulpit, the stage, and the bar, all act in concert in the cause of piety, justice, and virtue." The most beautiful papers in the Guardian were written by Addison.

mendation,

mendation, but, with his opinion, that on the stage it would not meet with success. But, says Young, though the performance was then denied the theatre, it brought its author to the publick stage of life. For persons in power enquiring soon after of the head of the college for a youth of parts, Addison was recommended, and readily received, by means of the great reputation which Dryden had just then spread of him as above."

Dryden's opinion coincided with that of Pope, for when Addison shewed him the play in its corrected state for his opinion, Pope told him very freely that he thought he had better not exhibit it on the stage; and added, that by printing it only as a poem, he might make it turn to a profitable account, as the piece was very well penned, though not theatrical enough for the stage. Mr. Addison expressed himself of the same opinion, and seemed inclined to follow his advice; but some time after, he told him that some friends he was cautious of disobliging, insisted on its being brought upon the stage. It was so, and with such success, that it ran thirty-five nights without interruption. Pope wrote the prologue; but so apprehensive was Addison lest any thing like party spirit should appear in it, that he was alarmed at the wording of these two lines in the prologue—

> " Britons *arise*, be worth like this approv'd,
> And shew you have the virtue to be mov'd."

Addison objected that this would sound as a call to

to the people to *rise in rebellion*, and therefore he earnestly entreated Pope to alter it, which he did to "Britons *attend*."

At the time of the first representation of Cato, we are informed by Dr. Johnson, that Addison wandered through the whole exhibition, behind the scenes, with restless and unappeasable solicitude. This is confirmed by the following letter from Pope to Sir William Trumbull, dated August 30, 1713—

"As for poetical affairs, I am content at present to be a bare looker-on, and from a practitioner, turn an admirer, which is (as the world goes) not very usual. Cato was not so much the wonder of Rome in his days, as he is of Britain in ours; and though all the foolish industry possible has been used to make it thought a party play, yet what the author once said of another, may the most properly in the world be applied to him on this occasion—

"Envy itself is dumb, in wonder lost,
And factions strive who shall applaud him most."

"The numerous and violent claps of the whig party on the one side of the theatre, were echoed back by the tories on the other; while the author sweated behind the scenes with concern, to find their applause proceeding more from the hand than the head. This was the case too of the author of the prologue, who was clapped into a stanch whig, at almost every two lines. I believe you have heard, that after all the applauses of the opposite faction, my Lord Bolingbroke sent for Booth, who played Cato, into the box, between one of the acts, and presented him with fifty guineas, in acknowledgment, (as he expressed it) for defending the cause of liberty so well against a perpetual dictator. The whigs are unwilling to be distanced this way, and therefore design a present to the same Cato, very speedily; in the mean time they are getting ready as good a sentence as the former, on their side; so betwixt them it

it is probable, that Cato (as Dr. Garth exprest it) may have something to live upon after he dies."

It was thought some passages in the play glanced at the tory party then in administration, who very wisely avoided the effect of the application, by affecting to applaud the whole piece as much as their whig opponents, and thus the play went off between them with universal approbation.

It is related on respectable authority, that Cato was finished and performed by the persuasion of Mr. John Hughes, author of the Siege of Damascus. Hughes had read the four acts which were finished and thought it would be of service to the public to have it represented at the end of Queen Anne's reign, when the old English spirit of liberty was thought to be in danger. He endeavoured to bring Mr. Addison into his opinion, which he did, so far as to obtain his consent, that it should be played, if Mr. Hughes would write the last act: and he offered him the scenery for his assistance, excusing his not finishing it himself, on account of his many avocations. Addison pressed Mr. Hughes to do it so earnestly that he was prevailed upon, and actually set about it. But, a week after, Mr. Hughes, seeing Mr. Addison again, with an intention of communicating to him what he had thought of it, was agreeably surprised at his producing some papers, wherein nearly half the act was written by the author himself, who, it is said, took fire at the hint that it would be serviceable, and upon a second reflection went

went through with the fifth act; not that he was diffident of Mr. Hughes's ability, but knowing that no man could have so perfect an idea of his design as himself, who had been so long and so carefully thinking of it. "I was told this," says Mr. Maynwaring, "by Mr. Hughes, and I tell it to shew that it was not for the love scenes, that Mr. Addison consented to have his tragedy acted, but to support the old Roman and English public spirit among his countrymen."*

Queen Anne was so well pleased with this tragedy, that she signified a wish of having it dedicated to her. Addison, however, had intended otherwise, and therefore it was sent from the press without any dedication, whereby, says Tickell, the author neither forfeited his duty nor his honour.

Upon the death of her majesty, the lords of the Regency appointed Mr. Addisson their secretary. His friend, on this occasion, was Lord Halifax, who informed him, that as he expected the white staff, he intended to recommend him to his majesty to be one of the secretaries of state. Mr. Addison replied, that he had not so high an aim, and desired him to remember that he was not a speaker in the House of Commons. Lord Halifax briskly replied, "Come, prythee, Addison, no unseasonable modesty. I made thee secretary to the regency with this very view. Thou hast now the best right of any man in England to be secretary of state; nay; it will be a sort of

* Arthur Maynwaring, Esq. author of "The Medley," &c.

displacing

displacing thee not to make thee so. If thou couldest but get over that silly sheepishness of thine that makes thee sit in the house, and hear a fellow prate for half an hour together, who has not a tenth part of thy good sense, I should be glad to see it; but since I believe that is impossible, we must contrive as well as we can. Thy pen hath already been an honour to thy country, and I dare say will be a credit to thy king."

This post, however, he at that time did decline, and accepted a second time that of secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, who was the Earl of Sunderland, and the noble generosity and independence of Addison's disposition appeared very remarkable on this occasion. Party spirit never ran higher than at this time, insomuch that it was deemed heresy to be seen in company with men who were opposed to the administration. When the Earl of Sunderland, who was well acquainted with Addison's friendship for Dean Swift, communicated to him the information of this appointment, he said to him, "There are some people in Ireland, who are not agreeable to me, with whom I hope you will not converse when you go thither." Addison, who knew whom his Lordship meant, replied, "He was much obliged for the honour intended him, but that he could not comply with his lordship's request, as he would not sacrifice his friendship for Dr. Swift to be made chief-governor of that kingdom."

In 1715, he published the Freeholder, which is a kind

kind of political Spectator, and was a very seasonable and serviceable paper at that critical period. The year following, he married the Countess Dowager of Warwick, after a very long courtship, which did not, by any means terminate to his comfort. Addison had been tutor to her son, and two of his letters to his lordship, are too amusing to be omitted here. They were written when the earl was very young :

" My dear Lord,

" I have employed the whole neighbourhood in looking after bird's nests, and not altogether without success. My man found one last night; but it proved a hen's with fifteen eggs in it, covered with an old broody duck, which may satisfy your lordship's curiosity a little, though I am afraid the eggs will be of little use to us. This morning I have news brought me of a nest that has abundance of little eggs, streaked with red and blue veins, that, by the description they give me, must make a very beautiful figure on a string. My neighbours are very much divided in their opinion upon them : Some say they are a sky-lark's, others will have them to be a canary-bird's ; but I am much mistaken in the turn and colour of the eggs, if they are not full of tom-tits. If your lordship does not make haste, I am afraid they will be birds before you see them; for, if the account they gave me of them be true, they can't have above two days more to reckon.

" Since I am so near your lordship, methinks, after having passed the day among more severe studies, you may often take a trip hither, and relax yourself with these little curiosities of nature. I assure you, no less a man than Cicero commends the two great friends of his age, Scipio and Lælius, for entertaining themselves at their country houses, which stood on the sea-shore, with picking up cockle-shells, and looking after birds'-nests. For which reason I shall conclude

this learned letter with a saying of the same author in his Treatise on Friendship: *Absint autem tristitia, et in omni re severitas: habent illa quidem gravitatem; sed amicitia debet esse lenior et remissior, et ad omnem suavitatem facilitatemque morum proclivior.* If your lordship understands the elegance and sweetness of these words, you may assure yourself you are no ordinary Latinist; but if they have force enough to bring you to Sandy End, I shall be very well pleased.

"I am, my dear lord,

"Your lordship's most affectionate and

"most humble servant

"J. ADDISON.

"*May* 20, 1708."

"My dearest Lord,

"I can't forbear being troublesome to your lordship whilst I am in your neighbourhood. The business of this is to invite you to a concert of music, which I have found out in a neighbouring wood. It begins precisely at six in the evening, and consists of a blackbird, a thrush, a robin-red-breast, and a bull-finch. There is a lark, that, by way of overture, sings and mounts till she is almost out of hearing; and afterwards, falling down leisurely, drops to the ground, as soon as she has ended her song. The whole is concluded by a nightingale, that has a much better voice than Mrs. Tofts, and something of the Italian manner in her divisions. If your lordship will honour me with your company, I will promise to entertain you with much better music and more agreeable scenes, than you ever met with at the opera; and will conclude with a charming description of a nightingale, out of our friend Virgil——

Qualis populeâ merens Philomela sub umbrâ
Amissos queritor fœtus, quos durus arator
Observans nido implumes detraxit; at illa
Flet noctem, ramoque sedens, miserabile carmen
Integrat, & mœstis late loca questubus implet.

So

So, close in poplar shades, her children gone
The mother nightingale laments alone;
Whose nest some prying churl had found, and thence
By stealth convey'd th' unfeather'd innocence.
But she supplies the night with mournful strains,
And melancholy music fills the plains.

DRYDEN.

" Your Lordship's most obedient,
" J. ADDISON.

" *May* 27, 1708.

It has been said, that Addison first discovered that his addresses to the Countess of Warwick, would not be unacceptable, from the manner of her receiving such an article in the newspapers, of his own inserting, at which, when he read it to her, he affected great concern and astonishment.

The temper of the countess, however, was not adapted to his; and it was observed, that Peace, Addison, and his wife could not dwell in one house, though a large one. That mansion was Holland House, wherein Addison died. From domestic jars our author used frequently to go to a coffee-house at Kensington, and there drown his cares in a solitary glass, and in thinking.

But he was called off from this disagreeable course of life, in April, 1717, when he was appointed one of the principal Secretaries of State. His health however, which had been impaired by an asthmatick disorder, suffered exceedingly by an advancement so much to his ho-

nour, but attended also with great fatigue. This he bore with great patience, till finding, or rather suspecting that it might be prejudicial to publick business, he resigned his office, after which he became better, and his friends were in hopes that his health would soon be re-established. In these leisure moments he applied himself steadily to the composition of a religious work, on "The Evidences of Christianity,"* part of which only he lived to accomplish. He also intended to have paraphrased some of the Psalms of David, but a long and painful illness put an end to this, as well as other literary designs, and deprived the world of this valuable man, June 17th, 1719. Of his last moments, Dr. Young has given the following interesting and instructive picture:

"After a long and manly, but vain struggle with his distemper, he dismissed his physicians, and with them all hopes of life; but with his hopes of life he dismissed not his concern for the living, but sent for a youth nearly related (the Earl of Warwick), and finely accomplished, but not above being the better for good impressions from a dying friend. He came; but life now glimmering in the socket, Addison was silent: after a decent and proper pause, the youth said,

* An Edition of this excellent tract, with copious notes, was published in French, by M. Seigneux de Correvon, who was also a layman, and in the profession of the law. These notes have been recently translated into English in one volume, octavo, by Dr. Purdy.

"Dear

"Dear Sir, you sent for me; I believe, and I hope, you have some commands; I shall hold them most sacred."—May distant ages not only hear but feel the reply! Forcibly grasping the Earl's hand, he softly said, "See in what peace a Christian can die!"

The character of Mr. Addison is emphatically depicted in this impressive scene. He was a Christian in the fullest sense of the word; modest, meek, and gentle in his manners, just and generous, of strict integrity, and firm and unshaken in the cause of truth. His great talents were uniformly consecrated to the service of virtue and religion; and amidst all the corruptions of party, his sole regard was evidently the publick good, and the best interests of his fellow-creatures. Let it not, however, be supposed that he was without his failings. The easiness of his temper seems to have led him too much into the company of men of wit, who had less wisdom and virtue than himself. Pope told Mr. Spence, that "Addison used to study all the morning; then meet his party at Button's, dine there, and stay five or six hours, sometimes far into the night. I was," adds he, "of the company for about a year, but I found it too much for me: it hurt my health, and so I quitted it." In another place, Pope says, "Addison's chief companions, before he married Lady Warwick, were Steele, Budgell, Philips, Carew, D'Avenant, and Colonel Brett. He used to breakfast with

one or other of them at his lodgings, in St. James's Place; dine at taverns with them; then to Button's, and then to some tavern again, for supper and the evening: and this was the usual round of his life."

This account, however, must be taken with some allowance, considering the little regard Pope had for Addison, and his known disposition for sarcasm.* Still, it is true, that many of Addison's associates were men of indifferent principles; and he himself told Bishop Berkeley, that he "had been in danger of losing his religion by living with the whigs." One of these companions was Sir Samuel Garth, who made himself so conspicuous at the funeral of Dryden.† Mr. Addison, who had strong suspicions of the doctor's scepticism, asked him one day of what religion he was; to which he replied, "that of wise men:" and being urged to explain himself farther, he added, that "wise men kept their own secrets."

Although Addison was fond of company, he was remarkably reserved among strangers. The prating Mandeville once met him at Lord Macclesfield's, and being asked what he thought of

* It will ever be an indelible stain upon the memory of this elegant poet, that after the death of Addison he published a severe character of him, in which he endeavours to represent him as a hypocrite. But Addison has been most ably defended, in a paper written by the late Judge Blackstone, and inserted in the Biographia Britannica. It is too long to be transcribed here.

† See page 306.

him,

him, answered, that " he thought him a silent parson in a tye wig."*

In the House of Commons he cut a very poor figure; his natural diffidence hindering him from expressing his sentiments publickly. Once he attempted to make a speech after he was secretary of state, but he soon became so much embarrassed as to be obliged to sit down again.

In his official situations he distinguished himself by assiduity, courteousness, and integrity. It was a maxim with him never to remit the fees of his office, neither, on the other hand, would he accept of any more than what was customary. By these rules he maintained his disinterestedness, and avoided doing any injury to his successors.

One Major Dunbar applied to him for his interest with the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and,

* Bernard Mandeville, one of those petty infidels who contributed what in them lay to poison the age at the beginning of the last century, was a native of Dort, in Holland. He was bred to physick, but came to England young, and settled here. He lived in obscure lodgings in London, and endeavoured to gain practice in his profession, but with little success. He was the author of the " Fable of the Bees, or private Vices publick Benefits," the title of which gives the character of the book. Besides this, he wrote " Free Thoughts on Religion," " A Discourse on Hypochondriack Affections," " The Virgin unmasked," and some pernicious papers to encourage the custom of drinking spirituous liquors. It was supposed that he was hired by the distillers. In his latter years he was pensioned by some wealthy Dutch merchants.— *Hawkins's Life of Johnson*, p. 263.

to insure it, offered him a bank note of three hundred pounds, which he refused. The major then laid the money out in a diamond ring, which he sent to Mr. Addison, who returned it with this answer:

"SIR,

"I find there is a very strong opposition formed against you; but I shall wait on my Lord Lieutenant this morning, and lay your case before him as advantageously as I can, if he is not engaged in other company. I am afraid what you say of his Grace does not portend you any good.

"And now, Sir, believe me, when I assure you, I never did, nor ever will, on any pretence whatsoever, take more than the stated and customary fees of my office. I might keep the contrary practice concealed from the world, were I capable of it, but I could not from myself; and I hope I shall always fear the reproaches of my own heart more than those of all mankind. In the mean time, if I can serve a gentleman of merit, and such a character as you bear in the world, the satisfaction I meet with on such an occasion is always sufficient, and the only reward to,

"Sir,

"Your most obedient humble servant,

"J. ADDISON."

Of Addison's sincerity in his friendships, his attachment to Steele in particular might be well adduced as a striking proof. Their sentiments were different on several points, and their characters were also dissimilar. Addison was regular and punctilious, Steele thoughtless and extravagant; but good natured, and really virtuous at the bottom.

In

In the last paper of the Spectator, Steele speaks in the following terms of his able coadjutor.

" I am indeed much more proud of his long continued friendship, than I should be of the fame of being thought the author of any writings which he is himself capable of producing. I remember, when I finished the Tender Husband, I told him there was nothing I so ardently wished, as that we might some time or other publish a work, written by us, which should bear the name of the *Monument*, in memory of our friendship. I heartily wish what I have done here were as honorary to that sacred name, as *learning, wit, and humanity*, render those pieces which I have taught the reader how to distinguish for his."

In another work, Steele, gives the following more characteristic account of himself and his friend.

" There never was a more strict friendship than between these two gentlemen; nor had they ever any difference but what proceeded from their different way of pursuing the same thing: the one with patience, foresight, and temperate address, always waited and stemmed the torrent; while the other often plunged himself into it, and was often taken out by the temper of him, who stood weeping on the bank for his safety, whom he could not dissuade from leaping into it. Thus these two men lived for some years last past, shunning each other, but still preserving the most passionate concern for their mutual welfare. But when

when they met they were as unreserved as boys, and talked of the greatest affairs, upon which they saw where they differed, without pressing (what they knew impossible) to convert each other."

Steele was often in embarrassed circumstances, from which he was frequently extricated by Addison, who once took occasion to exercise a little wholesome discipline, to recover him from his careless course of life.

Steele had built an elegant house, which he called the Hovel, at Hampton Wick, and not long afterwards he borrowed one thousand pounds of Addison, giving bond upon the house and the furniture, for the re-payment in twelve months. The bond, as was expected, became forfeited; on which Addison's attorney proceeded to execution. After the house and goods were sold, Addison sent the overplus to Steele, with a letter, stating that he had adopted this mode of proceeding to rouse him from his folly, which, if persisted in, would prove his utter ruin. Steele received the letter with his wonted good humour, and met his friend as usual.

Another friend of Addison's was Temple Stanyan, author of the History of Greece, a work of great merit. This gentleman had, on some exigency, borrowed a sum of money from Addison, with whom he was in the habits of conversing on terms of the greatest freedom; but after this he always assented to every thing which Addison asserted,

asserted, without disputing any of his positions. Such an alteration could not escape the notice of so penetrating an observer, nor was the motive of his conduct difficult to be accounted for. One evening a subject was started, on which they had before dissented with some eagerness, but now Stanyan implicitly submitted to the opinion of Mr. Addison, who was extremely displeased, and angrily exclaimed, "Sir, either contradict me or pay me my money."

Addison was remarkably attentive to the correctness of his compositions, and he sometimes carried this scrupulous care to an extraordinary minuteness. Nutt, one of the first printers of the Tatler, used to say that the press was often stopped by Addison, for want of copy, or for the sake of inserting new prepositions or conjunctions. Dr. Warton confirms this anecdote, by saying, that Addison was so scrupulously nice in polishing his prose compositions, that, when almost a whole Spectator was worked off, he would stop the press to insert a single word.

Though this might be sometimes the case, yet we have evidences to prove that he composed with great fluency.

Steele used to say, that when Addison had adopted a subject, or formed his plan, for what he designed to write, he would walk about the room, and dictate it into language with as much freedom and ease as any one could write it down.

Even Pope declared that he wrote very fluently,

but was slow and scrupulous in correcting; that many of the Spectators were written very fast, and that it seemed for his advantage not to have time for much revisal. He would alter any thing to please his friend before publication, but would not retract it afterwards; and "I believe," says Pope, "not one word of Cato, to which I made an objection, was suffered to stand."

Pope, however, in one of his sarcastic humours said of Addison, that he could not issue an order from his office, without losing his time in great and fine expressions. There is no evidence of this; but it is not improbable that the remark of Pope, alluded to the following circumstance. It was the official duty of Addison to send over information to Hanover, of the death of Queen Anne, but he found it so difficult to express himself agreeably to his sense of the importance of the case, that the lords of the regency were obliged to employ a Mr. Southwell, one of the clerks. Southwell stated the fact, as he was ordered, in the ordinary way of business; and then boasted of his superiority over Mr. Addison.

A man who was so scrupulous in the choice of his own expressions, must have been a severe critick, with respect to the performances of others. This actually appears to have been the case, from the following story:

An author was introduced, by a friend, to Mr. Addison, who was requested to read and correct a poem which was then presented to him. Mr.

Addison took the verses, which he found to be very stupid, and observing that above twelve lines from Homer were prefixed thereto as a motto, he erazed the Greek lines, without making any alteration in the poem and returned it. The author on receiving his piece desired his friend to ask of Mr. Addison the reason of what he had done, expecting to hear that his performance was so fine that it had no occasion for a foreign embellishment, But his friend, putting the question to Addison, was told, "that whilst the statues of Caligula remained all of a piece they were little regarded by the people; but, that when he fixed the heads of gods upon unworthy shoulders, he profaned them, and made himself ridiculous. I therefore," says he, "made no more conscience to separate Homer's verses from this poem, than he did who stole the *silver head* from the brazen body in Westminster Abbey."

When Addison had read Montaigne's Essays, and found little information beyond the titles of the chapters, he threw the book aside with disgust: and, on a gentleman's asking him, "What he thought of that famous French author," replied, that he thought "a pair of manacles, or a stone doublet, would probably have been of some service to the author's infirmity."—"How, Sir," said his friend, "What, imprison a man for his singularity in writing?"—"Why not," answered Mr. Addison, "if he had been a horse, he would have been pounded for straying; and why he should

should be more favoured because he is a man, I cannot understand."

Addison's respect for Milton, was not only evinced by his excellent critique on Paradise Lost, in the Spectator, but in an act of kindness to one of the author's children. Hearing that Mrs. Clarke, the daughter of Milton, was living, he sent for her, desiring that if she had any papers of her father's she would bring them with her, as evidences of her being Milton's daughter, but on seeing her, he said, "Madam, you need no other voucher; your face is a sufficient testimonial who you are;" and he then presented her with a purse of guineas, accompanied by a promise of a yearly pension, but his death soon after, put a stop to his generous design.

Mr. Addison was a real friend to genius, and was always ready to serve men of abilities, even though their principles did not accord with his.

Smith, the author of the tragedy of Phædra and Hypolitus, and commonly called by his acquaintance *Rag*, from his appearance, was sitting one evening in a tavern with a friend, when he was called down to a gentleman; and having staid some time, he came up rather thoughtful. After a pause, he said to his friend, "he that wanted me was Addison, whose business was to tell me that a 'History of the Revolution' was intended, and to propose that I should undertake it. I said, what shall I do with the character of Lord Sunderland? upon which Addison immediately

diately replied, 'When, Rag, were you drunk last?' and went away.

In the manuscript collections of Lord Egmont, it is said that Addison told him, that an honest Englishman is a tory in church matters, and a whig in politics.

Addison's country seat was at Bilton, in Warwickshire, where is a walk still called by his name, planted on each side with Spanish chesnuts and oaks: and in a hermitage, are the following lines, but whether they were written by him, is not certain.

Sequestered from the world, oh! let me dwell,
With Contemplation in this lonely cell,
By mortal eye unseen, I will explore
The various works of bounteous Nature's store;
Revisit oft each flow'r, whose blossom fair
With fragrant sweets perfumes the ambient air;
Pry into every shrub, and mark its way
From birth to growth, from growth to sure decay:
Or else with humble thoughts my eyes I'll bend
And view the near resemblance of my end;
Then think of death, and of eternal days,
Learn how to die, my Maker how to praise,
All ways despise that draw my mind from this,
Then strive to gain an endless age of bliss.

By the Countess of Warwick, Addison left an infant daughter who died unmarried, in March, 1797, aged 79. Some time afterwards the books which she left, with the medals and jewels were removed to London, from Bilton, and sold by Messrs.

Messrs. Leigh and Sotheby. The sale attracted many persons, who were in hopes of finding some literary curiosities in Addison's hand-writing, but they were greatly disappointed, and the books sold at a moderate rate.

MATTHEW

MATTHEW PRIOR.

THE rise of this celebrated poet and statesman was very remarkable. His father, who was a joiner in the city of London, left him an orphan when very young, to the care of his brother, a tavern-keeper, at Charing Cross, who discharged his trust with a paternal tenderness, and sent him to Westminster school under the care of Dr. Busby, by whom he was beloved for his genius, good-nature, and application to his studies. His uncle took him from school, with an intent of bringing him up to his own business, and he accordingly acted as a bar-keeper, and occasionally as a waiter. Amidst the bustle of this employment, Prior continued to improve his classical knowledge, and his favourite Horace was his constant companion. It happened that a club of wits used his uncle's house, amongst whom was the Earl of Dorset, who being there one day with several other persons of quality, the discourse turned upon a passage in one of Horace's Odes, and the company dividing in their sentiments, one of the party said, "I find we are not likely to agree in our criticisms; but, if I am not mistaken, there is a young fellow in the house who is able to set us all right." He then named Matt, as he was called, who was immediately sent for; and being

ing desired to give his opinion on the passage in debate, he did it with such an ingenuous modesty, and so much to the satisfaction of the company, that the Earl of Dorset, determined to remove him from the bar of a tavern, to a situation more suitable to his talents. Accordingly Prior was sent by this Mecænas, to St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1682. His accommodation here, however, was but indifferent, if we may judge from the dungeon-like appearance of the apartment in one of the turrets of the college, said to have been occupied by him, and now converted into a *gip-room.**

There is still a tradition at St. John's, that in the year 1684, Prior was actually flogged for some offence or other, over the hatchway of the scholar's buttery; and that this was the last instance of this barbarous mode of discipline being used in either of our Universities. Let this story, however, be as it may, Prior approved himself so well as to obtain a fellowship in his college soon after his taking the degree of bachelor of arts, in 1686. During his residence there he contracted an intimacy with Charles Montague, afterwards Earl of Halifax, in conjunction with whom he wrote that humourous piece entituled,

* In the cant language of that University, a *gip-room*, signifies a small apartment allotted to the *gips*, or men servants, for the purpose of cleaning shoes and other necessary work in.

"The Hind and the Panther transversed to the story of the Country Mouse, and the City Mouse," which was published in 1687. Soon after the revolution, Prior, who had no great relish for an academical life, came to London, and addressed the following epistle to his friend Fleetwood Shepherd, Esq. who seems, by what is said in it, to have been the first occasion of his removal from the business of a tavern.

When crowding folks with strange ill faces
Were making legs and begging places,
And some with patents, some with merit,
Tir'd out my good Lord Dorset's spirit,
Sneaking, I stood amongst the crew,
Desiring much to speak with you.
I waited while the clock struck thrice,
And footman brought out fifty lies,
'Till patience vex'd, and legs grown weary.
I thought it was in vain to tarry;
But did opine it might be better,
By penny-post to send a letter,
Now if you miss of this epistle,
I'm baulk'd again, and may go whistle.
My business, Sir, you'll quickly guess,
Is to desire some little *place*;
And fair pretensions I have for't,
Much need, and very small desert:
Whene'er I writ to you, I wanted,
I always begg'd, you always granted.
Now as you took me up, when little,
Gave me my learning, and my vittle,
Ask'd for me, from my Lord,* things fitting
Kind as I'd been of your begetting;

* The Earl of Dorset.

Confirm what formerly you've given
Nor leave me now at six and sevens,
As Sunderland has done Mum Stephens.
No family that takes a whelp,
When first he laps, and scarce can yelp,
Neglects, or turns him out of gate,
When he's grown up to dog's estate:
Nor parish, if they once adopt
The spurious brats, of strollers dropt,
Leave 'em, when grown up lusty fellows
To the wide world, that is, the gallows:
No, thank them for their love, that's worse,
Than if they'd throttled 'em at nurse.
My uncle, rest his soul, when living,
Might have contriv'd me ways of thriving,
Taught me with cider to replenish
My vats, or ebbing tide of Rhenish;
So when for hock I drew prickt white wine,
Swear't had the flavour, and was right wine:
Or sent me with ten pounds to Furnivals Inn, to some good rogue attorney,
Where now, by forging deeds, and cheating
I'd found some handsome ways of getting.
All this, you made me quit to follow
That sneaking, whey-fac'd God, Apollo;
Sent me among a fiddling crew,
Of folks I'd never seen nor knew,
Calliope and God knows who.
To add no more invectives to it,
You spoil'd the youth to make a poet.
In common justice, Sir, there's no man
That makes the whore, but keeps the woman.
Among all honest Christian people,
Whoe'er breaks limbs, maintains the cripple.
The sum of all I have to say
Is that you'd put me in some way,
And your petitioner shall pray.

There's

There's one thing more I'd almost slipt,
But that may do as well in postscript;
My friend, Charles Montague's preferr'd,
Nor would I have it long observ'd
That one mouse eats while t'other's starv'd.*

This pleasant petition had its effect; for Mr. Shepherd interested himself so much in Prior's behalf, that the Earl of Dorset introduced him at court, and the next year he was appointed English secretary in the congress assembled at the Hague. He gave such satisfaction in this employment, that King William made him a gentleman of the bed-chamber, which being a situation of ease, he devoted much of his leisure time to the service of the Muses. In 1697, he was employed as secretary to the English negociators at

* When the Earl of Dorset was made Lord Chamberlain, he introduced Mr. Montague to king William, saying, "May it please your majesty, I have brought a Mouse to have the honour of kissing your hand." The king smiled, and being informed of the reason of that address, which was in allusion to the satire against Dryden, he replied, "You will do well to put me in a way of making a man of him:" and immediately ordered him a pension of five hundred pounds a year, till an opportunity should offer of promoting him. He was afterwards made Chancellor of the Exchequer, and First Commissioner of the Treasury. In 1700, he was advanced to the peerage, by the title of Baron Halifax. On the accession of George I. he was created an Earl, and a second time appointed First Commissioner of the Treasury. He died in 1715.

the treaty of Ryswick. The year following, he went secretary of legation to the court of France in which post he continued during the two successive embassies of the Earls of Portland and Jersey. He had not been long there, when one of the French king's officers shewed him the royal apartments at Versailles, and pointing in a particular manner to the victories of Louis the XIV. painted by the famous Le Brun, asked Prior, whether king William's actions were also to be seen in his palace? "No, Sir," answered the secretary, "the monuments of my master's actions are to be seen every where except in his own house."

In 1700, he was created master of arts at Cambridge, by mandamus, and about the same time succeeded Mr. Locke at the board of trade. At the accession of Queen Anne, Prior distinguished himself, with several other writers, in attacking the great Duke of Marlborough. This was done severely enough, in a paper called the Examiner, which was set up under the influence of Harley and St. John, afterwards Lords Oxford and Bolingbroke. The other conductors of this violent political satire, were Swift, Dr. Friend, Mrs. Manley, Mr. Oldisworth, and some others. A very abusive fable was also published against Marlborough, under the title of the "Widow and her Cat," of which Prior and Swift were said to be the authors. The concluding stanza is this:

So

So glaring is thine insolence
So vile thy breach of trust is,
That longer with thee to dispense
Were want of power, or want of sense,
Here, Towzer, do him justice.

About the same time Prior was made one of the commissioners of the customs, a situation, "which he hated" says Swift, "because it spoiled his wit, and he could dream of nothing but cockets and dockets, and drawbacks, and other jargon-words of the custom house."

He did not, however, long continue in this office, for in 1711, he was appointed ambassador to the French court, in which capacity he gave great satisfaction, not only to his royal mistress but to Louis XIV, who, in a letter to Queen Anne, written with his own hand, speaks of Mr. Prior's "conduct as being very agreeable to him:" and the queen in her answer, observes, "I send back Mr. Prior to Versailles, who, in continuing to conduct himself in the manner that shall be entirely agreeable to you, does no more than execute, to a tittle, the orders which I have given him."

While Mr. Prior was ambassador in France, being at the opera at Paris, and seated in a box with a nobleman belonging to the court, as soon as the principal performer came upon the stage, and began to sing, the nobleman joined in the favourite air, and in accompaniment with others so raised the concert that the voice of the per-

former could not be distinguished. Mr. Prior, instead of joining in the singing, began to break out into bitter invectives against the Italian rascal, who imposed upon the audience by pretending to sing. "Sir," said the marquis, who stopped to make a reply, "the fellow has a most excellent voice, and I'm surprised you are not charmed with it."—"Why, really so he has," replied Prior, "but it is so far *below* your lordship's, that while you were pleased to sing, I could not hear a note of it."

He remained at Paris a few months after the accession of George the first, and was then succeeded by the Earl of Stair,* who took possession of

* Of this nobleman the following anecdotes are recorded:

When he was ambassador at Paris he made a most splendid appearance, and being naturally inclined to gallantry and expense, soon became a favourite with the ladies there, by whose intrigues he was enabled to discover secrets, which otherwise might have escaped the penetration of the most sagacious and vigilant minister. In the management of the ladies, whose favour he courted, he was forced to observe the greatest delicacy; play, he perceived, was their predominant passion, and as he was equally inclined that way, he easily obtained, by means of cards, many private amusements, in which he could not have indulged on any other pretence. The Duchess of Maine was one of those illustrious personages whom the earl took most pains to engage in his interest. She was passionately fond of play; of an inquisitive and busy temper; of vast capacity, and of a discernment so quick, that it was no easy matter to impose upon her; she was among the number of

of all his predecessor's papers; and on the arrival of Mr. Prior in England, he was taken up by order

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ladies too that affected to pry into the affairs of the continent, and who had gained an ascendency over the Regent, so as not to be altogether ignorant of the most secret transactions of state. His excellency, by losing large sums with this lady, and paying her the most particular respect, had insensibly worked upon her affections, but had not reaped the least advantage from her in point of politicks, till an accident happened that brought about, in an instant, what he had long laboured at in vain. Being engaged as her partner in play, the run of ill-luck turned against them, and the duchess at last was obliged to borrow of the earl a thousand louis d'ors. His excellency told her he had yet twice that sum at her service, and pressed her to continue play, which she refused. Next morning early, she sent a message to the earl, desiring instantly to speak with him. It is no unusual thing in France, for ladies to receive morning visits from gentlemen in bed; neither was the ambassador at all surprised, when he found himself alone in the chamber of one of the princesses of the blood-royal; she spoke of the money she had borrowed with some concern, as a matter she was very unwilling should take air; but his lordship interrupted her by saying, "it was impossible it should, for he had already forgotten it himself, and should never have recollected it again, had not her highness put his memory to the rack by refreshing it."

The duchess made no reply, but entered into a discourse on politicks, in which she discovered to him the project that the court of Sweden was then meditating, in concert with France, for a descent upon England and Scotland, in favour of the house of Stuart, by which timely discovery the whole scheme was defeated, and his excellency acquired the reputation of an able and active minister.

When

order of the House of Commons, and committed to the charge of a messenger. Afterwards, on the motion of Sir Robert Walpole, he was order-

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When his lordship was ambassador in Holland, he made frequent entertainments, to which the foreign ministers were constantly invited, not excepting the ambassador of France, with whose nation we were then on the point of breaking. In return the Abbè de Ville, the French ambassador, as constantly invited the English and Austrian ambassadors, upon the like occasions. The abbè was a man of vivacity and fond of punning. Agreeable to this humour, he one day proposed a health in these terms, the *Rising Sun*, my master, alluding to the device and motto of Louis the XIV. which was pledged by the whole company. It came then to the Baron de Reisback's turn to give a toast, and he, to countenance the abbè, proposed the *Moon*, in compliment to the Empress Queen, which was greatly applauded. The turn then came to the Earl of Stair, on whom all eyes were fastened, but that nobleman, whose presence of mind never forsook him, drank his master, King William by the name of *Joshua, the son of Nun, who made the Sun and Moon stand still.*

Lord Chesterfield, who, in this respect was, undoubtedly, a good judge, says, that the Earl of Stair was the most finished gentleman he ever knew. That he was so, appears from this circumstance. Louis XIV. when his lordship was at his court, heard the same character of him, therefore, to try him, he one day invited him to take a ride in his coach. When they came to the coach door, the king stood aside to let his lordship go in first, which he immediately did. Afterwards, the king said, "It is true what I have heard, for this man did not trouble me with ceremony, whereas, one less polite, would have stood bowing, and making a thousand excuses and apologies for refusing what I desired."

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ed into close custody, and to be impeached, but was never brought to a trial.

He spent the remainder of his days in retirement, at Down Hall, a small villa in Essex; and though he had filled situations of such consequence in the state, he was under the necessity of publishing his poems by subscription, in one volume folio. He was also engaged in writing a history of his own time, which he never completed,* being taken off by a lingering fever, September 18, 1721, in the fifty-eighth year of his age.

Prior retained his fellowship of St. John's College to his death, and being asked, when he was ambassador, why he kept so trifling an object, he replied, "that every thing he had besides was precarious; that when all failed, that would be bread and cheese at the last; and therefore he did not mean to part with it."

However, it is said, upon good authority, that he kept his chambers and his fellowship for no other purpose than to bestow the comforts of both upon his friend, Thomas Baker, the antiquary who was deprived of his fellowship in that college for refusing to take the oaths to King William.

In Mr. Cole's manuscripts, in the British Mu-

* 1740, this work was printed, as far as Mr. Prior had gone, with some poems in a separate volume.

seum,

seum, is the following curious anecdote in that gentleman's own hand writing.

"In the year 1712, my old friend, Matthew Prior, who was then fellow of St. John's, and who, not long before, had been employed by the queen, as her plenipotentiary at the court of France, came to Cambridge, and the next morning paid a visit to the master of his own college.—The master, Dr. Jenkin, loved Mr. Prior's principles—had a great opinion of his abilities, and a respect for his character in the world; but then he had a much greater respect for himself. He knew his own dignity too well to suffer a fellow of his college to sit down in his presence. He kept the seat himself, and let the queen's ambassador stand. I remember by the way, an extempore epigram of Matt's, on the reception he met with. We did not reckon, in those days, that he had a very happy turn for an epigram. But the occasion was tempting, and he struck it off as he was walking from St. John's College to the Rose, where we dined together: It was addressed to the Master.

I stood, Sir, patient at your feet,
Before your elbow chair;
But make a bishop's throne your seat,
I'll kneel before you there.

One only thing can keep you down,
For your great soul too mean;
You'd not to mount a bishop's throne
Do homage to the queen.

Prefixed

Prefixed to Prior's Poems is his portrait, beneath which is this epitaph, written by himself:

Nobles and Commons, by your leave,
Here lie the bones of Matthew Prior,
The son of Adam and Eve,
Can Bourbon or Nassau go higher?

But this is not original, for in the churchyard of Dundee, in Scotland, is the following:

Here lies a man
Com'd of Adam and Eve.
If any one will climb higher,
I give him leave.

Notwithstanding the elevated circle in which he moved, Prior was coarse in his amours. His favourite mistress, whom he used to call his *Doe*, was one Bet Coxe, a woman of vulgar manners, and a very indifferent person. When some of his friends remonstrated with him for bearing with her unaccountable temper: Prior said, "that he was sensible of the truth of their remarks, as well as of the friendliness of their advice; but he had been so long used to her humours, that they were become familiar to him, and by that means tolerable; whereas, a new mistress would bring a new temper, which would create a very sensible trouble to conform with."

In his will, he left her equally residuary legatee with his relation Mr. Drift.

His

His vanity he shewed, by setting apart five hundred pounds for a monument, to be erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey. To his college he bequeathed a considerable part of his library.*

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* From a manuscript written by Prior, and formerly in the possession of the Duchess Dowager of Portland, the following extracts have been printed by Mr. Malone, in his life of Dryden.

" As to poetry, I mean the writing of verses, it is another thing. I would advise no man to attempt it, except he cannot help it; and if he cannot, it is in vain to dissuade him from it. This genius is perceived so soon, even in our childhood, and increases so strongly in our youth, that he who has it never will be brought from it, do what you will. Cowley felt it at ten years, and Waller could not get rid of it at sixty. As to my own part, I felt this impulse very soon, and shall continue to feel it as long as I can think. I remember nothing farther in life, than that I made verses. I chose Guy of Warwick, for my first hero; and killed Colborn the giant, before I was big enough for Westminster. But I had two accidents in youth, which hindered me from being quite possessed with the Muse. I was bred in a college where prose was more in fashion than verse; and as soon as I had taken my first degree, was sent to be the king's secretary, at the Hague. There I had enough to do in studying my French and Dutch, and altering my Terrentian and original style into that of Articles and Convention. So that poetry, which by the bent of my mind might have become the business of my life, was, by the happiness of my education, only the amusement of it: and in this too, from the prospect of some little fortune to be made, and friendship to be cultivated with the great men, I did not launch much into satire; which, however agreeable for the present

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to the writers or encouragers, does in time do neither of them good; considering the uncertainty of fortune, and the various changes of Ministry, and that every man as he resents, may punish in his turn of greatness;—and that in England, a man is less safe, as to politicks, than he is in a bark upon the coast, in regard to the change of the wind and the danger of shipwreck."

SIR

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

THIS illustrious philosopher was descended of an ancient family, which had its origin at a place of the same name in Lancashire, but removing from thence, seated at Westby, in Lincolnshire; and about the year 1370, becoming possessed of an estate called Woolsthorpe, in the parish of Coltersworth, in the same county, fixed its residence there. The father of Sir Isaac, Mr. John Newton, was a wild, extravagant, and weak man, but married a woman of good property. Her name was Ayscough,* sometimes spelt Askew, and the family was rendered remarkable by the celebrated martyr, Mrs. Anne Askew, who was inhumanly burnt at the stake for denying transubstantiation, in the reign of Henry the eighth. The father of Sir Isaac left him an orphan at a very tender age, in the care of his mother, whose name was Hannah, and by whom he was sent to Grantham school; but not intending to bring him up to learning, after some time, she took him home

* The late ingenious and industrious Mr. Samuel Ayscough, assistant librarian of the British Museum, was a descendant of the same family. His great grandfather was brother to Sir Isaac's mother, and the clergyman who prevailed with her to send him to college.

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and employed him in affairs of husbandry. But at this early age his pursuits and amusements indicated a superior genius. While engaged in the humble office of tending the sheep, he is said to have been often found intent upon mathematical books: and instead of associating with boys of his own age, in their juvenile sports, he was fond of retirement, and always employed about some ingenious contrivance. He had a set of tools with which he executed several curious models in mechanics, and it was on finding him working a mathematical problem in a hay loft, and observing his strong propensity for that science, that his maternal uncle, prevailed on his mother to send him to the university for the completion of his studies.

His advice was attended to; and the youth, after spending some time longer at Grantham school, was removed to Trinity College, Cambridge, where, fortunately, he had for a tutor that great mathematician and excellent man Dr. Isaac Barrow. For a beginning Mr. Newton took up Euclid's Elements, and in running his eye over the book, he was at sight, master of every proposition therein. This done, the youthful vigour of his understanding would not suffer him to stop, in order to contemplate the singular excellence of that author's manner of demonstrating, whereby the whole series and connection of the truths advanced, are continually kept in view, up to their first principles. Of this neglect he was

sensible in his riper age; but his candour in confessing an error, which otherwise no person could have surmised, and that too after he was grown equally full of years and honour, was in him only a slender instance of a most amiable simplicity of disposition. It was not till the latter part of his life that Dr. Pemberton became known to him, and then "he spoke even with regret of this mistake at the beginning of his mathematical studies, in applying himself to the works of Des Cartes and other algebraick writers, before he had considered the Elements of Euclid with that attention which so excellent a writer deserves."* And yet, as it has been judiciously observed, if this was a fault in him, it was one that actually gave birth to all those vast improvements which he afterwards made in the mathematicks.† The truth was, when he came to Trinity College, Des Cartes was the favourite author. That eminent mathematician and philosopher had greatly extended the bounds of algebra, in the way of expressing geometrical lines, by algebraical equations, and thereby introduced a new method of treating geometry. Mr. Newton fell into this new analytical way, and presently saw to the end of the farthest advances made by Des Cartes; but having sounded the depth of that author's understanding, without

* Pemberton's Preface to his View of Newton's Philosophy, London, 4to, 1728.

† Biog. Brit. vol. 5, p. 3210.

feeling

feeling the extensive powers of his own, he proceeded to read those pieces of Dr. Wallis, which were then printed, and particularly his *Arithmetica Infinitorum*. Here he first found that matter which set his boundless invention to work. In this ingenious performance, the author had carried the mensuration of curvilinear figures to a pitch beyond any before him. Amongst others, he had squared, or given the areas of a series of curves, expressed in the way of Des Cartes, by algebraic equations, proceeding in a certain geometrical progression, whereby it easily appeared, that if between each of these areas another could be found, so that the terms of the aggregate series, after such interpolation, should be to each other, continually in the same scale of proportion, then the first of these areas would give the quadrature of the circle. But how to perform this interpolation, was to him an insuperable difficulty, and here he was forced to put a stop to his researches. In the winter, between the years 1664 and 1665, when Mr. Newton was only twenty-two years of age, he took up the intricate subject, and presently passed the bounds set by his great precursor; and, from this beginning, by an incredible sagacity, joined to the most intense application, he carried the doctrine of infinite series, in less than two years time, almost to perfection. But this could be completed only by the help of the method of fluxions, which was invented by him in the spring of 1665.

While he was engaged in these studies, the plague compelled him to leave the university, and though he was secluded from conversation and books, his active genius which found employment in the midst of solitude, started that hint which gave rise to the system of the word, as it was afterwards explained in his Principia.

He was sitting alone, in a garden, when some apples falling from a tree, led his thoughts to the subject of gravity, and reflecting on the power of that principle, he began to consider, that as this power is not found to be sensibly diminished at the remotest distance from the centre of the earth to which we can rise, neither at the tops of the loftiest buildings, nor on the summits of the highest mountains, it appeared to him reasonable to conclude, that this power must extend much farther than is usually imagined; "and why not as high as the moon?" said he to himself; "and if so, her motion must be influenced by it: perhaps she is retained in her orbit thereby. However, though the power of gravity is not sensibly weakened in the little change of distance, at which we can place ourselves from the centre of the earth, it is very possible that, as high as the moon, this power may differ in strength much from what it is here." To form an estimate what might be the degree of this diminution, he considered with himself, that if the moon be retained in her orbit by the force of gravity, then the primary planets must be carried round the sun by the

the like power. And by comparing the periods of the several planets, with their distances from the sun, he found, that if any power like gravity held them in their courses, its strength must decrease in the duplicate proportion of the increase of distance. This he concluded, by supposing them in perfect circles concentric to the sun, from which the orbits of the greatest part of them do not much differ. Supposing, therefore, the power of gravity, which extended to the moon, to decrease in the same manner, he computed whether that force would be sufficient to keep the moon in her orbit. But in this computation, as he attempted it in a common method, and being absent from books, he did not make the power of gravity, decreasing in a duplicate proportion to the distance, answerable to the power which retained the moon in her orbit: whence he concluded that some other cause must, at least, join with the action of the power of gravity on the moon.

For this reason he laid aside, for that time, any farther thoughts upon the subject; an easiness so resigned, as to give up a favourite opinion, founded upon the best astronomical observations of the whole planetary system, is a striking instance of a temper fitted for philosophical enquiries, and Voltaire mentions it as an anecdote of particular use in the history of the human mind, as it shews at once, both how great an exactness is necessary in the mathematicks, and how

disinterested Mr. Newton was in search after truth.

In 1667, he was chosen fellow of his college, and the same year took his master's degree. In 1669, Dr. Barrow resigned to him the mathematical chair, and his lectures, for three years, were upon his discoveries in optics; in the course of which he brought to perfection his theory of light and colours, the hint of which he is said to have obtained from seeing a child blowing bubbles of soap and water with a tobacco pipe.

In 1680 he made several astronomical observations upon the comet which appeared that year, and which, for some time, he took to be not one and the same, but two different comets. He was at a great uncertainty about this, when he received a letter from Mr. Hooke, on the nature of the line described by a falling body, supposed to be moved circularly by the diurnal motion of the earth, and perpendicularly by the power of gravity. This led him to enquire what was the real figure in which such a body moved; and as Picart had, not long before, (viz. in 1679) measured a degree of the earth with sufficient accuracy, by using his measures, that planet appeared to be retained in her orbit by the sole power of gravity, and consequently this power decreases in the duplicate proportion of the distance, as he had formerly conjectured: upon this principle he found the line described by a falling body to be an ellipsis, of which the centre of the earth

earth is one focus. And finding by these means that the primary planets really moved in such orbits as Kepler had supposed, he had the satisfaction to find the result of his enquiries answer some valuable purposes: accordingly he drew up some propositions relative to the motion of the primary planets round the sun, which were communicated to the Royal Society in 1683, and were, with much solicitation on their part, printed four years afterwards at their expense, under the title of *Philosophiæ naturalis Principia Mathematica*, containing, in the third book, what is now denominated his *cometic* astronomy, or rather his system of the world.

This immortal treatise, full of the profoundest investigations and discoveries, arose from only a few propositions at first casually advanced. A second edition, with additions, appeared at Cambridge in quarto, in 1713. This book, in which the author built a new system of natural philosophy upon the most sublime geometry, did not at first meet with all the applause it deserved, and which it was one day to receive, owing principally to the hold which the Cartesian system had obtained in the world, and the conciseness with which our philosopher's performance was drawn up, so that the ablest mathematicians were obliged to study it with great care before they could become masters of its principles. But when its worth was sufficiently known, the approbation, which had been slowly obtained, was

universal; and nothing was to be heard in all quarters, but one general shout of admiration. "Does Mr. Newton eat, drink, or sleep, like other men?" (said the Marquis de l'Hôpital, one of the greatest mathematicians of the age, to the Englishmen who visited him.) "I represent him to myself as a celestial genius, entirely disengaged from matter."

It is beside our purpose to enter into any thing like a regular biography of this wonderful man. We shall therefore briefly notice only the leading points of his life. So highly was he esteemed by the University of Cambridge, that when their rights were attacked by James the second, Mr. Newton was appointed one of their delegates to the High Commission Court; when he made so ingenious a defence, that the king thought proper to drop the affair, and to continue their privileges.

In 1688, Mr. Newton was chosen, by the University, one of their members for the Convention Parliament, in which he sat till its dissolution. His colleague was Mr. Charles Montague, afterwards Earl of Halifax, by whose means Mr. Newton was appointed Warden of the Mint. In this office he rendered essential service to the nation, on the recoining of the money, as he also did when he was made Master of the Mint, in 1699.

In a late valuable work, "On the Coins of the Realm,"

Realm," by the Earl of Liverpool, is the following article, respecting this great man:

"In 1717, not twenty years after the re-coinage, the ministers of George I. were alarmed at the decrease of the silver coins, and applied to Sir Isaac Newton, then master of the mint, for his advice. He stated that the guinea, which then passed for 21s. 6d. was worth only about 20s. 8d. according to the relative value of gold and silver in the bullion market; and he suggested, as an experiment, that 6d. should be taken off the current value of the guinea, in order to diminish the temptation to melt down and export the silver coins. At the same time, he acknowledged that 10d. or 12d. ought to be taken off the value of the guinea, in order that the gold coins might bear the same relation to the silver, as they ought to do, according to the course of exchange throughout Europe; although it might be better to wait the effect of the measure he proposed, which would shew what further reduction would be most convenient for the public.

"In consequence of this advice, the current value of the guinea was lowered, and it was ordered to be legal tender, at the rate of 21s. at which value it continues."

Upon his promotion to the mastership of the Mint, worth about twelve hundred pounds a year, Mr. Newton appointed Mr. William Whiston his assistant in the professorship at Cambridge, giving

ing him the full profits of the place, and soon afterwards he resigned the chair entirely to him.*

In

* This ingenious, but eccentrick character, though a dogmatist, and a heretick, was, at the same time the most credulous and superstitious man alive. He was not contented with explaining the principles of Astronomy upon the Newtonian system, in his lectures at Cambridge, but he must go out of his way to attack the Athanasian Creed, and other formularies of the established church. This provoked the heads of the University so much, that at last Whiston was deprived of his professorship and expelled, by a decree of the senate. Sir Isaac, though he pitied the man, was displeased with his conduct; and Whiston, in the extraordinary memoirs which he has given of his own life, and which are full of the most insufferable egotism, has abused his old friend and patron, "as being the most fearful, cautious, and suspicious temper that he ever knew. And had he been alive," says this vain old man, "when I wrote against his Chronology, and so thoroughly confuted it, that nobody has ever ventured to vindicate it, that I know of, since my confutation was published, I should not have ventured to publish it during his life time; because I knew his temper so well, that I should have expected it would have killed him."

Poor Whiston, who thought himself more than a match for Newton, was himself the dupe of the weakest extravagancies. He placed the Apostolical Constitutions, a set of canons, without authority, upon a footing with the Scriptures, and by literally expounding the prophecies, he came to foretel the exact time when the Millennium was to begin, but happening to outlive that period, and his prediction not being accomplished, he wisely put it off for about twenty years longer. Upon this the following story has been told, that having a small

In 1703, Mr. Newton was chosen president of the Royal Society, which chair he occupied without interruption, till his death. A brilliant period, during which that learned body was surrounded with glory, and spread its beams afar. In the year 1704, our author published his "OPTICS; or a Treatise of the Reflections, Refractions, Inflexions, and Colours of Light," which appears to have been his favourite work and about which he was so very solicitous as to prevail upon Dr. Clarke to translate it into Latin, in order that no part of his meaning should be misrepresented. When the doctor presented his manuscript to Mr. Newton, he was so pleased with it that he gave him five hundred pounds, or one hundred for each of his children.

The year following Queen Anne conferred upon him the honour of knighthood.

At this time his peace was disturbed by the claim set up by Leibnitz to the invention of Flux-

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small estate to dispose of, he offered it to a gentleman who well knew the obstinacy with which he maintained his visionary conceits; and when Whiston asked him the value of thirty years purchase, the other appeared astonished. and Mr. Whiston demanding the reason of his surprize, as he had asked no more than what other people usually gave? "I don't wonder at other people," said the gentleman, "because they know no better; but I am surprised that you should ask thirty years purchase when you know that, in about half the time, all men's property will be common, and no man's estate worth a groat."

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ions, which Sir Isaac had in reality discovered as far back as 1666. Of all things, controversy was the most disagreeable to his mind, and, therefore, he could not be brought to engage in this dispute which was carried on between Leibnitz, on the one hand, and some of the most eminent English mathematicians on the other. Leibnitz, at last, in order to make the world believe that he was the real author of the invention, and to shew his superiority, as a mathematician, over Sir Isaac, sent him a famous problem of the trajectories, by way of challenge. But the solution of this, though it was the most difficult proposition his antagonist, after a great deal of study, could think of, was nothing more than a mere amusement to Sir Isaac; he received the problem at four o'clock in the evening, as he was returning from the mint, and though he was extremely fatigued with business, he yet finished the solution before he went to bed. George the first took particular notice of Sir Isaac, and it was owing to the interest that the king took, and the enquiries he made concerning the difference between the English philosopher and Leibnitz, that Sir Isaac was persuaded to write a defence of his claim to the invention of Fluxions. The Princess, afterwards Queen Caroline, was also very fond of Sir Isaac's conversation, and used to say, that she thereby found in every difficulty that full satisfaction, which she had, in vain, sought elsewhere. Her royal highness likewise declared frequently in publick, that

she thought herself happy in having come into the world, at a juncture of time which gave her an opportunity of becoming acquainted with so sublime a genius. Amongst other things Sir Isaac one day communicated to the princess, his thoughts upon some points of Chronology. These appeared so new and ingenious, that she could not be satisfied till he promised her to complete a work upon the subject. He accordingly drew up an abstract, on condition that it should be kept a secret; but, some time afterwards the princess desired that Signior Conti, a Venetian nobleman, and a pretender to science, might have a copy, which of course could not be refused. Conti, however, abused the confidence placed in him, for, on his arrival in France, he not only communicated Sir Isaac's scheme to various persons, but actually set an antiquary upon publishing a translation of it into the French, with observations. To this performance, which came out in 1725, Sir Isaac published a Reply in the Philosophical Transactions, wherein the trick of the Venetian, and the ignorance of the French critic are alike exposed.

He had, some few years before this, been seized with an incontinence of urine, which was thought to proceed from a stone in the bladder; but by the help of a strict regimen and other precautions, he procured great intervals of ease during the remaining five years of his life; yet he was not free from severe paroxysms, which occasioned

casioned large drops of sweat to run down his face. In these circumstances, however, he was never heard to utter a groan, or to express the least impatience; and as soon as he recovered a momentary degree of ease, he would smile and talk with his usual cheerfulness. Till this time it was customary with him to read and write several hours in a day, but he was now obliged to rely on Mr. Conduit, who married his niece, for his assistance in the Mint. On Saturday morning, March 18, 1726-7, he read the newspapers, and discoursed a long time with his physician, Dr. Mead, having then the perfect use of all his senses and understanding; but the same night he entirely lost them all, and died on the Monday following, which was March 20th, in the eighty-fifth year of his age. His body lay in state in the Jerusalem chamber, and on the 28th of the same month, was conveyed to Westminster Abbey, the Lord Chancellor, the Dukes of Montrose and Roxburgh, and the Earls of Pembroke, Sussex, and Macclesfield, holding up the pall.

In his person, Sir Isaac was of a middling stature, and somewhat inclined to corpulency in the latter part of his life. His countenance was both pleasing and venerable, especially when he took off his peruke, and shewed his white hair which was pretty thick. He had lost but one tooth, and never made use of spectacles during his whole life.

The leading feature of his mind, was modesty, and

and one day, when a friend was saying some handsome things of his extraordinary talents, Sir Isaac assured him, "for his own part he was sensible that whatever he had done worthy of notice, was owing to a patience of thought, rather than any extraordinary sagacity, which he was endowed with above other men. "I keep," says he "the subject constantly before me, and wait till the first dawnings open slowly, by little and little, into a full and clear light."

Hence it is that we are able to account for the great abhorrence he had to disputing upon these points; a steady unbroken attention being his peculiar felicity. But though philosophy and mathematicks constituted his favourite, they were not his sole pursuits. He ranged through the circle of literature, and his Bible was his favourite companion. He was a sincere believer in revelation; and one day when Dr. Halley had uttered some loose expressions with regard to religion in his company, Sir Isaac reproved him in these strong terms; "Dr. Halley, when you talk about philosophy and mathematicks, I always hear you with pleasure, because these are subjects with which you are well acquainted; but I must beg that you will say nothing about Christianity, for it is a subject you have never studied; I have, and I know that you know nothing of the matter."

Such was the equanimity of his temper that it was scarcely ever ruffled. After he had been en-

gaged for a considerable time in a long train of laborious and intricate calculations, he had occasion one evening to leave his study for some time to attend a gentleman, and on his return found his papers scattered over the floor, and for the most part torn to pieces, by his favourite little dog. After looking at the fragments for a moment, he turned to the animal, and said, "Ah, poor *Fidele*, what mischief hast thou done!"

Of his occasional absence of mind, the following anecdote has been related on good authority:

Dr. Stukeley, the learned antiquary, coming to town from Stamford, called upon Sir Isaac about his usual hour of dinner, which he found laid on the table in the parlour. After waiting a long time and being rather hungry, the doctor lifted off the cover from a dish, and found a boiled fowl, which he instantly set about carving and made a good dinner: then covering up the fragments, he resumed his seat by the fire side, waiting the arrival of the philosopher. Sir Isaac, on entering the room apologized for keeping him so long, and then asked the doctor whether he had dined. Stukeley told him that he had: on which Sir Isaac, seating himself at the table and taking off the cover from the dish, "bless me," says he, on seeing the remains of the fowl, "who would have thought it? I forgot that I had dined."

Sir Isaac was never married, and perhaps he had never leisure to think of it: being immerged in

in profound studies during the prime of his age, and afterwards engaged in an employment of great importance, he was not sensible of any vacancy in life, or of the want of a companion at home.

He left thirty-two thousand pounds at his death, but made no will, because, says M. de Fontenelle, he thought a legacy was no gift.

His philosophy has not been without censurers, but this has arisen from a want of comprehending the author's meaning, or being able to pursue the chain of his reasoning. Hence it is, that his notions of attraction and gravitation have met with violent opposition, as making those qualities inherent in matter; whereas Sir Isaac has expressly denied it, saying that, "the cause of gravity is what he did not pretend to know." Some of the most vehement antagonists of the Newtonian system, have been Mr. John Hutchinson, and his followers, who, in their laudable zeal for revelation, thought themselves bound to oppose the mathematical philosophy, as being unfavourable to the history of the creation by Moses.* Notwithstanding these attempts to lessen

* In a scarce pamphlet entituled, "The Theology and Philosophy in Cicero's *Somnium Scipionis*, explained," published anonymously in 1751, is the following anecdote, given indeed upon no authority, but said to be well attested.

"Sir Isaac Newton, Lord Pembroke, and Mr. Locke,

lessen the merit of our illustrious countryman, he will still be regarded, by all good judges, as the

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were to pay a visit to Mr. Patrick, weather-glass maker, in the old Bailey. Sir Isaac happening to mention a *vacuum* Mr. Patrick said, "God bless me, Sir Isaac, have I not told you there is no such thing?"—"I'm sure there is," quoth the philosopher.—"I tell you there is not:" said Mr. Patrick, "and I'll prove it by an undoubted experiment." Lord Pembroke said, "Pray Mr. Patrick, let us have the experiment." Upon which, Mr. Patrick produced a well-blown glass tube, sealed at one end, which he filled with mercury, and clapping his finger upon the other end, immersed it in a bason of mercury, ready for the purpose: upon which the mercury in the tube fell, till it became a counterbalance to the weight of the atmosphere. He then asked Sir Isaac, whether there was not a better vacuum at the top of the tube, than any he could make with the air pump; which he readily allowed. Mr. Patrick then added, "You suppose there is nothing there; then any thing I can do can't affect *nothing*." Upon which he put an iron, properly prepared, into the fire, which he heated red-hot; then applying it gently to the upper part of the tube, where was the supposed vacuum, in a few minutes, the mercury was pressed down half an inch. Upon which Lord Pembroke said to Sir Isaac, "what do you say to Mr. Patrick's experiment? 'Tis very plain and simple." Sir Isaac, taking his lordship on one side, said, "we must not give up this point, my lord; if we do, all will fall to the ground." Upon which my lord replied, "d—n it, let it fall to the ground if it is not worth keeping up."

This pamphlet was written by Mr. George Horne, then a young master of arts, of the University of Oxford, and afterwards Bishop of Norwich. Mr Locke died in 1704, and this necdote did not appear in print till forty-seven years afterwards

the prince of philosophers, of whom the poet has strikingly, but not very piously, observed,

> Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night,
> God said, let Newton be, and all was light.

Sir Isaac's town-house was in St. Martin's Street, at the corner of Long's Court, Leicester Fields: and here is still a small observatory on the roof, which was erected by him. The tenement where he first drew breath, is a simple farm house, in the village of Woolsthorpe, about half a mile west of Collersworth, on the great north road, between Stamford and Grantham; and he breathed his last in Pitt's Buildings, Kensington. His paternal inheritance, with the improvements made by him, fell to his second cousin, Robert Newton, a low, ignorant man, dissolute and extravagant, who soon squandered the whole away, and died at Collersworth, at the age of thirty, by a piece of tobacco pipe sticking in his throat when he was drunk.

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wards. The character of Bishop Horne was too great to admit a supposition that he wished to deceive; but there can be no doubt that he was grossly imposed upon, for the whole tale is quite at variance with the natural disposition of Sir Isaac Newton, who was so far from expressing any anxiety about his opinions, that he always left them to shift for themselves, upon the strength of the demonstrations with which he sent them into the world.

WILLIAM CONGREVE.

THIS ingenious dramatist was born at Bardsey, in Yorkshire, in 1669; but his father, who was a gentleman of good property, removing to Ireland, the son received his education at Kilkenny school, and next at the University of Dublin. In 1691, he became a member of the society of the Middle Temple, with a view of studying the law; but growing weary of that pursuit, he turned his thoughts to writing for the stage, and, at the age of nineteen, he began his celebrated comedy of the Old Bachelor, which, by the recommendation of Southerne, he submitted to the perusal of Dryden, who declared "that he had never seen such a first play, though, from the author's inexperience, it stood in need of some corrections, to render it fit for representation on the stage," which improvements the veteran bard very generously supplied. This play appeared in January, 1693, and with such success, that in about a month's time, it passed through three editions from the press.

Previous to the performance of the Old Bachelor, Congreve gave to his friend Southerne a song beginning thus—

"Tell me no more I am deceiv'd, &c."

which was introduced into his comedy of The Maid's

Maid's Last Prayer, and was set to musick by Purcell. From this time he lived upon terms of the greatest intimacy with Dryden, and was honoured by that great poet with an excellent copy of verses, prefixed to the Double Dealer, which was exhibited in November, 1693.

Of this play, Dryden says, in a letter to his friend Walsh, "Congreve's Double Dealer is censured by the greater part of the town, and is defended only by the best judges, who, you know, are commonly the fewest: yet it gains ground daily, and has already been acted eight times."

And in the dedication of his "Third Miscellany," published in 1693, Dryden speaks thus of his young friend—"Congreve, whom I cannot mention without the wonder which is due to his excellent parts, and that entire affection which I bear him."

When Betterton opened his theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, in 1695, Congreve gave him his comedy of "Love for Love," one of the most pleasing and popular of all his dramatick performances. Two years afterwards he brought out his tragedy, entituled "The Mourning Bride;" of which it is no inconsiderable praise that Dr. Johnson has selected a passage, which he pronounces to be second to none in the English language. About this period Congreve became involved in a controversy with the learned Jeremy Collier, who had attacked his plays on account of their immorality. Congreve replied, but weakly;

the charge was too clearly and strongly proved, and, when Collier recriminated, our poet was prudent enough to be silent. After this he brought out but one play more, and that was "The Way of the World;" which, by some, is thought to be the most finished of his dramatick pieces, though it met but with an indifferent reception on the stage. In 1710 he published a Collection of his Plays and Poems, dedicated to his patron, Lord Halifax, who, upon coming again into power at the accession of George the second, gave Mr. Congreve the sinecure place of secretary of Jamaica, worth twelve hundred a year. In the decline of life Voltaire made him a visit, and having paid him some compliments on his compositions, Congreve treated them as trifles not deserving of notice, saying, that he expected to be visited not as an author, but as a gentleman; to which Voltaire replied, that if Mr. Congreve had only been a gentleman, "he should not have thought it worth his while to call upon him."

The end of Congreve's life was melancholy enough; the gout entirely ruined his constitution, and cataracts produced total blindness. He died in January, 1728-9, and was interred with great pomp in Westminster Abbey, where a monument was erected to his memory, by Henrietta Duchess of Marlborough, to whom he had bequeathed the principal part of his fortune, without any regard to his relations and friends.

Congreve was one of the founders of the famous

mous *Kit-Kat* club, and he lived upon terms of familiarity with his bookseller, Tonson, as appears from a curious dialogue, inserted in Rowe's Miscellaneous Poems, where Congreve is made thus to speak of the happy evenings he and Jacob had spent in the club:—

" 'Twas there we first instructed all our youth,
To talk profane and laugh at sacred truth;
We taught them how to toast, and rhyme and bite,
To sleep away the day, and drink away the night."

These lines seem to be pretty characteristick of our poet, who was devotedly attached to his bottle, and very profane in his conversation.

The following letters have been copied from the originals, in the British Museum:—

MR. CONGREVE TO MR. PORTER.

" *Calais, Aug.* 11*th*, *O. S.* 1700.

" Here is admirable Champagne for twelve pence a quart, and as good Burgundy for fifteen pence; and yet I have virtue enough to resolve to leave this place to-morrow for St. Omer's, where the same wine is half as dear again, and may be quite not so good. Dear neighbours, Charles and Jacob,* &c. I have never failed drinking your healths since we saw you, nor ever will till we see you again. We had a long passage, but delicate weather. We set sail from Dover on Saturday morning, four o'clock, and did not land here till six the same evening; nor had we arrived even in that time, if a French open boat with oars had not been straggling towards us, when we were not quite half-seas over, and rowed us

* Most probably Jacob Tonson.

hither from thence in five hours, for the packet-boat came not till this morning. When I come to Brussels, I shall have more to write to you; till then I am most humbly and heartily your's,

" W. CONGREVE."

" My humble service to my neighbours, your mother, Mrs. Arne, Mr. Travers, not forgetting the Alcayde, who, I hope, in my absence, may be reconciled to punch.

" Poor Charles is just writing to Mrs. A. and straining very hard to send something, besides the ballad, to please her much."

To Mr. Porter, at his House in Arundel-street, against the Blue Ball, London.

TO MRS. PORTER.

" *Rotterdam, September 27,* 1700.

" I LEAVE you to judge whether Holland can be said to be wanting in gallantry, when it is customary there to inclose a *billet-doux* to a lady in a letter to her husband. I have not so much as made mention of this to your's, and if you tell first, let the sin fall upon your head, instead of his. For my part, I keep the commandments; I love my neighbour as myself, and, to avoid coveting my neighbour's wife, I desire to be coveted by her, which you know is quite another thing. About five weeks since I wrote a very passionate letter to you from Antwerp, which, I believe, you never received, for just now it is found carefully put up by my man, who has been drunk ever since. I understand you have not been in the country: I am glad of it; for I should very much apprehend the effects which solitude might have produced, joined with the regret which I know you feel for my absence. Take it for granted, that I sigh extremely. I would have written to the Alcayde, but that would make me reflect that I was at a distance from her, which is pain I cannot bear. I would have written to your mother, but that I have changed my religion twice since I left England, and am at present so unsettled, that

that I think it fit to fix, before I endeavour to convert her to my opinion, which I design to do as soon as I know what it is. I have discoursed with friars and monks of all orders—with zealots, enthusiasts, and all sectaries of the reformed churches, and I had the benefit to travel twelve leagues together in Guelderland with a mad phanatick, in a waggon, who preached to me all the way things not to be written. Pray take care that Mr. Ebbut has good wine, for I have much to say to you over a bottle under ground; and I hope, within three weeks, to satisfy you, that no man on the face of the earth, or in the cellar, is more, dear neighbour,

" Your faithful and affectionate

" Humble servant, than

" W. CONGREVE."

SIR

SIR RICHARD STEELE.

THE lovers of literature are under infinite obligations to this pleasant but eccentric writer, for having brought together that constellation of genius which so highly improved our language, taste, and morals, at the beginning of the last century. Though his own literary fame was greatly eclipsed by his splendid coadjutor Addison, still enough is left to render Steele an object of peculiar interest in the temple of our worthies.

He was a native of Dublin, but in what year he was born, is not known. At an early age he became a scholar at the Charter House, and there it was he laid the foundation of that friendship with Addison, which lasted without interruption till the death of the latter. Soon after his leaving school, he rode privately in the guards, and at last obtained a pair of colours. In this situation he was exposed to great irregularity of life, and it is a striking proof of the native goodness of his heart, that though he fell frequently into temptations, he as often resolved upon reformation. For this purpose he wrote a little treatise, called "The Christian Hero," intended only for his private perusal, but finding that this was of no avail, and that he still continued to deviate from the path which he secretly wished to

pursue, he printed the book in 1701, in hopes that so publick a testimony against himself might have the effect of acting as a more powerful restraint upon his desires. This, however, was of little avail, and instead of producing the purpose intended, only exposed him to ridicule; and some of his acquaintance took it into their heads to affront him publickly, to prove whether he was, as they said, a "Christian Hero." One of these challenged him, and the more Steele endeavoured to avoid fighting, so much the more determined was the other that he should shew his courage. They accordingly fought, and Steele, in endeavouring to disarm his antagonist, ran him through the body. The young officer lay ill a long time, but at length recovered. When Lord Cutts, who was colonel of the regiment, learnt the particulars, he became a warm friend of Steele, made him his secretary, and shewed him several other marks of his favour.

Steele's next performance was of a very different cast. This was a comedy, called "The Funeral, or Grief Alamode," which, though irresistibly laughable is entirely free from the indecency which too much debased the plays of that period. King William was so well pleased with this comedy, that he entered the author's name into his table-book, with an intention of providing for him, but his majesty's death prevented his generous design.

The interest of his friend Addison procured him,

him, in the next reign, the post of gazette-writer, with a salary of three hundred a year.

In 1709 he began the Tatler, the first number of which was published, Tuesday, April 12, 1709, and the last on Tuesday, January 2, 1710-11. Though he was so much indebted to Addison in the publication of this paper, he never communicated to him his intention of discontinuing it. Swift, in one of his letters, dated January the 2d, says, "Steele's last Tatler came out to day; you will see it before this comes to you, and how he takes leave of the world. He never told so much as Addison of it, who was surprised as much as I." In another part of the same letter, Swift says, "I dined with Mr. Secretary St. John, and at six went to Darteneuf's to drink punch with him and Mr. Addison, and little Harrison, a young poet, whose fortune I am making. Steele was to have been there, but came not, nor never did twice, since I knew him, to any appointment."

It was to the reputation gained by this paper that Steele owed his being made one of the commissioners of the stamp-office. On the 1st of March following, he instituted the Spectator, and after that the Guardian, of which works nothing more need be said than this, that in those papers written conjointly by Addison and Steele, it is difficult to distinguish the parts belonging to each. The one indeed composed with great care, and had most of his materials already laid in, but

Steele

Steele was so improvident as frequently to keep the press standing for want of copy. Old Nutt, the original printer of the Tatler, said, that he saw one paper written by Steele in his bed at midnight, while he waited to carry it to the office.

Having an ambition to sit in the House of Commons, Steele resigned his place in the stamp-office, and stood candidate for Stockbridge: the election for which he secured, it is said, by kissing the voter's wives with guineas in his mouth. He did not, however, long enjoy his seat, for having published a pamphlet, entituled "The Crisis," and a paper called the "Englishman," he was so severe upon the men in power, that the libels were made matter of accusation in the House, and he was expelled by vote, March the 15th, of the same year. At the accession of George the first he was knighted, and appointed surveyor of the royal stables.

In 1717 he was made one of the commissioners for enquiring into the estates forfeited by the late rebellion in Scotland. In consequence of this appointment, he went down into that part of the united kingdom, and was received there with the respect due to his eminent talents and agreeable manners.

During his stay at Edinburgh, he gave an entertainment to all the beggars and poor people his servants could find in the streets: of course the company was not small, and Sir Richard soon found himself surrounded by above a hundred motley

motley characters, whom he plied heartily with good cheer, punch, ale, and whiskey. From this frolick, as he afterwards said, he derived a great insight into human nature, and obtained humour enough for a comedy.

In 1722 appeared the best of his comedies, the "Conscious Lovers," which so pleased George the first, that he made him the acceptable present of five hundred pounds.

The same year, Sir Richard being desirous of again sitting in parliament, was advised by his friend Hamden to try Wendover, in Buckinghamshire, which he did; and in order to save expenses, he thought of a stratagem that had the desired effect. Instead of the usual method of treating at every publick-house in the town, he caused a handsome entertainment to be provided at the principal inn, and then invited every voter, with his wife, to partake of it. Having by his humour, with the aid of wine, wrought his company up to a high pitch of mirth, Sir Richard took occasion to address the ladies, telling them, that if what he was about to offer were agreeable to them, he hoped for their interest with their husbands to choose him as their representative in parliament for the ancient borough of Wendover. The women were all impatient to hear what he had to propose, and then Sir Richard said, "Ladies, I hope there is none here but who wishes herself to be the mother of a male-child; and as an encouragement for all to use their best endeavours,

endeavours, I promise to each of you twenty guineas for every male-child you shall bring into the world within these twelve months, and forty provided you bring twins." The time when this was said, and his manner of saying it, produced what he thought it would, a good deal of love, and a good deal of laughing; it also gained upon the affections of the wives, and the wives upon those of their husbands; so that Sir Richard carried his election against a powerful opposition, by a great majority.

Steele was a most zealous whig, and exerted himself with unwearied and disinterested ardour for the succession of the House of Hanover, so that he certainly had a fair claim to more honours and emoluments than he received.

In an address to the Duke of Newcastle, he speaks thus of himself, "Your lordship, and many others, may have done more for the House of Hanover than I have, but I am the only man in his majesty's dominions who did *all he could*." He was a member of and frequent attendant at the whig meetings, held at the sign of the Trumpet, in Shire-Lane. On one of those meetings, held the 4th of November, in honour of King William, Steele was president, and had at his elbow that political prelate, Hoadley, Bishop of Bangor. During the festivity, John Sly, the hatter, of merry memory, was in the house; and when pretty mellow, took it into his head to come into the company on his knees, with a tankard of

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ale in his hand, to drink it off to the immortal memory of William, and then retire as he entered. Sir Richard, during the ceremony, whispered to the bishop, "Do laugh, my lord, 'tis humanity to laugh."

In the evening Sir Richard was too much in the same condition, and was put into a sedan chair, and sent home: but nothing would serve him without being taken to the Bishop of Bangor's, late as it was. However, the chairmen carried him home, and with some difficulty got him up stairs. The next morning he sent the following lines to the bishop:—

> Virtue with so much ease on Bangor sits,
> All faults he pardons, though he none commits.

Upon a similar occasion, as the waiters were getting him into a hackney-coach with some labour, a tory mob came by, crying, "*down with the rump.*"—"Up with the rump," says Sir Richard, "or I shall not get home to night."

His extravagant course of life naturally involved him in difficulties, but in the midst of all he preserved his good humour; and his love of splendour and whim still continued, when his fortune was ruined.

One day having invited several persons of quality to dine with him, they were greatly surprised at the number of servants in livery, and, after dinner, when wine and mirth had freed them from the observation of rigid ceremony, one of the

the company enquired of Sir Richard how such an expensive retinue could be consistent with his fortune. Sir Richard frankly acknowledged that they were fellows of whom he would very willingly be rid, if he could; and being then asked why he did not discharge them, he replied, "that they were bailiffs, who had introduced themselves with an execution; and whom, since he could not send them away, he had thought it convenient to embellish with liveries, that they might do him credit while they staid." His friends were diverted with the expedient, and, by paying the debt, discharged him from this incumbrance, having first obtained a promise of Sir Richard that they should never find him again graced with such a retinue.*

The unfortunate Richard Savage was once desired by Steele to come to his house very early the next morning. He did so, and found the chariot at the door, and Sir Richard waiting to get into it. What was intended, or whither they were to go, Savage could not conjecture, and was not willing to enquire, but immediately seated himself with Sir Richard, who ordered the coachman to drive to Hyde Park Corner, where they stopped at a petty tavern, and retired to a private room. Sir Richard then informed him, that he intended to publish a pamphlet, and that he had desired him to come thither to write for him.

* Johnson's Life of Savage.

They soon sat down to the work; Sir Richard dictated, and Savage wrote, till the dinner that had been ordered, was put upon the table. Savage was surprised at the meanness of the entertainment; and, after some hesitation, ventured to ask for wine, which Sir Richard, not without reluctance, ordered to be brought They then finished their dinner, and proceeded in their pamphlet, which they concluded in the afternoon. Savage then imagined his task was over, and expected that Sir Richard would call for the reckoning and return home: but his expectations deceived him; for Sir Richard told him he was without money, and that the pamphlet must be sold before the dinner could be paid for; and Savage was therefore obliged to go and offer their new production to sale, for two guineas, which, with some difficulty, he obtained. Sir Richard then returned home, having retired that day only to avoid his creditors, and composed the pamphlet to pay the reckoning.*

Steele at one time formed a project of converting part of his house in York Buildings, into a sort of theatre, for reciting passages from the best authors, ancient and modern. Accordingly, a splendid room was constructed, and elegantly fitted up, though the owner of the house, as was usual with him, had never considered how the whole was to be paid for. Coming one day to

* Johnson's Life of Savage, second edition, p. 13.

see

see how the work went on, he ordered the carpenter to get into the rostrum and make a speech, that he might observe how it could be heard. The fellow mounting, and scratching his head, told him he knew not what to say for he was no speechifier. "Oh," said the knight, "no matter for that, speak any thing that come's uppermost." —"Why, here, Sir Richard," says the man, "we have been working for you these six months, and cannot get one penny of money. Pray Sir, when do you mean to pay us?"—"Very well, very well," Said Sir Richard, "pray come down; I've heard quite enough; I cannot but own you speak very distinctly, though I don't much admire your subject."

In 1714, Steele obtained a share in the patent of Druly Lane theatre, which was procured him by the great Duke of Marlborough. In the summer of 1718, Sir Richard, with the Bishop of Bangor, and Dr. Samuel Clarke, paid a visit to his Grace, at Blenheim-house, where they found the ladies and gentlemen of the family busied in getting up the tragedy of All for Love, for the entertainment of the duke, who had been a little before attacked by a paralytick complaint, which at length terminated in a total decay of his mental faculties.

In the course of the performance, Sir Richard, who sat next to the bishop, often observed how well and feelingly Captain Fishe played the part of Antony: and in one of the scenes where Fishe

was very sweet upon Cleopatra, Sir Richard whispered to the bishop, "I doubt this *Fish* is *flesh*, my Lord."

When they left Blenheim, Sir Richard said to the Bishop, "does your lordship give money to all these fellows in laced coats and ruffles?"—"No doubt," said the bishop. "For my part," observed the knight, "I have not enough about me;" and when he passed through the hall, he made the attendants a speech, telling them, "that he had found them men of taste, and as such, invited them to Drury Lane theatre, to whatever play they should chuse to command."

Steele, Savage, and Ambrose Phillips, spent one evening together with great glee, at a tavern in Gerrard Street, Soho, and about midnight sallied forth in high spirits. At the top of Hedge Lane they were accosted by a tradesman, who, after begging pardon for addressing them, said "that a little beyond he had seen two or three suspicious looking fellows, who appeared to be bailiffs, so that if any of them were apprehensive of danger, he would advise them to take a different course." This hint was enough for them all; neither of them stopped to thank the man for his information, but each took a direction by himself, with as much speed as his legs could carry him.

It has been said that Steele was weak enough to put faith in the dreams of the alchemists, and actually built a laboratory at Poplar, where he was gulled out of large sums by a sooty disciple of Geber,

Geber, who pretended to the art of making the precious metals.

Sir Richard was so extravagant in his dress, that he paid his barber fifty pounds a year for dressing him; and he never rode out an airing but in a full-bottomed black perriwig, the price of which amounted also to that sum.

Upon what foundation the following anecdote rests cannot at present be ascertained; probably, like most other eccentric characters, Steele has been made to father many an odd circumstance to which he was not entituled. The story has been given in a periodical publication, and as it is agreeable, in some respects, to the knight's character, it deserves insertion in this place.

Among the number of persons who were highly charmed with the conversation and writings of Steele, none professed a greater admiration of both than a Lincolnshire baronet, who frequented Button's for the pleasure of his company. This gentleman possessed a large fortune, had great interest, and more than once solicited Steele to command his utmost ability, and he should think himself under no small obligation. The offers, though made with the most seeming cordiality, Sir Richard declined, with a politeness peculiar to himself, as at that time he stood in no need of his assistance. But some instance of extravagance having reduced him to the necessity of borrowing a sum of money to satisfy an importunate creditor, he thought this a proper opportunity to

call upon his Lincolnshire friend, and request the loan of a hundred pounds for a few days. The baronet received him with much civility and respect, began to renew his offers of service, and begged Sir Richard would give him some occasion to shew his friendship and regard. "Why Sir," says Sir Richard, "I came for that very purpose, and if you can lend me a hundred pounds for a few days, I shall consider it as a signal favour." Had Sir Richard clapped a pistol to his breast, and made a peremptory demand of the money, the gentleman could not have appeared in a greater surprise, than at this unexpected request. His offers of friendship had been only made on a supposition of their never being accepted, and intended only as so many baits for Sir Richard's intimacy and acquaintance. Recovering from his surprise, he stammered out, "Why really, Sir Richard, I would serve you to the utmost of my power, but at present I have not twenty guineas in the house." Sir Richard, who saw through the pitiful evasion, was heartily vexed. "And so Sir," says he, "you have drawn me in to expose the situation of my affairs, with a promise of assistance, and now refuse me any mark of your friendship or esteem.—A disappointment I can bear, but will by no means put up with an insult; therefore consider, whether it is more agreeable to comply with my request, or to submit to the consequence of my resentment." Sir Richard spoke this in so determined a tone, that the baronet

ronet was startled, and said, seeming to recollect himself; "Lord, my dear Sir Richard, I beg ten thousand pardons; upon my honour, I did not remember;—bless me, I have a hundred pound note in my pocket, which is entirely at your service." So saying, he produced the note, which Sir Richard immediately put into his pocket, and then addressed the baronet as follows; "Though I despise an obligation from a person of so mean a cast as I am satisfied you are, yet rather than be made a fool of, I choose to accept of the hundred pounds, which I shall return when it suits my convenience.—But, that the next favour you confer may be done with a better grace, I must take the liberty of pulling you by the nose, as a proper expedient to preserve your recollection." Which he accordingly did, and then took his leave, whilst the poor baronet stood astonished at the oddity of his friend's behaviour, and heartily ashamed of the meanness of his own.

Steele was twice married. His first wife, who died young, brought him a good fortune and a plantation in the island of Barbadoes. On her death he paid his addresses successfully to the daughter and sole heiress of Jonathan Scurlock, Esq. of Langunnor Park, in Caermarthenshire. After running a round of extravagance, inculcating prudence by his writings, and setting the example of folly in his life, this singular genius experienced a shock of his mental faculties, occasioned by a paralytick affection. He then re-

tired to his wife's estate, in Wales, where he spent the short remainder of his variegated life, ending as he had begun, but it is to be hoped with better effect, in warm professions of virtue and religion, not suffering any books to be read to him but the Bible and Common Prayer Book. He died in 1729; but it is remarkable, that neither to Steele nor Addison has private friendship or publick gratitude, given a monumental tablet.

This piece, which must have been a curiosity, was performed by his schoolfellows, the master's gardener representing Ajax.

His pastorals, written at the age of sixteen, procured him the friendship of Walsh, who, in Dryden's estimation was the best critick of his time, and yet his own works are deservedly sunk into contempt. At the age of eighteen, Mr. Pope enrolled among his friends and correspondents, the greatest writers of the day; and Wycherly had so high an opinion of his genius, that he submitted his poems to his judgment for correction. Pope executed the task with strict impartiality, and made so many emendations, that Wycherly was offended, and, like the Archbishop of Grenada, broke off all connection with his youthful critick, as a person envious of his reputation, or void of taste.

The Essay on Criticism, which was written when our author was no more than twenty years, of age, is a wonderful composition, and excited universal admiration and astonishment. The applause which this poem procured him was, however, exceeded by that which followed the publication of the "Rape of the Lock." Of these performances, the author of Pope's life in the Biographia Britannica, observes that, "the Essay excelled in the didactic way, for which he was peculiarly formed; a clear head and strong sense were his characteristical qualities; his chief force lay in the understanding, rather than in the imagina-

tion. But it is the creative power of the last that constitutes the proper characteristick of poetry, and therefore it is in the *Rape of the Lock*, that Pope principally appears as a poet; since in this performance he has displayed more imagination than in all his other works put together. The poem took its birth from an incidental quarrel that happened between two noble families, that of Lord Petre and Mrs. Fermor, both of our author's acquaintance, and of the same religion.

His lordship, in a party of pleasure, carried it so far as to cut off a favourite lock of the lady's hair. This though done in the way of gallantry, was seriously resented, as being indeed a real injury. Hence there presently grew mutual animosities, which being seen, with concern, by a common friend to all; that friend requested Pope to try the power of his muse on the occasion, intimating that a proper piece of ridicule was the likeliest means to extinguish the rising flame. Pope readily complied with the friendly proposal; and the juncture requiring dispatch, his first design was compleated in less than a fortnight, which being sent to the lady, had more than the proposed effect. Pleased to the highest degree with the delicacy of the compliment paid to her, she first communicated copies of it to her acquaintance, and then prevailed with our author to print it: as he did, though not without the caution of concealing his name to so hasty a sketch. But the universal applause which the sketch met with,

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put him upon enriching it with the machinery of the Sylphs, and in that new dress, two cantos, extended to five, came out the following year, 1712, ushered by a letter to Mrs. Fermor." When Pope formed the scheme of enriching this poem from the Rosicrusian system, he mentioned it to Addison, who told him that his work was already "a delicious little thing," and discouraged him from making any additions to it. This circumstance has been very unjustly charged against Addison, by some writers, as an instance of his jealousy. But he has been well defended by Johnson, who observes that "as Addison could not guess the conduct of the new design, or the possibilities of pleasure comprised in a fiction of which there had been no examples, he might very reasonably and kindly persuade the author to acquiesce in his own prosperity, and forbear an attempt which he considered as an unnecessary hazard. Addison's counsel was happily rejected. Pope foresaw the future efflorescence of imagery, then budding in his mind, and resolved to spare no art or industry of cultivation. The soft luxuriance of his fancy was already shooting, and all the gay varieties of diction were ready at his hand to colour and embellish it."

In 1713, he issued proposals for his translation of the Iliad, the subsribers to which were five hundred and seventy-five, and the copies subscribed for were six hundred and fifty-four. He therefore,

therefore, according to Dr. Johnson, gained by that work, "five thousand, three hundred and twenty pounds four shillings." But, as Mr. Malone says, he probably gained more; for the Princess of Wales, the Earl of Oxford, and many other of his great friends, who appear in the list only as subscribers for single copies, made him very liberal presents.

But though this publication procured him wealth and patrons it lost him a friend; for from this time a coldness began between him and Addison, of which much has been said by Pope's biographers and panegyrists, with the intention of depreciating Addison's character. Nothing, however, has been proved but this, that Tickell, the friend of the latter, published a version of the first book of the Iliad, which Addison pronounced to be better than Pope's. This was a heinous offence to the little bard, who was by no means wanting in conceit; impartial posterity, however, have judged with Addison, that Pope's translation, though a beautiful poem, is not Homer. Addison was a liberal friend to Pope, even in this instance, and not only promoted the subscription to the Iliad with great zeal, but gave our author his advice in the progress of his undertaking. After his death, Pope satirized his character, in an epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot, printed in 1733, an instance of implacable and deep rooted resentment which nothing can excuse.

Pope being now become a man of independence:

ence, purchased a house at Twickenham, whither he removed with his father and mother, before the expiration of the year 1715. He displayed great taste in the improvement of this villa, of which, ten years afterwards he gave this description, in a letter to a friend.

"The young ladies may be assured that I make nothing new in my gardens, without wishing to see them print their fairy steps in every part of them. I have put the last hand to works of this kind, in happily finishing the subterraneous way and grotto. I there found a spring of the clearest water, which falls in a perpetual rill, that echoes through the cavern day and night. From the river Thames, you see through my arch, up a walk of the wilderness, to a kind of open temple, wholly composed of shells, in the rustic manner, and from that distance under the temple, you look down through a sloping arcade of trees, and see the sails on the river passing suddenly, and vanishing, as through a perspective glass. When you shut the door of this grotto, it becomes on the instant, from a luminous room, a *camera obscura;* on the walls of which all the objects of the river, hills, woods, and boats, are forming a moving picture in ther visible radiations; and when you have a mind to light it up, it affords a very different scene. It is finished with shells, interspersed with pieces of looking glass in angular forms, and in the ceiling is a star of the same materials, at which, when a lamp of an orbicular figure, of thin alabaster, is hung in the middle, a thousand pointed rays glitter, and are reflected over the place. There are, connected to this grotto, by a narrow passage, two porches, one towards the river, of smooth stones, full of light, and open; the other towards the garden, shadowed with trees, and rough with flints, shells, and iron ores. The bottom is paved with simple pebble, as is also the adjoining walk up the wilderness to the temple, in the natural taste, agreeing not ill with the little dripping murmur, and the aquatic

aquatic idea of the whole place. It wants nothing to complete it, but a good statue, with an inscription, like that beauteous picturesque one which you know I am so fond of.

Hujus Nympha loci, sacri custodia fontis,
Dormio, dum blandæ, scutio murmur aquæ:
Parce meum, quisquis tangis cava marmora somnium,
Rumpere; seu tibas, sive labere, tace.

"Nymph of the grot, these sacred springs I keep,
And to the murmur of these waters sleep;
Oh! spare my slumbers, gently tread the cave,
And drink in silence, or in silence lave."

The improving of this grotto was the favourite amusement of his declining years; so that not long before his death, by enlarging and incrusting it about with a vast number of ores and minerals of the richest and rarest kinds, he had made it one of the most elegant and romantic retirements in the world.

To the literary friends of eminence who had assisted him in his translation of Homer, Pope paid a proper respect by expressing his acknowledgements publickly; but those who actually formed the most essential parts, were passed over in silence by him. His own knowledge of Greek was extremely scanty, and with the commentators upon Homer, he was wholly unacquainted. Among other men of learning to whose labours he was indebted on this occasion, was Dr. Jortin, who has left the following anecdotes relative to his connection with Pope.

"When I was a Soph at Cambridge, Pope was

was about his translation of Homer's Iliad, and had published part of it. He employed some person (I know not who he was) to make extracts from Eustathius, which he inserted in his notes. At that time there was no Latin translation of that commentator. Alexander Politi, (if I remember right) began that work some years afterwards, but never proceeded far in it. The person employed by Mr. Pope, was not at leisure to go on with the work; and Mr. Pope (by his bookseller I suppose*) sent to Jefferies, a bookseller at Cambridge, to find out a student who would undertake the task. Jefferies applied to Dr. Thirlby, who was my tutor, and who pitched upon me. I would have declined the work, hav-

* The application, in fact, came through Fenton, as appears from a letter written by that gentleman to Pope, wherein he says; "I have received a specimen of the extracts from Eustathius, but this week. The first gentleman who undertook the affair grew weary, and now Mr. Thirlby, of Jesus, has recommended another to me, with a very great character. I think indeed, at first sight, that his performance is commendable enough, and have sent word for him to finish the seventeenth book, and to send it, with his demands for his trouble. He engageth to complete a book every month, till Christmas, and the remaining books in a month more if you require them. The last time I saw Mr. Lintot, he told me that Mr. Broome had offered his service again to you: if you accept it, it would be proper for him to let you know what books he will undertake, that the Cambridge gentleman may proceed to the rest."

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ing, as I told my tutor, other studies to pursue, to fit me for taking my degree. But he, *qui, quicquid volebat, valde volebat,* would not hear of any excuse. So I complied. I cannot recollect what Mr. Pope allowed for each book of Homer, I have a notion that it was three or four guineas. I took as much care as I could to perform the task to his satisfaction, but I was ashamed to desire my tutor to give himself the trouble of overlooking my operations; and he, who always used to think and speak too favourably of me, said that I did not want his help. He never perused one line of it before it was printed, nor perhaps afterwards.

"When I had gone through some books, (I forget how many,) Mr. Jefferies let us know, that Mr. Pope had a friend to do the rest, and that we might give over.

When I sent my papers to Jefferies, to be conveyed to Mr. Pope, I inserted, as I remember, some remarks on a passage where Mr. Pope, in my opinion, had made a mistake. But as I was not directly employed by him, but by a bookseller, I did not inform him who I was, or set my name to my papers. When that part of Homer came out in which I had been concerned, I was eager, as it may be supposed, to see how things stood; and much pleased to find that he had not only used almost all my notes, but had hardly made any alteration in the expressions. I observed also that, in a subsequent edition, he

corrected the place to which I had made objections.

"I was in some hopes, in those days, (for I was young) that Mr. Pope, would make enquiry about his coadjutor, and take some civil notice of him, but he did not; and I had no notion of obtruding myself upon him. I never saw his face."

This neglect of the persons to whom he was so much indebted for literary labour, without which he could not have completed his undertaking, leaves an indelible stain upon the memory of Pope. But self-interest appears to have been his prevailing principle. Finding that his assistants in the Iliad, Fenton and Broome, had engaged to translate the Odyssey, Pope took it out of their hands, by pretending that he was himself upon the same design; upon which they sold him their performance, and Pope disposed of it to Lintot for a large sum, after receiving a handsome subscription. Lintot was deceived in the bargain and abused the poet, who, in return, gave him a place in the Dunciad, as the rival of Curll, of piratical memory.

Another work published by Pope, in the profitable way of subscription, was an edition of Shakspeare, which appeared in 1721, and "discovered," as one of his biographers honestly confesses, "that he had consulted therein his fortune more than his fame."*

* Warburton in the Biog. Brit. Art. POPE.

But

But the most remarkable instance of his excessive vanity and avarice, was the collecting and publishing the familiar letters which had passed between him and his friends. The ostensible pretence was, that Curll had obtained some of his epistles from Mrs. Elizabeth Thomas, and published them; but this could never be an excuse for the author's printing the private correspondence which had passed between him and many eminent persons then living, and that too without consent.

This was a scandalous breach of confidence, but it was not the only one of which Pope was guilty. One of his earliest and best friends was Bolingbroke, as the poet has confessed in these lines:

> And St. John's self, great Dryden's friend before,
> With open arms receiv'd one poet more.

His lordship entrusted to Pope's care the manuscript of his "Patriot King," under the seal of secresy. The manuscript, however, found its way to the press, without the knowledge of the author, who in 1749, published it himself with a preface, in which he gives this account of his deceased friend.

"The following papers were written several years since, at the request, and for the sake of some particular friends, without any design of making them publick. How they came to be so at this time, it may be proper to give an account. The original draughts were entrusted to a man on whom the author

thor thought he might entirely depend, after he had exacted from him, and taken his promise, that they should never go into any hands, except those of five or six friends, who were named by him. In this confidence the author rested securely for some years, and although he was not without suspicion, that they had been communicated to more persons than he intended they should be, yet he was kept, by repeated assurances, even from suspecting that any copies had come into hands unknown to him. But this man was no sooner dead, than he received information, that an entire edition of 1500 copies of these papers had been printed; that this very man had corrected the press, and that he had left them in the hands of the printer, to be kept with great secresy till further orders. The honest printer kept his word with him, better than he kept his with his friend; so that the whole edition came at last into the hands of the author, except some few copies, which this person had taken out of the heap and carried away. By these copies it appeared, that the man who had been guilty of this breach of trust, had taken upon him further, to divide the subject, and to alter and omit passages, according to the suggestion of his own fancy. What aggravates this proceeding is, that the author had told him on several occasions, among other reasons, why he would not consent to the publication of these papers was, that they had been wrote in too much haste and hurry for the public eye, though they might be trusted to a few particular friends: he added more than once, that some things required to be softened, others, perhaps, to be strengthened, and the whole most certainly, to be corrected, even if they were to remain, as he then imagined they would, in the hands of a few friends only."

Another of Pope's earliest and most zealous friends was Swift; yet even the dean altered his opinion of him at the close of life. George Faulknor, the Dublin printer, who was intimately acquainted with the dean, told Dr. Birch, that

"Swift had long conceived a mean opinion of Mr. Pope, on account of his jealous, peevish, avaricious temper. Swift gave Pope the property of his Gulliver, the copy of which he sold for 300*l.* and he gave up to him, in 1727, his share of the copy of the three volumes of Miscellanies, which came to 150*l.* Swift was also angry with Pope for his satire upon Mr. Addison, whom he esteemed as an honest, generous, friendly man. Worsdale the painter, was employed by Pope, to go to Curll, in the habit of a clergyman, and sell him the letters which are printed, a copy of which Pope sent to Swift, in Ireland, by Mr. Gerrard, an Irish gentleman, then at Bath; this induced Swift to give Mr. Faulkner leave to reprint them in Dublin, though Mr. Pope's edition was published first."

The conduct of Pope to Lady Mary Wortley Montague, was very malignant, and treacherous. At the time when he was professing the greatest friendship for her ladyship, he circulated the grossest falshoods concerning her character. He also vilified her in his satires, under the name of Sappho, though, when he was charged with it, he denied, in the most solemn manner, that he intended the character or appellation for her. Even Warburton himself is obliged to own that the poet is not to be defended, and that there were allegations against him, of which he was not clear.

Such being his treatment of those by whom he

had been caressed and patronised, who can wonder at his unmerciful severity towards the objects of his satirical fury? While the keenness of his wit, the force of his descriptions, and the strength of the colouring, render these productions of his Muse still attractive, the upright and benevolent mind cannot but look upon the author as a man actuated by the worst of passions and exercising his great talents, not to expose vice and folly, but to make individuals odious. That his motive in the composition and publication of his satires, was to make a pecuniary advantage of the wanton and vicious taste of the publick, is certain from the circumstance of his drawing the character of the Duchess of Marlborough, under the appellation of Atossa, and accepting a bribe of two thousand pounds for the suppression of it, notwithstanding which it was afterwards printed.

That a writer of such a spirit should be attacked in his turn was natural; he had raised a host of enemies, who assailed him in a variety of pamphlets, which Pope caused to be bound up in folio, quarto, and octavo volumes according to their sizes, and prefixing to each this motto from Job, "Oh! that mine adversary had written a book."

He was remarkably fond of scriptural allusions, but for the most part his applications of them are justly chargeable with levity and profaneness. Thus, in his "Rape of the Lock," where he is describing a card table, what can be more shocking

ing than the following parody of a sublime passage in the Mosaick History of the Creation?

The skilful nymph reviews her force with care,
Let spades be trumps! she said, and trumps they were.

Nor is his famous epitaph upon Sir Isaac Newton less exceptionable:

Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night,
God said, let Newton be, and all was light.

This extravagant hyperbole has been well ridiculed in an epigram by a young writer, who has given only the initials of his name.

If Newton's existence enlighten'd the whole,
What part of expansion inhabits the fool?
If light had been total, as Pope hath averr'd,
I. T. had been right, for he could not have err'd,
But Pope has his faults, so excuse a young spark,
Bright Newton's deceas'd, and we're all in the dark.*

The religious sentiments of Pope, are not easily to be ascertained. At the request of Steele indeed, he wrote that beautiful devotional soliloquy, "The dying Christian to his Soul," but in after-life he turned Bolingbroke's system into an elegant poem under the title of "An Essay on Man,"† in

* Dr. Percival's Moral and Literary Dissertations, p. 153.

† Soon after the appearance of the first part of this poem, which came out without a name, one Morris, who had attempted some things in the poetical way, particularly a piece

in which he has gilded over the pernicious principles of fatalism, and represented indifference to all religion, as at least justifiable. Warburton, indeed, laboured very pompously to free the poem from this charge, and to vindicate the author's intentions, but his commentary is at variance with the text, and all that can be said for the poet is, that probably he did not understand the doctrine which he has adorned by the sweetness of his numbers.

Warburton's officious zeal in the defence of the Essay, brought him aquainted with the author, and this friendship was of the utmost advantage

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for musick, which was performed in private before some of the royal family, accidentally paid a visit to Mr. Pope, who enquired of him what news in the learned world, and what new pieces were brought forth? Morris replied, that there was little or nothing, but that there was a thing just come out called "An Essay on Man, the first epistle," threatening more, for he had read it, and it was a most abominable piece of stuff, shocking poetry, insufferable philosophy, no coherence, nor the least connection. "If I had thought," said he, "that you had not seen it, I would have brought it with me." Upon this, Mr. Pope frankly told him, "that he had seen it before it went to press, for it was his own writing, a work of years and the poetry such as he thought proper for the expression of the subject; on which side he did not imagine he would ever have been attacked, especially by any pretending to knowledge in the harmony of numbers."

This was like a clap of thunder to the critick; he reached his hat, and with a blush and a bow, took his leave of Mr. Pope, and never ventured to shew his face before him again.

to

to him, and paved the way for his future preferments.* Pope also left him at his death, which happened

* The character of this celebrated prelate, and controversial writer, has been magnified far beyond its due value. He had a most tenacious memory, and his reading was multifarious; but his style is rough, and his reasoning often contemptible. He dealt much in paradoxes, which he defended with as much zeal as if he knew them to be truths. His treatment of those who differed from him, though scholars possessing infinitely a greater compass of learning than ever he could pretend to, was insufferably rude and disgusting. The history of his connection with Pope, is far from being honourable to his memory. Warburton was at first one of the club of little authors, who were confederated against Pope's reputation, but when he found that the patronage of the poet would be of essential service to his interests, he became the defender of his paradoxes, and the flatterer of his caprices. This brought him into Mr. Allen's family, and procured him a prebendal stall at Durham, the deanry of Bristol, and ultimately the bishoprick of Gloucester. The literary character of Warburton, however, is fallen, nor will the grateful monument erected to prop it up by the venerable bishop of Worcester preserve it from oblivion.

One of the keenest of Warburton's antagonists thus characterized him:

THE SCUTTLE FISH.

Criticks, who nature's depths explore,
Tell us she still in pairs increases,
That each sea-monster finds on shore,
Its very counterpart, like leases.

When

happened May 30th, 1744, the copy-right of his works, a bequest of considerable value.

There is a queer fish and a cunning,
  Which when his adversary traps him,
Lets fly his filth when he's a running,
  And in the dirty cloud escapes him.

By Stebbing, Wingfield, Sykes pursued,
  With scholar's learning, critick's art,
Midst language vile and manners rude,
  Just so escapes the counterpart.

This counterpart is called th' ink-sh——r,
  In Latin *Warburtonus noster*,
Who, to avoid each critick writer,
  Div'd in Fleet-ditch, and rose in Glos'ter.

Early in life, Warburton was introduced to the great critick, Dr. Bentley, and when he was gone, a friend asked the doctor, "what he thought of him?"—"He appears to me," replied Bentley, "to have a great appetite for learning, but no digestion."

He did not lose the coarseness of his manners after his advancement to the episcopal bench. Being at Cirencester, on a confirmation, he was displeased with the elbow chair and cushion placed for him at the altar, and in the style of a *lawyer*, rather than that of a bishop, he said to the churchwarden, in the face of the congregation, "I suppose, Sir, the fattest butcher in your town has sat in this chair, and the most violent methodist preacher bumped this cushion."

In the management of his controversies, no writer was ever more dishonest and overbearing. He garbled his quotations to serve his purposes, and answered those who confuted him, calling them names.

In

In his person, Pope was small, thin, and crooked; but his eyes, were remarkably clear, and piercing; an eminent painter used to say, "that they had a pellucidity which he had not often seen, and spoke sense distinct and clear."

He was troubled with an habitual headache, which frequently obliged him to keep his bed; but he was so great an epicure, that on hearing there was a dish of stewed lampreys, or any other favourite article of food on the table, he would instantly get up and join the company.

He was an unpleasant inmate in a house, and gave the servants a great deal of trouble, though he always rewarded them with liberality.

Such was his earnestness and solicitude in the prosecution of his literary concerns, that Swift complained he was never at leisure for conversation. And one of Lord Oxford's servants related, that in the severe winter of 1739, she was called from her bed four times in one night, to supply him with paper, that he might not lose a single thought.

He carried his penuriousness so far as to make use of the backs of letters, and billets, for his compositions, whence arose the appellation of "paper-sparing Pope." That fine passage in the Iliad, which describes the parting of Hector and Andromache, was written on the back of a letter franked

franked by Addison. It is in the British Museum.*

Pope

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* Swift, in a poetical address to Pope while he was writing the Dunciad, alludes to this custom of his.

Pope has the talent well to speak,
But not to reach the ear;
His loudest voice is low and weak,
The *Dean* too deaf to hear.

Awhile they on each other look,
Then different studies chuse,
The *Dean* sits plodding on a book,
Pope walks and courts the Muse.

Now *backs of letters*, though design'd
For those who more will need 'em,
Are fill'd with hints, and interlin'd,
Himself can hardly read 'em.

Each atom by some other struck,
All turns and motions tries;
Till in a lump together stuck,
Behold a *poem* rise.

Yet to the Dean his share allot,
He claims it by a canon;
That without which a thing is not
Is, *causa sine qua non*.

Thus *Pope*, in vain you boast your wit;
For had our deaf divine
Been for your conversation fit,
You had not wrote a line.

In a letter to Dr. Sheridan, Pope says, "I have been slandered

Pope was always complaining to his friends of his poverty, though he had an income of above eight hundred pounds a year, independent of his house at Twickenham.

His voice was so naturally musical, that Southerne, the dramatic poet, used to call him the "little nightingale:" yet he had no knowledge of musick; for when he was asked the question whether he had ever learnt any thing of that science, he said, "Never; but I had naturally a very good ear, and have often judged rightly of the best compositions by the force of that."

When Voltaire visited England, he was introduced to Pope, but being invited to dine with him, he talked at table with so much indecency, especially with regard to religion, that the poet's mother was obliged to retire.

Pope afterwards said that Voltaire was a spy for the court, while he staid in this country, of which he gave the following instance. When the first *Occasional Letter*, (which was written by Bolingbroke) came out, Voltaire paid a visit to Pope, at Twickenham, and as he was walking in the garden, he said to him, "Pope, this Occasional Letter alarms the court extremely. It is

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dered by the dunces, together with my friend the Dean, who is properly the author of the Dunciad: it had never been writ- but at his request, and for his deafness; for had he been able to converse with me, do you think I should have amused myself so ill?"

finely

finely written. As you converse much with the best pens conversant with publick business, you must know the author; you may safely tell this secret to a stranger who has no concern with your national quarrels." Mr. Pope said he perfectly understood him as he knew his character, and to make a trial, he replied, "M. Voltaire, you are a man of honour, I may therefore trust an important subject in your breast. I myself wrote it." Voltaire after launching out into high encomiums on the performance, was, he perceived, impatient to get away; and the next day Pope heard that all the court reported that he was the author of the pamphlet.

Of Pope's powers in conversation, no remarkable instances have been recorded. It has been said, that if the discourse did not take a lively turn, he would either fall asleep, or affect to be so. If, however, the following anecdote be correct, it is an additional proof of the malignity of his disposition; and that, even in conversation upon the most affecting subjects, he could wantonly sport with the feelings of others.

An acquaintance of his having lost a daughter, named *Letitia*, was very desirous that Pope would write him an epitaph, which he repeatedly declined; but being still urged with the request, he wrote the following:—

Goodman Death
To please his palate,
Has cropped your Lettice
For a sallad.

When

When Pope was in his last illness, Mallet went to see him, and after sitting by his bedside some time the dying poet in a delirium, said, that he felt his head open and Apollo come out of it, and enter into that of Mallet. For the truth of this story, however, we have no better authority than that of Mallet himself; the judicious reader will, therefore, not think it deserving of much credit.

Pope had a good taste for painting which he improved under Jervas, and by imitating Kneller. There is a portrait of Betterton by him, in the possession of the Earl of Mansfield. Pope used to say that if his eyes had not been bad he should have made a good painter.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

THE anecdotes recorded of this celebrated genius, would of themselves fill a large volume. We shall select only those which will best serve to illustrate his genuine character, the cast of his mind, and the peculiarity of his manners.

His grandfather was a clergyman, and vicar of Goodrich, in Herefordshire, where he suffered the most violent persecution from the Presbyterians for his loyalty to his king, and attachment to the church of England. He had thirteen children, five of whom went over to Ireland, after the ravage which had been made of their father's property by the godly reformers of that age.* Jonathan Swift, the father of the Dean, was the fourth son of the vicar of Goodrich; he settled in Dublin, but died about seven months before the birth of our author, in 1667. The circumstances in which he left his family were so low, that the son felt the consequences, not only in his bringing up, but during the rest of his life. Being placed in the care of a nurse, who was a native

* Upon his being ejected from Goodrich, the Committee put into it one Jonathan Dryden, a relation of Mrs. Swift's, and a cousin of the celebrated poet of that name.

of

of Whitehaven, she took the child thither without the knowledge of his mother, and kept him there about three years, which circumstance occasioned the assertion, that the Dean was a native of England. At the age of six, he was sent to Kilkenny School, and about eight years afterwards he was entered of Trinity College, Dublin, the expense of his education being borne by his uncle, Godwin Swift, a lawyer of eminence; but as he had a large family, he could not make a considerable allowance to his nephew, who, therefore, hated his memory to the last moment of his life.

His low condition at the university, instead of prompting him to study, produced a sour morosity of disposition, and a strange waste of time; so that when the period came for him to take his first degree, he was not found qualified. On a second application, he was nearly being rejected again, but the good-nature and interest of some of his friends, prevailed in his behalf, and he obtained the academical honour of bachelor of arts, attended, however, with a mark of dishonour, it being expressly stated, that it was conferred on him *speciali gratia.*

It is remarkable enough, that what was intended as a badge of degradation in one university, was considered in another as a mark of honour; for when Swift, some years afterwards, was admitted a member of the University of Oxford, the words *speciali gratia* proved his passport to the degree of master of arts; that learned

body mistaking the meaning those words were intended to convey by the college at Dublin.

When the war broke out in Ireland in 1688, Swift came to England, and was advised by his mother to solicit the friendship of Sir William Temple, to whose lady she was a near relation. He did so, and was received by Sir William with great kindness, living with him on his first visit near two years. Here he had often an opportunity of seeing and conversing with King William, who had a great regard for Sir William Temple, and frequently visited him, in a private manner, at Sheen. The king, it is said, treated Swift with great familiarity, and once offered him a troop of horse, which he declined. It was during his residence at Sheen that Swift improved his mind by reading, and contracted a fondness for politicks to which his conversation with his kinsman essentially contributed. About the year 1693, he was attacked by a violent disorder, for which he was advised by his physicians to return to Ireland, to try the benefit of his native air. Receiving, however, but little advantage from the change, he came back to Sir William Temple, who was then settled at Moor Park, near Farnham. It was after this last return that he resolved upon embracing the ecclesiastical state, in the hopes that his friend's interest would procure him some valuable preferment; in this hope, however, he was disappointed, and thinking that he had been ill-treated by Sir William Temple,

Temple, he quarrelled with and left him in 1694. He then walked down to his mother, at Leicester, and remained there till, by means of Lord Capel, then viceroy of Ireland, he obtained the prebend of Kilroot, in the diocese of Connor, worth about one hundred pounds a-year.

But Sir William Temple feeling the want of his conversation, prevailed with him to resign the prebend, and return to Moor Park. Here Swift resided till the death of Sir William, who left him a legacy, and his posthumous works. These he dedicated to King William, in hopes of obtaining thereby a stall in the cathedral of St. Paul's, or in that of Westminster. Being disappointed in his expectation, he quitted the court in dudgeon, and could never afterwards endure the name of William.

It was during his abode with Sir William Temple, that he made some attempts at poetry, in three wretched odes, which he termed pindarics. These he shewed to his relation, Dryden, who, on returning them, candidly said, "Cousin Swift, you will never be a poet." This opinion, which was perfectly justified by the miserable performances it was founded upon, kindled in Swift's morbid disposition, a rancorous hatred against the veteran bard, whose writings he never after mentioned without ridicule.

In 1699 Swift was instituted to the united livings of Laracor and Rathbeggin, with the rectory of Augher, in the diocese of Meath, to

which, the year following, was added a prebend in the cathedral of St. Patrick, Dublin.

On receiving these preferments, he determined to fix his residence at Laracor, to which place he journied on foot, and the following is the description of his equipage. A decent suit of black, with coarse worsted stockings, of which he had a second pair, with a shirt in his pocket, a round slouched hat on his head, and a long pole, higher than himself, in his hand.

On his arrival at Laracor, the fourth day, he found the curate, a very worthy man, sitting at the door of his house, smoking his pipe. Swift, on approaching him, very abruptly demanded his name, and the old gentleman had scarcely said Jones, when he exclaimed, "Well then, I am your master!"

Mr. Jones, having recovered from his surprise, bowed, and conducted him into the best room in his cottage, when he introduced him to his wife, saying, "My dear, this is our master, the new vicar." The good woman was shocked, as she well might, at the harshness of the phrase, but she was still more so, when Swift, pulling a bundle out of his pocket, handed it to her with this command, "Madam, if you are not too proud, put that into your drawer, if you have one." Mrs. Jones silently obeyed the surly injunction, and Swift, throwing himself carelessly into a chair, asked if they had any thing to eat. This somewhat relieved the curate and his wife; and, luckily

luckily for them, both the food, and the manner of serving it up, gave Swift satisfaction, and put him into a good humour.

On settling at Laracor, Swift laudably repaired the church, which was left in a very miserable plight by his predecessor. He also formed the resolution of reading prayers on Wednesdays and Fridays, of which due notice was given the Sunday before; but on the first of those days, when Swift entered the church, he found no one there but Roger Cox, the parish clerk. The rector, however, ascended the desk, and rising up very gravely, began—"Dearly beloved Roger, the scripture moveth you and me in sundry places, &c."

This circumstance comes down too well attested to be denied, and it shews that the levity of Swift's disposition was not to be restrained even in the most solemn services, and on occasions that required peculiar awe and reverence.

It is said, that at this time his ambition was to be esteemed the best preacher in the country, and that it was his wish that the sexton might sometimes be asked on a Sunday morning, "Does the doctor preach to-day." If Swift had not been cast into the vortex of politicks, it is not improbable but that he might have figured away at the head of a sect.

About this time the celebrated Stella arrived in Ireland, and became his neighbour. Her name was Johnson, and her father was steward to Sir

William Temple; she was a woman of great accomplishments, and of sterling merit. She was married privately to Swift, by Dr. Ashe, bishop of Clogher, but never assumed his name; and when she requested, on her death-bed, that he would acknowledge her as his wife, he inhumanly quitted her in silence. She literally died of a broken heart, in 1727.

Before his connection with Stella, Swift paid his addresses to a Miss Waryng, whom he called *Varina*. His letters to this lady are written in the highest stile of romantic affectation, with vows of eternal fidelity; but after meeting with Stella, his attachment to Varina coolled, and she treated him as he deserved.

Some years after his promotion to the deanry of St. Patrick's, a merchant's daughter, of independent fortune, fell in love with, and followed him to Ireland. Her name was Van Homrigh, which he, in his epistles, altered to Vanessa. After sporting with the feelings of this lady a long time, he coolly told her that he was married; the intelligence threw her into a fit of despair, and after cancelling a will, which she had made in favour of Swift, she expired.

Whatever resolutions Swift might have formed at his first settling in Laracor, were soon broken. Ambition was the ruling passion of his soul, and this was not to be gratified by the applause of a score or two of families, and the reverence of the parish clerk and rusticks of his village.

Accordingly,

Accordingly, at the expiration of a year, he returned to London, then distracted by the contentions of opposite parties. This was a scene just suited to his disposition, and in 1701, he published a "Discourse on the Contests and Dissensions in Athens and Rome," a performance of considerable ability, and well applied to the state of English politicks at that time.

When this tract came out, Swift carefully concealed his name, and was first betrayed to avow himself the author of it, in the course of a warm argument with an Irish prelate, who strenuously contended that it was written by Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury, for whom Swift through life entertained the most sovereign contempt.

But by far the principal work of Swift, was his "Tale of a Tub," which he published anonymously; not, however, with so much secresy as to prevent its being ascribed openly to him. One reason for not putting his name to the book, was, no doubt, lest that it might hinder his advancement in the church, there being many passages in it seemingly calculated to turn religion itself into ridicule. Bishop Atterbury, in one of his letters, says—"The author of the Tale of a Tub will not as yet be known, and if he be the man I guess, he hath reason to conceal himself, because of the profane strokes in that piece, which would do his reputation and interest in the world more harm, than his wit can do him good." Dr. Johnson had so high an opinion of this book, and so

low an one of Swift, that he could not bring himself to believe that he was the author of it.

In Boswell's entertaining work, the "Tour to the Hebrides," is the following account of a conversation, between Johnson and him, on this subject. "He seemed to me to have an unaccountable prejudice against Swift; and I once took the liberty to ask him if Swift had personally offended him, and he told me he had not. He said, to-day Swift is clear but shallow. In coarse humour, he is inferior to Arbuthnot; in delicate humour, he is inferior to Addison; so he is inferior to his contemporaries, without putting him against the whole world. I doubt if the Tale of a Tub was his; it has so much more thinking, more knowledge, more power, more colour, than any of the works which are indisputably his. If it was his, I shall only say, he was *impar sibi.*"

Through life Swift would never own this book to be his, and when Faulknor, his printer, one day asked him, "if he really was the author of it?" he said, "Young man, I am surprised you dare ask me that question."

Swift attached himself closely to Lord Oxford, and supported his administration with great zeal, but received no other preferment than the deanry of St. Patrick, Dublin. This was in 1713, and immediately on the appointment he hastened over to take possession of his new dignity; but so little was his party esteemed on that side the water, that the very mob of Dublin pelted him with

with stones as he walked the streets, on the supposition that he was a Jacobite. On the morning of his installation, the following copy of verses was affixed to the great door of the cathedral:

To day this temple gets a Dean,
Of parts and fame uncommon,
Us'd both to pray and to prophane,
To serve or God or Mammon.

When William reign'd, a whig he was,
When Pembroke—that's dispute, Sir:
In Oxford's time, what Oxford pleas'd,
Non-con, or Jack, or neuter.

This place he got by wit and rhyme,
And many ways most odd;
And might a bishop be in time,
Did he believe in God.

Look down, St. Patrick, look, we pray,
On thine own church and steeple;
Convert thy Dean on this great day,
Or else God help the people.

And now, whene'er his Deanship dies,
Upon his stone be graven,
A man of God here buried lies,
Who never thought of Heaven!

A fortnight after his entrance upon the deanry, Swift, still more disgusted with his native land, hastened back to London, where he continued busied in politicks, and confederated with the greatest wits of the age during the remainder of Queen Anne's reign. He was in hopes of exchanging his Irish preferments for a correspondent

dent dignity in England, but in this he was disappointed, and the queen's death putting an entire end to his expectations, he went back to Ireland, where he continued many years devoured by spleen, and, in his own eloquent language, "like a poisoned rat in his hole."

He amused himself with writing his travels of Gulliver, and some other pieces, but did not engage again directly in politicks till the year 1720, when he published "A Proposal for the universal use of Irish Manufactures."

Finding himself rooted in Ireland, he was now determined to become popular among the inhabitants of that kingdom, and he succeeded. In 1724 the publication of the Drapier's Letters made him the idol of the Irish nation. The occasion was this:—one Wood projected a coinage of half-pence for that kingdom, and obtained a patent. The money was execrable, and Swift addressed a series of letters to the people, urging them not to take the base coin. His wit and his arguments were irresistible; the whole nation followed the advice of the Drapier, and Wood was obliged to decamp with his patent. The government offered a large reward to discover the author of the letters, but, as he says—

> Not a Judas could be found,
> To sell him for three hundred pound.

The day after the proclamation came out against the Drapier, there was a full levee at the castle,

castle. The lord lieutenant was going round the circle, when Swift entered the room, with marks of the highest indignation in his countenance, and having pushed through the crowd, he addressed Lord Carteret, the viceroy, in a voice which echoed through the room, inveighing in the bitterest terms against Wood and his patent, and on the fatal consequences which must result from the introduction of base coin. The circle of obeisant courtiers was filled with astonishment, and a dead silence prevailed, which was broken by Lord Carteret, who appropriately addressed the dean in this passage from Virgil:

> Res duræ, et regni novit asme talia cogunt
> Molini.

Nothing was talked of for some days but the intrepidity of the dean, and the ingenuity of the Lord Lieutenant.

About the same time, and while the prosecution was going on, the dean waited at the castle, for an audience of Lord Carteret, till his patience was tired out; on which he wrote the following lines on a window, and departed,

> My very good lord, 'tis a very hard task,
> For a man to wait here who has nothing to ask.

His Lordship, soon afterwards wrote underneath:

> My very good dean, there are few who come here,
> But have something to ask, or something to fear.

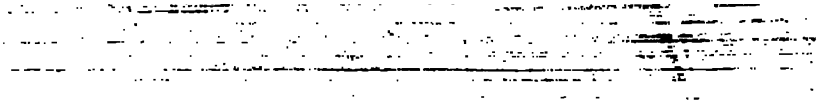
Swift,

Swift, who had now obtained the pinnacle of popularity, in Ireland, again visited England, in the hopes, no doubt, of attaining the great object of his desires, a settlement here, but his adverse fortune constantly drove him back, discontented, to what he termed, a "wretched kingdom, where he unfortunately happened to be dropped."

In 1726, appeared his Gulliver's Travels, the copy of which he gave to Pope, who sold it for three hundred pounds. Swift was at this time in England, and had two interviews with Sir Robert Walpole. Once he entered the levee room of the minister, but was not known by the company, till Sir Robert came in and addressed him by name. The dean immediately said, "For God's sake, Sir Robert, take me out of that cursed country, and place me somewhere in England."—"Mr. Dean," replied the minister, "I should be glad to oblige you, but I fear that removing you would spoil your wit:—look on that tree (pointing at one under the window) I transplanted it from Houghton, to the side of the Thames, but it is good for nothing here. "The company laughed, and the dean turned away without saying another word.

At another time Swift and Sir Robert were standing by a window which looked into a court yard, where there was an old ivy, drooping to the ground; "Sir," said Swift, with an emphatic look, "I am like that ivy, I want support."—Sir Robert answered, "Why then doctor, did you attach

ROBERT WALPOLE EARL OF ORFORD.



his noble host of the dean's approach and design, he begged of him to disappoint and mortify him. It was consequently resolved that Swift should be kept out of the house. He had never had the small-pox, and was, as all his acquaintance knew, very much afraid of that distemper. A servant was dispatched to meet him as he was approaching the park-gate, to tell him that the small-pox was raging in the house, and that it would be unsafe for him to enter the doors: but that there was a field bed in the summer house in the garden, at his service. Thither the dean retired in sullen mood, condemned to eat a cold supper and alone, while his friends were enjoying themselves with great glee in the house. At last, after they thought, that he had been sufficiently punished, he was permitted to enter the house upon condition that he should never afterwards attempt to get the best bed for himself.

The following story is related in Pope's own words as communicated by him to Mr. Spence:

"Dr. Swift, has an odd blunt way that is mistaken by strangers for ill nature. It is so odd that there is no describing it but by facts. I'll tell you one that first comes into my head. One evening Gay and I went to see him: you know how intimately we were all acquainted. On our coming in, "Hey day, gentlemen, (says the doctor) what's the meaning of this visit? How came you to leave all the Lords that you are so fond of to come here to see a poor dean?"—"Because we

we would rather see you than any of them."—"Aye, any one that did not know you so well as I do, might believe you. But since you are come, I must get some supper, I suppose."—No, doctor we have supped already."—"Supped already, that's impossible! Why it is not eight o'clock yet. That's very strange! But, if you had not supped, I must have got something for you. Let me see; what should I have had? A couple of lobsters; aye, that would have done very well: two shillings: tarts, a shilling. But you will drink a glass of wine with me, though you have supped so much before your usual time only to spare my pocket."—"No, we had rather talk with you than drink with you."—"But if you had supped with me, as in all reason you ought to have done, you must then have drank with me. A bottle of wine, two shillings—two and two are four, and one is five: just two and sixpence a piece. There Pope, there's half a crown for you; and there's another for you, Sir; for I won't save any thing by you, I'm determined." This was all said and done with his usual seriousness on such occasions; and in spite of every thing we could say to the contrary, he actually obliged us to take the money."

The reputation of wit too frequently makes the possessor rude and overbearing. Swift's wit was ready on all occasions, but it was of the coarsest kind, and his manners were such as to make it a matter of surprize that his company should have

been courted, as it was, by persons of the highest rank.

The last time he was in London, he was invited to dine with the Earl of Burlington, who was then but lately married. His lordship being willing to surprize the lady, with a new character, and to have some diversion, did not introduce the dean by name; and as the latter generally appeared in a rusty cassock, and his person was by no means prepossessing, her ladyship could not help eying him with some surprize. After dinner the dean abruptly said, "Lady Burlington, I hear you can sing; sing me a song." Her ladyship was astonished, and refused with an expression of contempt. This only made the dean more vehement, he said she should sing, or, if he was her husband, he would make her. "Why, madam," said he, "I suppose you take me for one of your poor paltry English hedge parsons; sing when I bid you."

As the earl did nothing but laugh at this freedom, the lady was so vexed, that she burst into tears and retired.—Swift's first compliment to her when he saw her again, was, "Pray madam are you as proud and as ill-natured now, as when I saw you last?" To which she answered, "No, Mr. Dean, I will sing for you now if you please."

In one of his pedestrian excursions, Swift stopped to view Leeds castle, the seat of Lady Fairfax.

fax. Her ladyship observing a clergyman contemplating the walls of that ancient mansion, very politely sent out a servant to invite him into the house, to whom he churlishly answered, "Tell your mistress I came here to see old walls, not old women."

On some occasions, however, his rude behaviour met with a spirited retort.

Dining one day with Mrs. Fleming, of Belleville, he complained that a leg of mutton, one of the dishes at table, was full of maggots. "Not half so full as your head, doctor," replied the lady. Swift was struck dumb, and did not recover his humour that evening.

Having slept at an inn at Drogheda, he complained the next morning to the landlady, that the sheets were dirty. "Dirty, indeed!" replied she, "you are the last man, doctor, in the world that should complain of dirty sheets." He had just then published his indecent poem, called "The Lady's Dressing Room."

Being at a corporation dinner in the city of Cork, Swift threw out many successful jests on Alderman Browne, which were taken by the worthy magistrate in good part, who ate heartily, and laughed at the ridicule. Towards the conclusion of the dinner, Swift sent his plate for some roast duck, at the same time desiring to have apple sauce with it, upon this, the alderman raising his head, gravely exclaimed, "Mr. Dean, you eat your duck like a goose." This unexpected retort

excited a general laugh, and Swift was silent for the rest of the evening.

Swift had justly a great dislike to apologies: but his manner of treating those who indulged in them was sometimes cruel. This was the case in the following instance.

A lady invited him to dinner, and hearing that he was hard to be pleased, she took several days to provide for the occasion. When the time came every delicacy which could be had for money, was on the table. This was what Swift hated, and formalities he hated more. Unfortunately the lady was full of them, and no sooner was dinner served up than she began in the usual cant, to make a thousand apologies for the badness of the entertainment. Swift immediately cut her short, by saying, "Pox confound you, why didn't you get a better? Sure you have had time enough; but since you say 'tis so bad, I'll e'en go home and eat a herring." Accordingly taking his hat, he hurried out of the house, leaving the lady and her company in astonishment and confusion.

Swift's attachment to the Earl of Oxford appears to have been disinterested and constant, yet he was sometimes provoked by the over cautious and dilatory spirit of that mysterious statesman.

Some person presented Swift with an elegant tortoiseshell snuff-box, lined with gold, painted and ornamented on the inside. His lordship, on being

being shewn the box, was greatly struck with the workmanship, which he examined very minutely; at last he spied a figure resembling a goose, on which, turning to the doctor, "Jonathan," said he, "I think they have made a *goose* of thee," —"Yes," my lord, said Swift, "but if your lordship will look a little farther you will see that I'm driving a *snail* before me." To this the earl replied, "That's severe enough, Jonathan, but I deserve it."

The dean's hatred of King William, and the cause of it, we have already mentioned. He was accustomed to stile that monarch, "a bloody and remorseless tyrant," adding, "that so far from this country receiving any benefit from him, he and his favourites only were the gainers."

Swift dined one day with several friends of both parties, in Crow Street, Dublin, when the conversation turned upon a paraphrase which Concanen had lately made of Prior's celebrated epitaph. The paraphrase was as follows:

Hold MATTHEW PRIOR, by your leave,
Your epitaph is somewhat odd;
BOURBON and you were sons of Eve,
NASSAU, the offspring of a GOD.

The dean shaking his head, said, "Let us see whether a man, who is neither a fool nor a parasite, cannot write four lines that will sound as well as these;" then taking Dr. Sheridan's pencil, he wrote the following:

Hold friend Concanen, by your leave,
Your paraphrase is barely civil,
BOURBON and MATT were sons of Eve,
NASSAU, the offspring of a DEVIL.

Dr. Sheridan, just mentioned, was master of a school at Dublin, and a man of some pretensions to wit. He was the Zany of Swift, who made him the constant butt of his humour: and Sheridan was always aping the dean's extravagancies and administering to his whims.

Sheridan was very fond of shooting, and though a good scholar, loved the sports of the field better than the duties of his profession. The Lord Lieutenant presented him to a small living near Dublin, and the first Sunday after institution, which happened to be the anniversary of the accession of George the first, he undesignedly preached from this text, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Though his sermon had nothing of politicks in it, some of his hearers misrepresented it to the lord lieutenant, who was so much offended that he gave Sheridan to understand, he had nothing more to expect. This being told to Swift, he could not help jesting upon the occasion. "Poor Sheridan," said he, "is so true a marksman, that he has shot his preferment dead with a single text."

Swift was fond of observing scenes in vulgar life, and occasionally indulged this fancy, by going in disguise to places frequented by the lowest classes of society.

Once when he and Sheridan were in the country, they were informed of a beggars' wedding being about to be celebrated. Sheridan played well upon the violin; Swift therefore proposed that he should go to the place where the ceremony was to be performed, disguised as a blind fiddler, and he would attend him as his man. Thus accoutered they set out, and were received by the jovial crew with great acclamation. They had plenty of good cheer, and never was a more joyous wedding seen. All was mirth and frolick; the beggars told stories, played tricks, cracked jokes, sung and danced, in a manner which afforded high amusement to the fiddler and his man, who were well rewarded, when they departed, which was not till late in the evening. The next day the dean and Sheridan walked out in their usual dress, and found many of their late companions, hopping about upon crutches, or pretending to be blind, pouring forth melancholy complaints and supplications for charity. Sheridan distributed among them the money he had received from them, but the dean, who hated all mendicants, fell upon them in a great rage, telling them of his adventure of the preceding day, and threatening to send every soul of them to prison. This had such an effect that the blind opened their eyes, and the lame threw away their crutches, hastening off as fast as their legs could carry them.

Among other whimsies the dean took it into

his head, to have once a year, a feast in imitation of the Saturnalia of the ancient Romans, wherein the servants acted the part of their masters, and the masters waited upon them at table as servants. In this foolish project he engaged several persons of fashion, and it was first put in execution at the deanry house. When all the servants were seated, and every gentleman placed behind his own man, the dean's servant took an opportunity to find fault with some meat that was not done to his taste, and taking it up in his hand threw it in his master's face, mimicking him also in every other foible which he had ever discovered in him. But the dean, whether he was mortified by the reproof, or provoked at the indignity, flew into a violent rage, beat the fellow, and put every thing into such disorder, that the servants ran out of the room in a fright; and thus ended the dean's Saturnalia.

He was a great enemy to extravagance in dress; and particularly to that destructive ostentation in the middling classes, which led them to make an appearance above their condition in life. And his way of reproving this folly in those persons for whom he had an esteem was excellent. Of this the two following instances are recorded.

During his residence at Quilca, a country-house of Sheridan's, the dean went one Sunday to church, at the distance of more than two hours ride; the clergyman invited him to dinner, but Swift excused himself, by saying that it was too far

far to ride home afterwards; saying, "no, I shall dine with my neighbour Reilly, at Virginy, which is half-way home." Reilly, who was what is called there a country farmer, was proud of the honour, and immediately dispatched a messenger to his wife to prepare for the reception of so extraordinary a guest. She accordingly dressed herself out in her best apparel; the son put on his new suit, and his silver-laced hat adorned his head. When the lady was introduced to the dean, he saluted her with as much respect as if she had been a duchess, making several *conges* down to the ground, and then handed her with much formality to her seat. After some high-flown compliments, he thus addressed his host—"Mr. Reilly, I suppose you have a considerable estate here; let us go and look over your demesne." "Estate!" said Reilly, "the devil a foot of ground belongs to me or any of my generation; I have a pretty good lease here indeed from my Lord Fingal, but he threatens that he will not renew it, and I have but a few years of it to come." "Well, but when am I to see Mrs. Reilly?" "Why, don't you see her there before you?" "That Mrs. Reilly!—impossible! I have heard she is a prudent woman, and as such would never dress herself out in silks, and other ornaments, fit only for ladies of fashion. No, no, Mrs. Reilly, the farmer's wife, would never wear any thing better than plain stuff, with other things suitable to it." Mrs. Reilly happened to be a woman

woman of good sense, and taking the hint, immediately withdrew, changed her dress as speedily as possible, and in a short time returned to the parlour in her common apparel. The dean saluted her in the most friendly manner, and taking her by the hand, said, "I am heartily glad to see you, Mrs. Reilly; this husband of your's would fain have palmed a fine lady upon me, all dressed out in silks, and in the pink of the mode, for his wife, but I was not to be taken in so." He then laid hold of young master's fine laced hat, and with his pen-knife ripped off the lace, which he folded up in several papers, and thrust it into the fire. When it was sufficiently burned, he wrapped it up in fresh paper, and put it into his pocket. It may be supposed that the family was thrown into no small confusion by this strange behaviour, but the presence of Swift inspired them with too much awe for them to express any umbrage; however, as he soon resumed his good humour, and entertained them with many pleasant stories, their spirits were recovered, and the day was spent with great conviviality. When he was taking leave, he said, "I do not intend to rob you, Mrs. Reilly; I shall take nothing belonging to you away with me; there's your son's hat-lace, I have only changed the form of it to a much better one; so God bless you, and thanks for your good entertainment."

When he was gone, Mrs. Reilly opened the paper, and found four guineas inclosed in it with the

the burnt lace. As long as he staid in the country he kept an eye upon them, and found that his lessons had not been thrown away, as they were cured of their extravagance, and lived in a manner more agreeable to their situation in life. One of the first things which he did on his return to Dublin, was to pay a visit to Lord Fingal, and engage him to renew Reilly's lease, without which the poor man would, in a few years, have had nothing with which to support his family.

When George Faulkner, the printer, returned from London, where he had been soliciting subscriptions for his edition of the dean's works, he went to pay his respects to him, dressed in a laced waistcoat, a bag wig, and other fopperies. Swift received him with the same ceremony as if he had been a stranger. "And pray, Sir," said he, "what are your commands with me?" "I thought it, Sir, my duty," replied George, "to wait on you immediately on my arrival from London." "Pray, Sir, who are you?" "George Faulkner, the printer, Sir." "You, George Faulkner, the printer!—why you are the most impudent, barefaced scoundrel of an impostor I ever met with! George Faulkner is a plain, sober citizen, and would never trick himself out in lace and other fopperies. Get you gone, you rascal, or I will send you immediately to the house of correction."

Away went George as fast as he could, and having changed his dress, returned immediately to the deanry, where he was received with the greatest

greatest cordiality. "My friend, George," says the dean, "I am glad to see you returned safe from London. Why here has been an impudent fellow with me just now, dressed in a laced waistcoat, and he would fain pass himself off for you, but I soon sent him away with a flea in his ear."

Swift's behaviour at his own table was as curious as at that of others. He always sat at the head, and opposite to him stood a large pier-glass, so that he could see whatever his servants did at the sideboard behind his chair. He was served wholly with plate, and in a stile of great elegance. The beef being one day over-roasted, he sent for the cook, and told her to take it into the kitchen, and do it less; the girl innocently answered, that she could not. "Why, what a hussy are you," says the dean, "to commit a fault which cannot be mended!" Then turning to a gentleman who sat next to him, he said, very gravely, that as the cook was a woman of genius, he should by this mode of arguing convince her, in a year's time, that she had better send the meat up too little than too much done; at the same time he ordered the men servants, that whenever they thought the meat was ready, they should take it up, spit and all, and bring it to him by force; promising to assist them if the cook should be rebellious.

Another time, the dean looking towards the glass, espied the butler opening a bottle of ale, and helping himself. "Ha, friend," said he, "sharp

"sharp is the word with you, I find; you have drank my ale, for which I stop two shillings out of your board-wages this week, for I scorn to be outdone in any thing, even in cheating."

One instance has already been related of Swift's levity in sacred things, when he was only a country rector; the following occurred after his advancement to a station, which demanded the utmost circumspection, and regard to decorum.

Being one Sunday, in the afternoon, at the house of Dr. Raymond, at Trim, near Dublin, of which place the doctor was vicar, the bell rang to prayers, and Dr. Raymond was preparing to go to church, when the dean said, "Raymond, I'll lay you a crown that I will begin prayers before you." "Done," cried Raymond, and away they both ran as fast as they could for the church. Raymond, who was the nimbler of the two, arrived first at the church-door, and when he entered the church, walked decently towards the reading desk. Swift never slackened his pace, but running up the aisle, left Raymond behind him in the middle of it; then stepping into the desk, without putting on a surplice, or opening the prayer book, he began the service with an audible voice, and continued till he had won the wager.

A writer of great elegance and acuteness, has made the following judicious observations on the dean's character, with which we shall conclude this article:—

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"Dr. Swift, in a letter to Lord Bolingbroke, dated 1729, expresses himself in the following terms:—'I remember when I was a little boy, I felt a great fish at the end of my line, which I drew up almost on the ground, but it dropt in, and the disappointment vexes me to this very day; and I believe it was the type of all my future disappointments.'

"This little incident, perhaps, gave the first wrong bias to a mind predisposed to such impressions, and by operating with so much strength and permanency, it might possibly lay the foundation of the dean's subsequent peevishness, passion, misanthropy, and final insanity. The quickness of his sensibility furnished a sting to the slightest disappointment, and pride festered those wounds, which self-government would have healed. As children couple hobgoblins with darkness, every contradiction of his humour, every obstacle to his preferment, was, by him, associated with ideas of malignity and evil. By degrees, he acquired a contempt of human nature, and a hatred of mankind, which, at last, terminated in the total abolition of his rational faculties.*

* Dr. Percival's Dissertations, p. 130.

JAMES

JAMES THOMSON.

THIS pleasing and amiable writer was born at Ednam, in the county of Roxburgh, September 11, 1700. His father was minister of the parish, and young Thomson, being intended for the same profession, was sent at an early age to the grammar school of Jedburgh, but of his youthful pursuits we have no account. One of his biographers, who spared no pains to obtain information respecting him, says, "Thomson passed his infancy and early youth in the picturesque and pastoral country of Tiviotdale, in Scotland, which is full of the elements of natural beauty, wood, water, eminence, and rock, with intermixture of beautiful meadow. The horizon was bounded by the Cheviot, a land of song, and of heroic achievement; the venerable ruins of Jedburgh, Dryburgh, Kelso, and Meliore, were at hand, to add suitable impressions to the whole. His mother had been well educated, was a woman of uncommon sensibility, and endowed with sublime affections." It is then added, that the youth was patronized by a gentleman of great accomplishments, who encouraged his poetical genius; and it is believed, that at Dryburgh, with Mr. Halliburton, of Newmauris, a friend of his father's, he

he first attuned his doric reed, to which he alludes in his Autumn.

"Washed lovely from the Tweed (pure parent stream),
Whose pastoral banks first heard my doric reed."

Sir Gilbert Elliot, of Minto, afterwards Lord Justice Clerk, a man of elegant taste, was also kind to young Thomson. When the first edition of his Seasons came out, the poet sent a copy, handsomely bound, to Sir Gilbert, who shewed it to a relation of Thomson's, a gardener at Minto; the man took the book into his hands, and turning it over and over, and gazing on it with admiration, Sir Gilbert said to him—"Well, David, what do you think of James Thomson now? There's a book will make him famous all the world over, and immortalize his name." David, looking now at Sir Gilbert, and then at the book, said, "In troth, Sir, it is a grand book! I did na' think the lad had ingenuity enough to ha' done sic a neat piece of handicraft."

From Jedburgh school, Thomson removed to the university of Edinburgh, where he applied himself to the study of theology; but his tutor found fault with the floweriness of his stile, and when the pupil had written, as an exercise, a Paraphrase on one of the Psalms, the good man thought it was too sublime, and advised him, if he wished to be a useful preacher, to curb his imagination.

This counsel could not be very acceptable to the

the ardent mind of one who felt the inspiration of the muse, and it is certain that it threw a cloud on his views with regard to the ministry. One cannot help expressing a concern that in an enlightened country such gloomy sentiments should have been entertained by the professors of a religion which has been peculiarly favourable to the freedom of man, and the energies of genius; but when it is considered that afterwards, in the same country, a synod of divines expelled a man from the pastoral office for writing a tragedy, abounding in virtuous sentiments, our astonishment subsides into pity and contempt.

Thomson's mind was not to be so shackled, and seeing little chance of success as a Presbyterian divine, he determined to throw himself upon the efforts of his genius, and the favour of the world.

Accordingly in 1725 he embarked at Leith for London, with several letters of recommendation to persons of eminence, among whom was Mr. Pope; these letters, however, he unfortunately lost by having his pocket picked as he was gazing about him at the wonders of the metropolis. However, he obtained access to some of his countrymen of rank, particularly the Honourable Duncan Forbes, afterwards President of the Court of Session, a man of profound erudition, and of a generous temper; another friend was Mr. Mitchell, who became Minister at the Court of Berlin. Encouraged by their advice,

he ventured to publish his poem of "Winter," in the beginning of the year 1726; but its success was not adequate to the expectation of the author and his friends. The impression lay on the hands of the bookseller, till Mr. Mitchell kindly took it into all companies, and shewed it to some of the best judges of poetry, who admired its beauties, and gave it such a recommendation, that the remaining copies were quickly purchased. This induced the author to proceed with the other Seasons. The "Summer," appeared in 1727; the "Spring," in the year following; and the "Autumn," in 1730.

In the mean time the author produced his tragedy of Sophonisba, acted in 1729, but a whimsical circumstance attended the representation, which completely damned the play. When this foolish line had been as foolishly whined by the performer—

O Sophonisba! Sophonisba, O!

A wag in the pit, exclaimed in the same key—

O, Jamie Thomson! Jamie Thomson, O!

The laughable parody had its effect, and made such an impression upon the house, that the tragedy ended in peals of laughter.

Not long after this Thomson was invited to accompany that amiable youth, the Honourable Mr. Charles Talbot, son of the Lord Chancellor Talbot, in his travels abroad; at the same time he

he was appointed "secretary of the briefs," by his lordship, and every prospect was heightened in the view of the poet; but not long after his return to England, the death of Mr. Talbot, and that of his father, again threw a cloud over the fond expectations of Thomson. To add to the severity of his loss, he was deprived of his office, through his own indolence, in not applying to the new chancellor to be continued in it; but this loss was afterwards made up to him by the good Lord Lyttelton, who procured for him the appointment of Surveyor of the Leeward Islands, which place was filled by a deputy of Thomson's appointment, one Patterson, who had distinguished himself by a Commentary on Milton, and by a Tragedy, which failed of success.

Having thus obtained an independence, Thomson settled at Kew, where he purchased a house, and laid out a garden in a stile of elegant simplicity. Being an indifferent horseman, he used to walk to London and back again. One summer evening, having overheated himself, he took boat, by which he caught a cold, that threw him into a fever; he recovered from the first attack, but imprudently exposing himself to the evening dews, brought on a relapse which carried him off August 27, 1748. His remains were deposited in Richmond church, under a plain stone, without an inscription.

Thomson's moral character was excellent; he had a strong sense of religion, and he appears to

have discharged its duties in a becoming manner. He was one of the few poets who could look back upon the effusions of their genius without regret, and could say truly that he had not penned a line which he could wish to blot.

In his person he was heavy, and his conversation was not brilliant. He was naturally very indolent; and a physician, who knew him well, saw him one day at Lord Melcombe's, go to a peach-tree in the garden, with his hands in his pockets, and devour the fruit as it hung upon the tree.

The same gentleman once found him in bed at two o'clock in the day, and upon asking him why he was in bed at that hour? "Mon," replied Thomson, in his Scotch accent, "I had na motive to rise."

One of his biographers speaks of his feeling manner of reading poetry, but the fact was otherwise; for he read so very ill, that his patron, Lord Melcombe, once snatched a poem out of his hands while he was reading it, saying—"You booby, you do not understand your own verses."

He was occasionally much embarrassed in his circumstances, and, with his disposition, it would be a wonder if he was not. At one time he was in a spunging-house, from whence he was relieved in a generous manner by Quin, the actor; but as the story is too good to be passed over briefly, we shall give it as it has been told.

Not long after the publication of the "Seasons,"

sons," in their collected form, Quin, who greatly admired the poem, heard of the author's misfortune, upon which he hastened to the spunging-house, in Holborn, and being admitted to the room where Thomson was, he said—"Sir, you don't know me, I believe; my name is Quin." Thomson received him very courteously, and said, that "though he could not boast of the honour of a personal acquaintance, he was no stranger either to his name or his merit," and invited him to sit down. Quin then told him, that he was come to sup with him, and that he had already ordered accordingly, which he hoped Mr. Thomson would excuse. To this Thomson made the proper reply, and then the discourse turned indifferently upon literary subjects. When supper was over, and the glass went briskly round, Quin took occasion to explain himself, by saying, "it was now time to enter upon business." Thomson said, he was ready to serve him, as far as his capacity went, in any thing he should command, thinking that the other was come about some affair relating to the stage. "Sir," says Quin, "you mistake my meaning, I am in your debt; I owe you a hundred pounds, and I am come to pay you." Thomson, with a disconsolate air, replied, that as he was a gentleman, whom, to his knowledge, he had never offended, he wondered he should seek an opportunity to insult him in his misfortunes. "No," says Quin, swearing an heavy oath, "I'd be d—d before

I would do that; I say I owe you a hundred pounds, and there it is," (laying a bank-note of that value on the table before him). Thomson was still more astonished, and begged that he would explain himself. "Why," says Quin, "I'll tell you; soon after I had read your Seasons, I took it into my head, that as I had something in the world to leave behind me when I died, I would make my will, and among the rest of my legatees, I set down the author of the Seasons, a hundred pounds, and this day hearing that you was in this house, I thought I might as well have the pleasure of paying the money myself, as to order my executors to pay it, when, perhaps, you might have less need of it; and this, Mr. Thomson, is the business I came about."

This begat a friendship between them which did not end but with the death of Thomson, and his sense of that event Quin expressed in a manner which reflected high credit upon his feelings. On the 13th of January, 1748-9, Thomson's tragedy of Coriolanus was performed at Covent-Garden Theatre, in which Quin played the principal character, and spoke Lord Lyttelton's celebrated prologue. When he came to the following lines, the remembrance of his departed friend rose at once to his imagination, and the tears flowed copiously from his eyes.

> He lov'd his friends, (forgive this gushing tear,
> Alas! I feel I am no actor here)

He

He lov'd his friends with such a warmth of heart,
So clear of interest, so devoid of art;
Such generous freedom, such unshaken zeal,
No words can speak it, but our tears may tell.

Dr. Johnson observes, "that Quin, who had long lived with Thomson, in fond intimacy, spoke the prologue in such a manner, as shewed him to be, on that occasion, no actor."*

* Of this eminent performer, and eccentric character, who concealed under a rough exterior much intrinsic worth, we shall here give two anecdotes. Mrs. Bellamy, in her Memoirs, says—"During the time Quin had the chief direction at Covent-Garden Theatre, he revived the 'Maid's Tragedy,' written by Beaumont and Fletcher. In it he played the character of Melanthus; Mrs. Pritchard, Evandra; and myself, Aspasia. One day, after the rehearsal was finished, he desired to speak with me in the dressing-room. As he had always carefully avoided seeing me alone, I was not a little surprized at so unexpected an invitation; my apprehensions even made me fear that I had, by some means or other, offended a man whom I really loved as a father. My fears, however, were not of long duration; for as soon as I had entered his dressing-room, he took me by the hand, with a smile of ineffable benignity, and thus addressed me: 'My dear girl, you are vastly followed, I hear; do not let the love of finery, or any other inducement, prevail upon you to commit an indiscretion. Men, in general, are rascals; you are young and engaging, and therefore ought to be doubly cautious. If you want any thing in my power, which money can purchase, come to me, and say, James Quin, give me such a thing, and my purse shall be always at your service.' The tear of gratitude stood in my eye at this noble instance of generosity, and his own glistened with that of humanity and self-approbation."

Mr. Richard Winstone, a very old performer of Drury-Lane, who died at Bristol, in 1788, used to relate many agreeable stories of Quin, among which was the following:—

"Winstone once had a quarrel with his manager, and abruptly leaving the London stage, contrary to the advice of Quin, went strolling into Wales. After two years absence, on his return from Swansea to Bristol, by sea, he was near being drowned, having met with a storm, which stranded the vessel, by which he lost all his clothes, and the little money he had in his box. In this situation he got to London, and arriving at one of his old haunts, near Covent-Garden, went to bed, where he sulked for two days without ever getting out of it, Quin, by accident, heard of his condition, and immediately calling on the manager, had Winstone put upon his usual salary, and his name actually advertised in the bills for the next day's performance. He then called upon his taylor, who having Winstone's measure, bought him a full suit of clothes. Thus accoutred, Quin called upon his old friend, whom he found in bed, very melancholy. After some conversation, in which Winstone related all his misfortunes, Quin asked him, 'why he was not at the rehearsal?' This, at first, astonished poor Winstone, till the other explaining the circumstance, he fell upon his knees with gratitude. 'But zounds, my dear Jemmy,' says Winstone, 'what shall I do for clothes, and a little money?' 'As for the clothes,' says Quin, 'there they are; but as for money, you must put your hand in your own pocket.' Winstone experienced his friend's humanity even in this expression, for on searching the breeches pocket, he found ten guineas."

EDWARD

EDWARD YOUNG D.C.L.

will and judgment of God; and having satisfied his own mind that the Sciptures contain the revelation of the Divine will, he considers obedience thereto as necessary to eternal happiness. Hence his writings glow with that sentiment; and hence it is that he endeavours to impress upon his readers the same conviction with that which animates his own heart.

Young received from his father, who was a most exemplary divine, the principles of virtue and religion, which preserved him free from the corruptions of an age that peculiarly abounded in infidel writings, and when it was considered as necessary to the character of a wit, that a man should be an infidel.

This firmness is the more deserving of admiration, as he was not intended for the office of the ministry, and as the company he kept were not particularly remarkable for their regard to religion. He entered at All Souls' College, Oxford, as a student of the civil law, in which faculty he took his degrees: but while so engaged he published his poem "On the Last Day," and another entituled "The force of Religion, or Vanquished Love;" which were both well received by the publick.

His dramatick performances, were "Busiris," "The Revenge," and "The Brothers," three tragedies of distinct merits and failings. The Revenge, however, still keeps its hold on the stage, and it may with great justice be pronounced one

one of the finest tragedies in the English, or in any other language.

His Satires also possess uncommon merit, for terseness of stile, brilliancy of wit, and strength of character. But though they were once much read, that popularity has long since subsided, which may be accounted for, by what Swift said of them, that "the satirist should either have been more angry or more merry."

This censure, however, though it may serve to depreciate the poems, affords a fine encomium upon the author, who was above imitating the dean and his friend Pope, who to indulge their own laugh and malignity, cared not how many wounds they inflicted in the hearts of others.

At one time Young endeavoured to get into the House of Commons, and offered himself a candidate for the borough of Cirencester, against the powerful influence of Lord Bathurst. But he cut so poor a figure as a canvasser, that during the heat of the contest, which was a warm one, the doctor was obliged to seek refuge from the opposition mob, in the house of his antagonist.

Finding no chance of advancement at court, he entered into the church, at the age of forty-four, and was made chaplain in ordinary to George the second. He had no other preferment during that reign, except the rectory of Welwyn in Hertfordshire, worth about five hundred pounds a year. One cause of his not being promoted, seems to be his

his adherence to Frederick Prince of Wales, through an attachment to his friend Bubb Doddington, afterwards Lord Melcombe. Soon after the accession of his present majesty, he was appointed clerk of the closet to the Princess Dowager of Wales. He died in 1765, at the advanced age of eighty-four.

Dr. Young married Lady Elizabeth Lee, daughter of the Earl of Litchfield. She was a widow with two children, a son and a daughter, who died young within a short time of each other. What he felt for their loss, as well as for that of his wife, may be perceived in his Night Thoughts, in which they are characterized; the young lady under the name of Narcissa, and her brother by that of Philander. His apostrophe to death, is very fine:

> Insatiate archer, could not once suffice!
> Thy shaft flew thrice, and thrice my peace was slain,
> And thrice, ere thrice yon moon renewed her horn.

Young had great facility at an extemporaneous epigram. That on Voltaire is well known.

When that lively, but flippant and impertinent writer was in England, the doctor was in his company. The Paradise Lost, happening to become the subject of conversation, Voltaire threw out many indecent observations, not merely upon Milton's allegorical characters, but upon the sources from whence they were drawn. This at last

last provoked Young to address Voltaire in these lines:

> Thou art so witty, profligate, and thin,
> Thou seem'st a Milton's *Devil, Death,* and *Sin.*

While the doctor was courting, he was walking with his lady and a female friend of her's in a garden, when word was brought that a nobleman wished to speak with him, "I will come directly," says the divine. The ladies perceiving that he did not go as quick as he should, took him under each arm, and conducted him to the garden gate, on which he spoke these lines:

> Thus Adam look'd when from the garden driven,
> And thus disputed orders sent from heav'n;
> Like him I go, tho' to depart I'm loth,
> Like him I go, for angels drove us both,
> Hard was his fate, but mine still more unkind,
> His Eve went with him, but mine stays behind.

The doctor once paid a visit to archbishop Potter's son, then rector of Chiddingstone, near Tunbridge, Mr. Potter, lived in a country where the roads were very deep and miry; and when Young, after some difficulty and danger, arrived at the house, he inquired whose field it was that he had just crossed. "It is mine," answered his friend, "I thought so," said the poet, "Potter's field to bury strangers in."

Before the doctor was married, he went up the river one summer's evening, in company with some

some ladies, to Vauxhall. By way of entertaining his friends, he took out his flute and played some tunes, but another boat, full of gentlemen, pulling up alongside, the doctor put up his flute into his pocket; on which one of the persons, in the other boat, asked why he left off playing. The doctor made a short answer, which the officer, for so he seemed, resented, by insisting that he should begin to play again. The ladies were alarmed; and the doctor, to quiet them, took out his flute and played till they reached the stairs. In the course of the evening, he went in search of the officer, and having found him, gave him his card, insisting upon satisfaction. The gentleman accordingly promised to give the doctor the meeting, unaccompanied by any other person. At the time and place appointed, they met, when the doctor pulling out a large horse pistol, before his antagonist was prepared, pointed it directly at him. "What," says the officer, "do you mean to murder me,"—"No," says Young, "but as you insisted last night on my playing to please you; I now insist upon your dancing a jig to please me or your life must pay for the refusal." The officer remonstrated, but Young being peremptory, he reluctantly acquiesced; and after a few steps: "Now," says Young, "We are even, and I am ready to fight you in your own way." The officer was struck with the humour of the doctor, as well as with the impropriety of his own behaviour. He offered his hand

hand, through
life.

After the loss of ctor resided almost wholly in t usually spent some hours of the day t tombs of his churchyard at Welwyn. In den he had an alcove so painted, as y to have a real bench in it, inviting the ager to repose, but, upon a nearer approach, it was found to be a deception, this motto at the same time appearing thereon :

Invisibilia non decipiunt.

The things unseen do not deceive us.

The strong sense which he had of religion, and of the necessity of our attending to the concerns of futurity appeared in all his correspondence, and was never more strongly manifested than once when preaching in his turn at the chapel-royal, finding that he could not engage the attention of his royal and noble auditors, his feelings overpowered him, and he sat back in the pulpit and burst into tears. How much is it to be regretted, that the sermons of such a writer and such a divine should have been consigned to the flames by his own hands!

The melancholy of Young was occasioned by his domestick losses, heightened by a nervous habit; but it was not what it has been called, gloomy

gloomy austerity. On the contrary, he was pleasant in conversation, and playful in his manners. He instituted an assembly for the more polished, and a bowling green for the rustick part of his parishioners; and he frequently promoted the amusements of both companies by his own attendance.

OLIVER

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

IN the memoirs of this extraordinary man, prefixed to his poetical works, he is said to have been born in 1729, at Elphin, in the county of Roscommon; but on the tablet erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey, by his most intimate friends, the date of his birth is 1731, and the place is stated to be Fernes, in the county of Longford. This difference is very remarkable, and it may be justly pronounced as an instance, on one side or the other, of a very culpable negligence in not making due enquiry concerning what doubtless might have been accurately determined.

The father of Goldsmith was a clergyman who gave him a good education, and sent him to the University of Dublin, where he was admitted a sizar, in 1744, which seems to give the preference to the first mentioned year, for the time of his birth. At Dublin he had for a fellow student, Mr. Edmund Burke.

Of Goldsmith's proficiency in academical learning we have no other account than that which he gave of himself to Mr. Malone, "that though he made no great figure in mathematicks, which was a study much in repute there, he could turn an Ode of Horace better than any of them."

After attending a few lectures on anatomy, he went to Edinburgh, with the view of adopting physick as his profession. But though he continued there three years, his application to the peculiar studies of the place, was little, and his prudence less. By becoming surety for a fellow student, he was involved in difficulties, and to avoid the consequences he made a precipitate retreat from Edinburgh. But his steps were traced, and he was taken at Sunderland. The kindness of Dr. Sleigh, and another college friend, relieved him from this embarrasment, and, being once more at liberty, in a spirit of thoughtless extravagance, he took ship, and landed at Rotterdam: from thence he travelled through Flanders, and at Louvaine took the degree of bachelor of physick. After perambulating a great part of Europe, he landed at Dover, with a few pence in his pocket, and making his way to London, applied to several apothecaries for employment as a journeyman. His appearance and brogue were against him, and being reduced to the lowest state of distress, a chemist near Fish Street Hill, out of compassion, took him into his laboratory.

Soon after this, he learnt that his friend Sleigh was in London, and having discovered his abode, he waited upon him. "It was Sunday," said Goldsmith, "when I paid him a visit; and it is to be supposed, in my best cloaths. Sleigh scarcely knew me; such is the tax the unfortunate pay to poverty. However, when he did recollect

collect me, I found his heart as warm as ever; and he shared his purse and his friendship with me during his continuance in London."

By this means Goldsmith obtained the situation of usher in the school of Dr. Milner, at Peckham. He did not long continue in that situation, which he never afterwards could bear to hear mentioned, without throwing himself into a passion, but removed to London, took lodgings in Green Arbour Court, and became a writer for the booksellers. It is said, indeed, that on the death of Dr. Milner, in 1760, Goldsmith undertook the superintendance of the school for the widow, who allowed him twenty pounds a year, out of which he gave so liberally to objects in distress, that his salary was spent before it became due. This induced Mrs. Milner to say to him, "You had better, Mr. Goldsmith, let me keep your money for you, as I do for some of the young gentlemen," to which he replied, with great good humour, "In truth, Madam, there is equal need."

His continuance at Peckham must have been of short duration, for we find him engaged with Griffiths as a writer in the Monthly Review, also with Smollet in the Critical Review, besides other publications. The friendship of Smollet procured him the acquaintance of several other men of literary eminence, particularly Johnson. By his advice Goldsmith published the poem of the "Traveller," of which Johnson had a high

opinion: and when a person in his company was saying, "that it was a pretty poem;" he caught fire, and exclaimed, "So, you only call it a pretty poem, do you? Let me tell you, Sir, it is the finest poem since Mr. Pope's time."

A little before this Johnson disposed of the novel of the "Vicar of Wakefield," for Goldsmith, to Newbery, the bookseller, in a very remarkable manner. The circumstance was thus:

"I received one morning," said Johnson, "a message from poor Goldsmith, that he was in great distress, and, as it was not in his power to come to me, begging that I would come to him, as soon as possible. I sent him a guinea, and promised, to come to him directly. I accordingly went as soon as I was drest, and found that his landlady had arrested him for his rent, at which he was in a violent passion. I perceived that he had already changed my guinea, and had got a bottle of Madeira and a glass before him. I put the cork into the bottle, desired he would be calm, and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated. He then told me, that he had a novel ready for the press, which he produced to me. I looked into it, and saw its merit; told the landlady I should soon return, and having gone to a bookseller, sold it for sixty pounds. I brought Goldsmith the money, and he discharged his rent, not without rating his landlady in a high tone for having used him so ill."

The bookseller, however, did not bring out the novel till Goldsmith's reputation was established by his poem of the Traveller. It was received with the applause to which it was entitled, and, in truth, it is impossible to praise this instructive and entertaining moral tale beyond its merits.

Goldsmith now took chambers in the Temple, and joined with a countryman of his, in a small house on the Edgware road, to which he gave the name of *Shoemaker's Paradise*, it having been built in a whimsical stile by a person of that occupation.

At this latter place he composed a "History of England, in a series of Letters from a Nobleman to his Son," in two volumes, duodecimo. This useful and pleasing little work, was very well received, and passed for a long time as the performance of Lord Lyttelton. In 1768, Goldsmith brought out at Covent Garden, a comedy, called, "The Good Natured Man," which however, was not very successful, owing partly to the defects of the plot, and the perverted taste of the publick, which was then extravagantly fond of sentimental pieces.

The poetical fame of Goldsmith attained its summit in 1770, by the publication, of that delightful piece, "The Deserted Village."

The bookseller at once offered the author one hundred guineas for this poem, which he thought too much, and refused to take, saying it was five

shillings a couplet, which was more than any modern poetry was worth.

But whatever may be the value of modern poetry in general, the publick soon gave a convincing proof of the excellence of the "Deserted Village." Several large impressions were sold; and the bookseller paid Goldsmith his full sum.

In 1772, appeared his comedy of "She Stoops to Conquer," which, for broad humour, stands among the first of that class of dramatick compositions.

Colman, the manager, however, had but indifferent hopes of its success, and even the performers gave the author but little encouragement. On the night of performance Goldsmith, instead of attending the house early, walked the park in great agitation. There he was found by a friend who urged the neccssity of his going to the theatre to see how the piece went on. Immediately on his entrance behind the scenes, the audience hissed that part where Mrs. Hardcastle supposes herself fifty miles off. Goldsmith, in great alarm, exclaimed to Colman, "What's that? What's that?" —"Pshaw, doctor," says the manager, "don't be alarmed at a few *squibs*, when we have been sitting these two hours upon a *barrel of gunpowder*."

The play, notwithstanding this, went off with great applause, and the author cleared by it eight hundred pounds.

But though it succeeded so well on the stage,

it was attacked with great severity, in some of the publick prints, particularly in one published by Evans the bookseller, and conducted by the noted Dr. Kenrick. It happened at this time that Goldsmith, who was always vain of a very ordinary person, dressed beauishly to make himself agreeable to a lady of fortune, with whose brother he was intimate. The critic in censuring his play, did not overlook this circumstance, and in language which nothing could excuse, compared the author to the monkey in the fable who went to see the world. Goldsmith was highly exasperated at this attack, and with his usual want of consideration, hastened to Paternoster Row, where poor Evans happened to be in his shop, whom the doctor, in great wrath, immediately assailed with a volley of execrations, at the same time elevating his cane, which striking against the lamp, broke it all to pieces, the oil pouring down upon Goldsmith's clothes. Evans saved his pate by ducking behind the counter, but the irritated poet gave him two or three smart strokes upon the shoulders, and was still exercising this discipline, when Kenrick, the original cause of the mischief, came in; to him the doctor made his complaint, and Kenrick, to prevent farther mischief, persuaded him to go home with him in a hackney coach. An account of this affair getting into the newspapers, Goldsmith published an ingenious defence of his conduct in the Daily Advertiser; but Evans had recourse to the law,

and the matter was determined in his favour by arbitration.

The extravagance of Goldsmith kept pace with his gains, and it affords matter of astonishment, that a man fond of company, the tavern, and the gaming-table, should have had so much industry, and fertility of composition. He had copious resources in his mind, and it was his reliance upon these which made him so indifferent to the patronage of the great, and regardless of the money he acquired by his literary labour.

Goldsmith used to say, that he once waited upon the Earl, afterwards Duke of Northumberland, by appointment, but that on being shewn into the antichamber, he met a gentleman very elegantly dressed, and mistaking him for his lordship, he paid him all the compliments which he had previously prepared, when, to his great astonishment, he found that this fine gentleman was the servant and not the master. At that instant, said Goldsmith, the duke came into the apartment, and I was so confounded on the occasion, that I wanted words to express the sense I entertained of the duke's politeness, and went away exceedingly chagrined at the blunder I had committed.

The story, however, is differently told by Sir John Hawkins, who, as having been present at Northumberland House at that time, is more entitled to belief. "Having one day," says Sir John, "a call to wait on the late duke, then Earl of

of Northumberland, I found Goldsmith waiting for an audience in an outer room; I asked him, what had brought him there? He told me, an invitation from his lordship. I made my business as short as I could, and, as a reason, mentioned that Dr. Goldsmith was waiting without. The earl asked me if I was acquainted with him; I told him I was, adding what I thought likely to recommend him. I retired, and staid in the outer room to take him home. Upon his coming out, I asked him the result of his conversation. 'His lordship,' says he, 'told me he had read my poem,' meaning the Traveller, 'and was much delighted with it; that he was going lord-lieutenant of Ireland, and that hearing I was a native of that country, he should be glad to do me any kindness.' And what did you answer, asked I, to this gracious offer? 'Why,' said he, 'I could say nothing, but that I had a brother there, a clergyman, that stood in need of help; as for myself, I have no dependence on the promises of great men. I look to the booksellers for support; they are my best friends, and I am not inclined to forsake them for others.'

Goldsmith was a member of the literary club, established by Johnson and Reynolds, at the Turk's Head, in Gerard-street; and as Hawkins was also one of that association, he had abundant opportunities to be acquainted with his singularities.

Sir John says of him, "that he had some wit, but

but no humour, and never told a story but he spoiled it." The following anecdotes will convey some idea of the style and manner of his conversation.

"He was used to say he could play on the German flute, as well as most men; at other times, as well as any man living; but, in truth, he understood not the character in which musick is written, and played on that instrument as many of the vulgar do, merely by ear. Roubiliac, the sculptor, a merry fellow, once heard him play, and minding to put a trick upon him, pretended to be charmed with his performance, as also that himself was skilled in the art, and entreated him to repeat the air, that he might write it down. Goldsmith readily consenting, Roubiliac called for paper, and scored thereon a few five-lined staves, which having done, Goldsmith proceeded to play, and Roubiliac to write; but his writing was only such random notes on the lines and spaces as any one might set down who had ever inspected a page of musick. When they had both done, Roubiliac shewed the paper to Goldsmith, who looking it over with seeming great attention, said it was very correct, and that if he had not seen him do it, he never could have believed his friend capable of writing musick after him."

He would frequently preface a story thus:—"I'll now tell you a story of myself, which some people laugh at, and some do not."——

At the breaking up of an evening at a tavern, he intreated

intreated the company to sit down, and told them if they would call for another bottle, they should hear one of his bon mots: they agreed, and he began thus:—"I was once told that Sheridan the player, in order to improve himself in stage gestures, had looking-glasses, to the number of ten, hung about his room, and that he practised before them; upon which I said, then there are ten ugly fellows together."—The company were all silent: he asked why they did not laugh, which they not doing, he, without tasting the wine, left the room in anger.

In a large company he once said, "Yesterday I heard an excellent story, and I would relate it now if I thought any of you able to understand it." The company laughed, and one of them said, "Doctor, you are very rude," but he made no apology.*

Of all the characters given of Goldsmith, that by Boswell seems by far the best likeness.

"No man," says he, "had the art of displaying with more advantage as a writer, whatever literary acquisitions he had made. *Nihil quod tetigit non ornavit.*† His mind resembled a fertile but thin soil. There was a quick, but not a strong vegetation, of whatever chanced to be thrown upon it. No deep root could be struck. The oak of the forest did not grow there: but the elegant shrubbery, and the fragrant parterre, appeared in gay succession. It has been ge-

* Hawkins' Life of Johnson, p. 416—19.

† See his Epitaph in Westminster Abbey.

nerally

nerally circulated, and believed, that he was a mere fool in conversation;* but, in truth, this has been greatly exaggerated. He had, no doubt, a more than common share of that hurry of ideas which we often find in his countrymen, and which sometimes produces a laughable confusion in expressing them. He was very much what the French call *un etourdi*, and from vanity, and an eager desire of being conspicuous wherever he was, he frequently talked carelessly without knowledge of the subject, or even without thought. His person was short, his countenance coarse and vulgar, his deportment that of a scholar, awkwardly affecting the easy gentleman. Those who were in any way distinguished, excited envy in him to so ridiculous an excess, that the instances of it are hardly credible. When accompanying two beautiful young ladies, with their brother on a tour in France, he was seriously angry that more attention was paid to them than to

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* In allusion to this Mr. Horace Walpole, who admired his writings, said, "he was an inspired idiot," and Garrick described him as one,

"——for shortness called Noll,
Who wrote like an Angel, and talk'd like poor Poll."

Sir Joshua Reynolds has mentioned to me, that he frequently heard Goldsmith talk warmly of the pleasure of being liked, and observe how hard it would be if literary excellence should preclude a man from that satisfaction which he perceived it often did, from the envy which attended it; and therefore Sir Joshua was convinced that he was intentionally more absurd, in order to lessen himself in social intercourse, trusting that his character would be sufficiently supported by his works. If it, indeed, was his intention to appear absurd in company, he was often very successful. But with, due deference to Sir Joshua's ingenuity, I think the conjecture too refined!

him

him; and once, at the exhibition of the *Fantoccini*, in London, those who sat next him observed with what dexterity a puppet was made to toss a pike, he could not bear that it should have such praise, and exclaimed with some warmth, 'Pshaw! I can do it better myself.'

"He, I am afraid, had no settled system, of any sort, so that his conduct must not be strictly scrutinized; but his affections were social and generous, and when he had money he gave it away very liberally. His desire of imaginary consequence predominated over his attention to truth. When he began to rise into notice, he said he had a brother who was Dean of Durham; a fiction so easily detected, that it is wonderful how he should have been so inconsiderate as to hazard it."*

Goldsmith, like many other poets, was a very bad reciter of verse, yet he had the vanity to think that his voice was harmonious, and his judgment correct. "Several years ago," says Mr. Malone, "I was in company with him and Dr. Johnson; and after dinner, the conversation happening to turn on this subject, Goldsmith maintained that a poet was more likely to pronounce verse with accuracy and spirit than other men. He was immediately called upon to support his argument by an example; a request with which he readily complied; and he repeated the first stanza of the ballad, beginning with the words.—'At Upton on the Hill,' with such false emphasis, by marking the word *on* very strongly, that all the company agreed he had by no means established his position."†

* Boswell's Life of Jonhson.

† Life of Dryden, page 518.

One great point in the doctor's pride, was to be liberal to his poor countrymen who applied to him in distress. The expression *pride* is not improper, because he did it with some degree of ostentation. One that was very artful never failed to apply to him as soon as he had published any new work, and while it was likely that the doctor would be in cash. Goldsmith, tired of his application, told him, that he should write himself; and ordered him to draw up a description of China, interspersed with political reflections, which a bookseller had applied to the doctor for, at a price he despised, but had not rejected. The idle carelessness of his temper may be collected from this, that he never gave himself the trouble to read the manuscript, but sent to the press, an account which made the Emperor of China a Mohammedan, and placed India between China and Japan. Two sheets were cancelled at the expense of Goldsmith, who kicked his newly created author down stairs.

Among his numerous pensioners, and he generally enlarged his list as he enlarged his finances, was the late unfortunate Jack Pilkington of scribbling memory, who had served the doctor so many tricks, that he despaired of getting any more money from him without coming out with a master stroke once for all. He accordingly called on the doctor one morning, and running about the room in a fit of joy, told him his fortune was made. "How so, Jack?" says the doctor, "Why," says Jack, "the

"the Duchess of Marlborough, you must know has long had a strange wish for a pair of white mice; now as I knew they were sometimes to be had in the East Indies, I commissioned a friend of mine who was going thither, to get them for me, and he is just arrived with two of the most beautiful little animals in the world." After Jack had finished this account in raptures, he lengthened his visage by telling the doctor all was ruined, for without two guineas to buy a cage for the mice, he could not present them. The doctor unfortunately, as he said himself, had but half a guinea, which he offered to him; but Jack was not to be beat out of his scheme; he perceived the doctor's watch hanging up in his room, and hinted that if he could spare it for a week, he could raise a few guineas on it, which he would repay with gratitude. The doctor would not be the hindrance of a man's fortune for such a trifle: he accordingly gave him the watch, which the other immediately took to the pawn-broker, and Goldsmith heard no more of his friend Jack, till a message came to inform him, that he was on his death bed, and requesting a guinea, which he readily sent to him.

Goldsmith, himself, had often suffered from a strangury, and this disorder at last increased upon him to such a degree as to produce considerable irritation of mind, and a nervous fever. Contrary to the counsel of his apothecary and physician,

physician, he took too large a dose of James's powder, which hastened his end April 4th, 1774. His remains were interred in the Temple burial ground, and a monument was erected to his memory by the literary club, of which he was a member.

Johnson's opinion of Goldsmith was finely expressed in a conversation with Boswell. "Goldsmith," said the latter, "has acquired more fame than all the officers last war, who were not generals."—*Johnson:* "Why, Sir, you will find ten thousand fit to do what they did, before you find one who does what Goldsmith has done. You must consider that a thing is valued according to its rarity. A pebble that paves the street is in itself more useful than the diamond upon a lady's finger."

DAVID GARRICK,

THE English Roscius, was born at the Angel Inn, in Hereford, in 1716, his father, Captain Peter Garrick, being then quartered at that place, with a troop of horse. David received his education at Lichfield school, where he shewed a strong propensity for dramatick exhibitions, and at the age of eleven years performed the part of Serjeant Kite, in the Recruiting Officer. Not long after this, he was sent to Lisbon, where he had an uncle, who was a considerable merchant in that capital. His stay there was but short, and at his return to Litchfield, he went again to school, but his progress in classical learning was small. At the age of nineteen he became a pupil of Samuel Johnson, with whom he formed a friendship that lasted through life. In the beginning of 1737, these two celebrated persons set out together for the metropolis, Garrick having a letter of recommendation to the Rev. Mr. Colson, a learned mathematician at Rochester, who was desired to furnish him with sufficient knowledge to prepare him for admission at the Temple. The death of his father threw him out of this line; and becoming possessed of a thousand pounds by that of his uncle abroad, he entered into partner-

ship with his brother in the wine trade. This connection, however, was soon dissolved, and David began his dramatick campaign in the summer of 1741, at Ipswich, with Giffard's company. On this occasion he assumed the name of Lyddal, under which he performed a variety of parts with great success. In October following, he made his appearance at the theatre in Goodman's Fields, of which Giffard was manager. The part in which he first came out was Richard the Third, and this he performed several nights successively to crowded houses. Among other eminent persons who went to see him was Mr. Pope, who said of him, "that he was afraid the young man would be spoiled, for he would have no competitor."

When Quin, the leading actor of the time, arrived in London, from Ireland, he found the attention of the publick wholly engaged by the new performer in Goodman's fields, and to his great mortification he was obliged to play Richard to empty boxes. Still with his characteristic indifference, he only said that, "Garrick was but a new religion, and that Whitfield was followed for a time, but they would all come to church again." This sarcasm being reported to Garrick, he wrote the following epigram:

> Pope Quin, who damns all churches but his own,
> Complains that heresy corrupts the town;
> That Whitfield Garrick has misled the age,
> And taints the sound religion of the stage.

"Schism,"

"Schism," he cries, "has turn'd the nation's brain,
"But eyes will open, and to church again!"
Thou great infallible, forbear to roar,
Thy bulls and errors are rever'd no more,
When doctrines meet with gen'ral approbation;
It is not heresy, but reformation.

After finishing a most successful season, Garrick went over to Dublin, with the celebrated Mrs. Woffington with whom he had formed an attachment, and in compliment to whom he wrote the song, "Once more I'll tune the vocal shell." The reception of Garrick at Dublin, exceeded even the encouragement which he had experienced in London, and during the hottest months of the year the theatre was each night crowded with persons of the first consequence. The excessive heat proved fatal to many, and an epidemic disease broke out, which was denominated the Garrick fever.

He was greeted on his return to the English capital in a flattering manner; and at this time it is said his performance of Abel Drugger, cured a young lady of fortune who had fallen in love with him in the characters of Chamont and Lothario.

Our limits will not allow us to proceed farther in the dramatick career of this extraordinary performer, we shall therefore only observe that, in 1747, he obtained a share in the patent of Drury Lane theatre, with the management of that house, on the opening of which, that season, he spoke

one of the finest prologues in the English language, written by his friend Johnson.

In 1749, he married Mademoiselle Violette, who had been a stage dancer, but a lady of excellent character. In 1763, Garrick, accompanied by his wife, withdrew from the fatigues of business to the continent, and met with the most flattering marks of respect in France and Italy.

While he was at Paris, Garrick, paid a visit to Mademoiselle Clairon, the celebrated actress of the French theatre, and she repeated several passages to him from the tragedies of Corneille and Racine. Garrick acted before her the dagger-scene of Macbeth, and his imitation of a poor man whom he had seen in Bedlam, mad at having lost his child who jumped out of his arms upon the iron rails before the house. Mr. Garrick then asked her if she had ever tried the gamut of the passions; and while she was expressing her complete ignorance of what he meant, he ran through the whole compass of them with his voice and his eyes, beginning at the most simple, and ending with the most complicated and perplexed of them.

He also became intimate with Preville, the first actor in that country, and was invited by him to spend a day at his villa. Our Roscius being in a gay humour, proposed to go in one of the hired coaches that used to ply between Paris and Versailles, on which road Preville's house stood. When

When they entered, he ordered the coachman to drive on, but he answered that he would as soon as he had got his complement of four passengers. A caprice immediately seized upon Garrick, and he determined to give his brother player a specimen of his art. While the coachman was attentively plying for passengers, Garrick slipped out of the door, went round the coach, and by his wonderful command of countenance, palmed himself upon the coachman for a stranger. This he did twice, and was admitted each time into the coach as a fresh passenger, to the astonishment and admiration of Preville. He got out a third time, and addressing himself to the coachman, was answered in a surly tone, "that he had already got his complement," and would have drove off without him, had not Preville called out, that as the stranger appeared to be a very little man, they would, to accommodate the gentleman, contrive to make room.

One of the most remarkable occurrences in Garrick's life was the celebration of the Jubilee, at Stratford-upon-Avon, in honour of Shakspeare. This festival took place in 1769, and lasted three days, but the weather was so unfavourable, and the entertainment so indifferent, that the returns did not answer the expenses. To reimburse himself, Garrick brought out "the Jubilee," at his theatre, and with astonishing success, as the pageant ran ninety two nights, to crowded audiences. In January, 1776, Garrick parted with his

moiety of Drury Lane, for 35,000*l.* and with a fortune of near three times that sum, retired finally from the stage, in the character of Don Felix, in the Wonder. He died January 20, 1779, and was interred with great pomp, in Westminster abbey, where several years afterwards a monument was erected to his memory.

Dr. Johnson, who may be supposed to have known Garrick as well as any person, has thus drawn his character.

"Garrick was on the whole a good man, a decent liver in a profession which is supposed to give indulgences to licentiousness, and a man who freely gave away money acquired by himself. He began the world with great hunger for money; the son of a half-pay officer, whose study was to make four-pence go for four-pence halfpenny: but when he got money, and became independent, he was liberal."

Of this Johnson himself had abundant experience, and that not long before Garrick's death. Mr. Albany Wallis, Garrick's executor, related the following anecdote to a friend:

"Mr. Garrick came to me one morning, in a violent hurry, and without even his usual salutation, abruptly exclaimed—"My dear friend, the doctor is in want, you must instantly do me a favour; come, come, put on your hat, and without delay go to Dr. Johnson's lodgings, and present him with these bank notes, but on your life do not mention from whom you had them."

The

The amount, Mr. Wallis observed, was by no means inconsiderable.

"In compliance with his request," continued he, "I instantly waited on the doctor, and being announced, was ushered into his apartment; having prefaced my errand with as much delicacy as possible, I presented the notes, which the doctor received with much agitation, and after a few moments wiping away the tears that involuntarily arose in his eyes, he pressed my hand between his and said, 'Mr. Wallis, I know from whence this comes; tell Mr. Garrick that his kindness is almost too much for me; tell him also, that I shall never be able to repay this, much less what I have before received at his hands."

By libertines Garrick was called avaricious, because, probably, he would not be the dupe of their designs, or the companion of their follies. The fact was, that he knew the due use of money, but his charities were extensive, and no man was more ready to exert himself in behalf of publick institutions, or to contribute to private subscriptions.

He had also the merit of reforming the stage, and of driving from it profaneness and immorality.

His principal failing was vanity, which made him eager of adulation and impatient of contradiction and ridicule. This foible was thus happily hit off by Goldsmith in his Retaliation.

Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what came,
And the puff of a dunce, he mistook it for fame;
Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
Who pepper'd the highest was surest to please.

The literary talents of Garrick were far from being mean. He wrote some excellent prologues and epilogues, and several genuine epigrams and lively songs. His dramatick pieces are mostly of the farcical kind, except the "Clandestine Marriage," written in conjunction with the elder Colman.

When Garrick first heard Mr. Pitt, afterwards Earl Chatham, speak in the House of Commons, he was asked by a friend what he thought of him. "Think of him," says he, "why, that if he had originally preferred Drury-Lane to St. Stephen's Chapel, he would have almost annihilated the stage, by throwing us all at an immeasurable distance!"

The only thing against Garrick as a performer, was his diminutive stature, and yet that was overlooked when he performed Richard, Hamlet, other and the great characters. Once, however, it produced a whimsical effect. He was repeating the following passage in a new play:

"Alas!
I fear I seem *too little* in your eyes,"

A fellow in the gallery cried out, "Why, to be sure you do; it would be very odd if you did not." On this the house was in a roar, and Garrick never repeated the line afterwards.

Garrick's strict attention to propriety in all characters was strongly marked in a circumstance related to the editor by the late Dr. afterwards Sir

Sir James Stonhouse. When the doctor relinquished medical practice for the church, he asked Garrick to accompany him one Sunday to a church in the city, where he was engaged to read prayers. Garrick did so, and after service, he asked his friend, "what particular business he had to do when the duty was over?"—"None," said the other. "I thought you might," said Garrick, "on seeing you enter the church and reading desk in such a hurry.—Nothing," added he, "can be more indecent than to see a clergyman go about the duties of his office as if he were a tradesman, and enter a church as if he wanted to get out of it as soon as possible." He then asked the doctor what books he had in the desk before him? "Only the Bible and Prayer Book."—"*Only* the Bible and Prayer Book, why you tossed them backwards and forwards, and turned the leaves over with as much carelessness and hurry as if they had been the waste book and ledger."

The doctor took the hints, and profited by them to such a degree, as to become one of the best readers and preachers in the kingdom.

SAMUEL

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

THE life and character of this great moralist, and philologer, have been delineated by so many writers, and in such different ways, that we shall merely confine ourselves to the selection of a few anecdotes of him, most characteristic of the man.

He was the son of a bookseller at Lichfield, and born September 7th, Old Stile, 1707, in which year his father served the office of Sheriff of the city, and "feasted his fellow citizens with uncommon magnificence" says the son, in the scanty memorials which he left of his own life.

By being put out to nurse, he contracted a scrophulous complaint, which lasted through life. For this he was brought to London in 1711, to be touched for the evil by Queen Anne, and so tenacious was his memory, that when he was sixty years of age, he remembered the particulars of his journey, and among other minute circumstances, that there was a boy crying at the palace, when he went to be touched.

"We went," says he "in the stage coach, and returned in the waggon, as my mother said, because my cough was violent. The hope of saving few shillings was no slight motive; for she not having been accustomed to money, was afraid of such

such expenses as now seem very small. She sewed two guineas in her petticoat, lest she should be robbed."

"I suppose" continues he "that in this year I was informed of a future state. I remember that being in bed with my mother one morning, I was told by her of the two places to which the inhabitants of this world were received after death; one a fine place filled with happiness, called Heaven; the other, a *sad* place called Hell. That this account much affected my imagination, I do not remember.

As a proof of his early inclination to poetry, the following little incident has been recorded.

When he was about three years old, his mother had a brood of eleven ducklings, which she permitted him to call his own. It happened that in playing about he trod upon one and killed it, upon which he ran to his mother, and with great emotion told her to write. "Write child?" said she "what must I write? "Why write" answered he so:

Here lies poor little duck
That Samuel Johnson trod on,
If't had liv'd, 'twould have been good luck,
For then there had been an odd one.

He received his education at Lichfield grammar school, and of his behavior there, a contemporary

porary and associate of his, communicated these particulars to one of his biographers.

"Johnson and I were, early in life, school-fellows at Lichfield, and for many years in the same class. As his uncommon abilities for learning, far exceeded ours, we endeavored by every boyish piece of flattery to gain his assistance, and three of us, by turns, used to call for him in a morning, on one of whose backs, supported by the other two, he rode triumphantly to school. He never associated with us in any of our diversions, except in winter, when the ice was firm, to be drawn along by a boy bare-footed. His ambition to excel was great, though his application to books, as far as it appeared, was very trifling. I could not oblige him more than by sauntering away every vacation that occurred, in the fields, during which time he was more engaged in talking to himself, than his companions. Verses or themes he would dictate to his favourites, but he would never be at the trouble of writing them. His dislike to business was so great, that he would procrastinate his exercises to the last hour. I have known him after a long vacation, in which we were rather severely tasked, return to school an hour earlier in the morning, and begin one of his exercises, in which he purposel left some faults, in order to gain time to finish the rest.

I never knew him corrected at school, unless it

it was for talking and diverting other boys from their business, by which, perhaps, he might hope to keep his ascendancy. He was uncommonly inquisitive, and his memory so tenacious, that whatever he read or heard, he never forgot. I remember rehearsing to him eighteen verses which, after a little pause, he repeated verbatim, except one epithet which improved the line."

In 1728, Johnson went to Oxford, and was entered of Pembroke College. His tutor was one Jordan, a good-natured man, but of such poor abilities, that his pupil would often risk the payment of a small fine, rather than attend his lectures; and upon one such occasion, he said to him, "Sir, you have sconced me two-pence for non-attendance at a lecture not worth a penny."

At another time, Jordan imposed on him, for a vacation exercise, the task of translating into Latin verse, Pope's Messiah.

His performance though hastily done, was so masterly, that it raised him very high in the estimation, not only of his own College, but of the whole University; and when it was afterwards shewn to Mr. Pope, he said "The writer of this poem, will leave it a question for posterity, whether his or mine be the original."

His poverty at College was so great, that he had at last scarcely any change of raiment, and his feet began to appear through the only pair of shoes he had left. This being perceived by a fellow student, he caused a new pair to be left at

the door of Johnson's chamber, but upon his seeing them the next morning, he threw them down stairs, with all the indignation of insulted pride.

His continuance at the University was but short, and he quitted it without a degree, in the Autumn of 1731. To add to his misfortunes, his father died in very poor circumstances, at the end of the same year. Being thus left destitute, he was glad to accept the offer of usher, in the school of Market Bosworth, in Leicestershire, to which place he went on foot, in July, 1732. Here, however, he staid but a short time, owing to a difference with the patron of the school.

We next find him at Birmingham, where he translated Lobo's Voyage to Abyssinia, from the French, which was published in 1735, with London in the title-page, though printed at Birmingham. In this year he was married to Mrs. Porter, the widow of a mercer at Birmingham. The marriage ceremony was performed at Derby, to which town, the bride, and bridegroom set out on horseback. This is the account given of the journey by Johnson himself.

"Sir, it was a love marriage upon both sides: Sir, she had read old romances, and had got into her head the fantastical notion, that a woman of spirit should use her lover like a dog. So, Sir, at first she told me that I rode too fast, and she could not keep up with me; and when I rode a little slower, she passed me, and complained that I lagged behind. I was not to be made

the

the slave of caprice, and I resolved to begin, as I meant to end. I therefore pushed on briskly, till I was fairly out of sight. The road lay between two hedges, so I was sure she could not miss me; and I contrived that she should soon come up with me; when she did, I observed her to be in tears."

But notwithstanding this whimsical, and inauspicious beginning, Johnson proved a most affectionate husband, and he never mentioned his wife's name after her death, which happened in 1752, without being sensibly affected.

In 1737, he visited London, accompanied by his pupil Garrick; and his first lodging in the metropolis was at a stay-maker's, in Exeter Street, Strand; and during his residence there, said he, "I dined very well for eight-pence, with very good company, at the Pine Apple, in New Street, just by; but it used to cost the rest a shilling, for they drank wine. I had a cut of meat for six-pence, and bread for a penny, and gave the waiter a penny, so that I was quite well served; better than the rest, for they gave the waiter nothing."

Johnson brought to London with him, the tragedy of IRENE, which was refused by Fleetwood, the patentee of Drury Lane Theatre. He then formed a connection with Cave, the publisher of the Gentleman's Magazine, to which miscellany he contributed much valuable matter, for several years. In 1738 came out his poem of "London,"

in imitation of the third satire of Juvenal." This poem was published without the name of the author, but Pope, who was desirous of knowing whose it was, said to Dodsley, the publisher, "Whoever he is, he will not be long concealed."

We pass over the intermediate space of Johnson's life, to notice the publication of the Prospectus of his Dictionary, which appeared in 1747, addressed to Lord Chesterfield.

The price stipulated for his Dictionary, was 1575*l*, which he was to receive as the copy was delivered. The work itself, came out in 1755, the author having previously been complimented by his University with the degree of Master of Arts. On completing the copy, and sending it to Andrew Millar, the bookseller, the latter returned this curious acknowledgment:

"Andrew Millar sends his compliments to Mr. Samuel Johnson, with the money for the last sheet of copy of the Dictionary, and thanks God he has done with him."

Johnson immediately sent back this answer:

"Samuel Johnson returns his compliments to Mr. Andrew Millar, and is very glad to find, as he does by his note, that Andrew Millar has the grace to thank God for any thing."

While he was compiling this great work, Johnson wrote his Rambler, which came out in weekly numbers. What opinion he had of his undertaking, and in what spirit he engaged in it, appears from

from the prayer that he wrote at the commencement of it.

"Almighty God, the giver of all good things, without whose help, all labour is ineffectual, and without whose grace, all wisdom is folly, grant I beseech thee, that in this undertaking, thy holy Spirit may not be with-held from me, but that I may promote thy glory, and the salvation of myself and others; grant this O Lord, for the sake of thy son Jesus Christ, Amen."

This gives a picture of the mind of Johnson in his most secret and retired moments, that must shame the infidel, and confound all those who have basely endeavoured to depreciate his character. He has been called a proud pedant, and an ostentatious moralist. But here we see him humbly prostrate before his God, acknowledging the inefficiency of all labour without his help, and the folly of all wisdom unsanctified by his grace. The most abandoned surely can hardly read this without an awful reverence, and the most malignant will never have the audacity to call that an act of ostentation, which passed without the notice of human witness.

Though Johnson addressed the plan of his Dictionary to Lord Chesterfield, his lordship paid no attention to him during the progress of his labour, which was completed silently, and amidst heavy difficulties. But just as the Dictionary was on the eve of publication, Chesterfield began to recollect himself, and though he had neglected the

author, he wished to share in his fame. It was his desire that a work of such importance should be dedicated to him, and therefore to attain this object of his ambition, he wrote two recommendatory papers for it in the World. But Johnson was not to be wheedled. The panegyrick and the author were the objects of his just contempt, and instead of a dedication, he wrote to his lordship this admirable letter:

"My Lord,

"I have been lately informed, by the proprietor of the World, that two papers, in which my Dictionary is recommended to the publick, were written by your lordship. To be so distinguished, is an honour, which, being very little accustomed to favour from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

"When upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address; and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself *le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre;* that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending;—but I found my attendance so little encouraged, that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your lordship in publick, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

"Seven years, my lord, have now past, since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it at last to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such

Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before.

"The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

"Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached ground, encumbering him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind: but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the publick should consider me as owing that to a patron, which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

"Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favourer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself, with so much exultation,

"My Lord,

"Your Lordship's most humble

"and most obedient servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

As another proof of his uncommon memory, Johnson repeated this letter many years after at several times to different friends, who compared their respective copies, and found them to agree to a word, though, when he sent the original, he did not take any copy.

Here the reader will excuse our inserting an anecdote connected with this famous letter, though

the circumstance happened some years after Chesterfield's death.

Dr. Johnson being invited to spend some days at Bowood, the seat of the late Marquis of Lansdowne, enjoyed himself there highly to his satisfaction, and the entertainment of the noble marquis and the company who were on a visit there at the same time.

He told several stories of literary characters of his acquaintance, and particularly repeated his letter to Lord Chesterfield. Whilst 'the feast of reason and the flow of soul' was thus enjoying, a gentleman from London happened to arrive; but being too late for dinner, his lordship was making his apologies, and added, "but you have lost a better thing than dinner, in not being here time enough to hear Dr. Johnson repeat his charming letter to Lord Chesterfield, though I dare say the doctor will be kind enough to give it to us again."—"Indeed, my lord," says Johnson, "but I will not. I told the story at first for my own amusement, but I will not be dragged in as a story-teller to a company."

In the course of the night, which the doctor enjoyed to a very late hour, he differed very much upon some subject with one of the gentlemen at table, and used some strong expressions, which the latter took no notice of, from the particularity of the doctor's manner.

In the morning, however, when Johnson cooled upon it, he went up to the gentleman with great

great good-nature, and said, "Sir, I have found out, upon reflection, that I was both *warm* and *wrong* in my argument with you last night; for the first of which I beg your pardon, and for the second I thank you for setting me right."

In January, 1759, Johnson's mother died at the advanced age of ninety; and the impression it made on his mind appears in his "Rasselas," which, elegant, but rather sombre little tale, he wrote in the evenings of one week, and sent to the press in portions as it was written, that he might be thereby enabled to defray the expenses of her funeral, and discharge some little debts she had incurred.

Soon after the accession of his present majesty, Johnson's merits were rewarded with a pension of three hundred pounds a year, for which some virulent writers have abused him as inconsistent and unprincipled. But Johnson did not purchase his pension by venal services, nor engage to exercise his pen in the defence of any administration. They who have censured Johnson for accepting a royal favour granted without solicitation, might with equal justice condemn the hand by which it was so graciously bestowed.

In 1778, Johnson published the first four volumes of his Prefaces, biographical and critical, to the most eminent of the English poets, which were followed in less than two years by the remaining volumes.

This is the work which gives the greatest splendour

dour to his literary character, as exhibiting a body of bold, penetrating, and elegant criticism, such as cannot be rivalled by any production of ancient or modern time. Yet it has been cavilled at by several writers, who have felt resentment against this great critick for not thinking exactly as they would have had him, on the merits of their favourite poets. But Johnson was a man who thought for himself; and he had the intrepidity to express his opinion, without regard to popular judgment, or a deference to great authorities.

With this observation we shall close our notice of Johnson's literary character, which stands upon a rock not to be shaken by the malevolence of his enemies. There were peculiarities in the man, as well as in the writer; but the peculiarities of Johnson were rendered more conspicuous by the splendour of his talents, and the virtues of his heart. His mind was strongly imbued with religious sentiment, and he had so deep a sense of the infinite purity and justice of his Creator, and such a conviction of his own failings, that his devotion was considered, by those who have little or no devotional feeling themselves, as the gloom of a superstitious, or the dream of an enthusiastic imagination. It is true, from bodily infirmity, and from a too susceptible mind, he was sometimes the slave of his fears. But his apprehensions of death, and the dread of appearing before his Saviour, arose from a principle which

places his moral character even above his literary elevation. It vindicates him much more effectually than words can do, from the charge of vanity and hypocrisy, which some of the miserable advocates of scepticism and infidelity have, with the accustomed impudence of the party, brought against him.

After fixing the standard of the English language, advancing the interests of morality, and enriching the stores of literature, this great man entered upon immortality December 13, 1784; and on the 20th of the same month his remains were interred near his friend Garrick, in Westminster Abbey.

In Mr. Pennington's memoirs of Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, the translator of Epictetus, is the following letter from Johnson to that lady:

"MADAM,

"From the liberty of writing to you, if I have hitherto been deterred by the fear of your understanding, I am now encouraged to it by the confidence of your goodness.

"I am soliciting a benefit for Miss Williams, and beg that if you can by letters influence any in her favour, and who is there whom you cannot influence? you will be pleased to patronize her on this occasion. Yet, for the time is short, and as you were not in town, I did not till this day remember that you might help us, and recollect how widely and how rapidly light is diffused.

"To every joy is appended a sorrow. The name of Miss Carter introduces the memory of Cave. Poor dear Cave! I owed him much; for to him I owe that I have known you. He died, I am afraid, unexpectedly to himself, yet surely unburthened

unburthened with any great crime; and for the positive duties of religion, I have yet no right to condemn him for neglect.

I am, with respect, which I neither owe nor pay to any other,

"Madam,

"Your most obedient and most humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

In the same entertaining work is the following anecdote:

"For Dr. Johnson Mrs. Carter had to the last a very great esteem, and always spoke in high terms of his constant attention to religious duties, and the soundness of his moral principles. In one of their latest conversations, she was expressing this opinion of him to himself; he took her by the hand and said with much earnestness, "You know this to be true, and testify it to the world when I am gone!" She lost no opportunity of complying with his request; and always reprobated severely the conduct of some of his biographers, who published, as the genuine dictates of his heart, opinions broached in the warmth of argument, and maintained for the sake of victory in it."

THE END.

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